STORIES OF THE SPANISH ARTISTS

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THE FLOWER GIRL

(From the painting by Murillo in the Dulwich Gallery)

Stories of the Spanish Artists until Goya

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With Introduction by Edward Hutton

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INTRODUCTION

THIS little volume, so carefully chosen and selected, is, in the first place, a book of biography and anecdote, somewhat in the manner of Vasari. It is also something more, for it combines with its charm of narrative much critical power, though without pedantry, and in fact makes a first-rate introduction to the study of the Spanish school of painting.

But we may ask unto ourselves, What is Spanish painting? In what is it peculiarly national? In what does it differ from other schools, and from which does it derive most? It will be well to come to some decision in these matters.

Among a people that was a creation of the Church, only really united by its religion, so peculiar in the sincerity of its hatred of the infidel, the heretic, not strong enough, as it were, to tolerate the smallest shortcoming in the observance of its faith, since just there lay the secret of its nationality, art, too, was just a religious, vowed to God. And since the national religion of Spain—the religion of the majority—was so profoundly careful of the truth which God, as they supposed, had revealed to man, and first of all to His Church,

you have in Spanish art, for the most part, a grave and almost brutal insistence upon the mere facts of things which seemed so terribly important: the agony of Christ, for instance, the dreadful physical torture of the Divine Body that is already wasted away to a mere skeleton, in many a picture of the Crucifixion where you may see that Agony and bloody Sweat stated frankly with an almost unbearable insistence and simplicity that are pitiful in their preoccupation with the mere truth of a religion that was fast materialising itself into just facts. If there is anything there of the mysticism of St. Teresa or St. Juan de la Cruz, which, after all, maybe, was only a more strict attention to those truths than was possible for the people themselves, a continual contemplation of them, as it were; it is not yet freed from all its coldness, and from much of its horror, by the ardent beauty of spirit everywhere to be found in the work as in the lives of those two poets, who were saints almost by chance, and because nothing that was less difficult, no expression of their restlessness less perfect, could have occupied them a whole life long between the silences that will not be questioned. They seem to insist upon nothing but love in a world already devoured by hate, and, in despair of something they cannot understand, to urge God continually to hide them in Himself, to cover them with His own most royal silence. Personal as their achievement is, as all the greatest achieve-

ments of Spain seem to have been, the work of Loyola, the art of Velasquez, of Cervantes, they fulfilled their dreams by sheer force of genius, of an immense and passionate vitality; and while in Velasquez we see the very lovely and perfect expression of his own dream of a world, in other Spanish painters we discern more clearly the dreams of Spain herself, of the Spanish people, just because their genius does not obscure the nationalism of their work.

And so, whether it be in Toledo or in Seville or in Estremadura or in Valencia, Spanish art, already a hundred years later in its development than the art of Italy, is just a religious hampered by all the dogmatism of the Spanish ecclesiastic, oblivious not of life but of laughter, of the gaiety, for instance, which you may find implicit almost in Fra Angelico's work, really just a drudge of the Church that, so she said, set no store by things which rust and moth doth corrupt.

Thus it comes about that the Spanish painter is the slave of his subject, a kind of lay preacher repeating the words of the priest, illustrating them, as it were, without any freedom whatsoever, since in a picture of the Crucifixion, for instance, there must be four nails, not three, the Cross itself must be just so high, so broad, it must be made of flat wood even, not of round or knotted. The Virgin, too, must be of such an age, must be dressed in a certain way prescribed

by the Inquisition; even to show her feet is heresy. An art censorship was established by the Church, which appointed a Familiar of the Inquisition to watch the painters lest they should offend. "We give him commission, and charge him henceforth," we read, "that he take particular care to inspect and visit all paintings of sacred subjects which may stand in shops or in public places; if he find anything to object to in them, he is to take the picture before the Lords of the Inquisition." And the penalty for "making immodest paintings" was excommunication and exile, Stirling-Maxwell tells us, while a painter of Cordova, for instance, was imprisoned "for representing the Virgin in an embroidered petticoat; and the sculptor Torrigiano died in the cells of the Inquisition for having broken in a gust of passion one of his own statues of the Virgin and Child."

All through the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, at any rate, the study of the nude, that "immodest painting," as we may suppose, was absolutely forbidden, and it was perhaps in thus cutting art off, as it were, from its chief inspiration and delight, that religion, the frantic and powerful superstition which in Spain passed for religion, really crippled art at its birth, from which calamity it seems only to have recovered for a moment in order to pronounce the beautiful secular name of Velasquez, before it died in the arms of a Church which had suddenly become

merely sentimental. Thus the Spanish Church gathered all things to herself; and having already robbed one of the noblest peoples in Europe of its intellect and poisoned the springs of learning, she proceeded with an ignorant brutality, without precedent in Europe, to spoil art, too, of all its treasures, divorcing it from life, the which in its splendour and nobility she had ever feared and denounced, enslaving it and enforcing upon it in her service every menial task, setting it to illustrate every disgraceful and stupid lie, every abominable ugliness that here in Spain she has been able successfully to thrust upon the world. All power seems to have been given to her in heaven and in earth, nor has she hesitated to use it for her own advantage to the utmost, against humanity; and now the day of Judgment is at the dawn, not before the great white Throne of God, but at the tribunal of man, who, remembering old and beloved words, passes his sentence: Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.

While much of the nameless work that remains at Toledo, certain figures of saints that are still fading on the wall, was painted there perhaps in the twelfth century, it is really in Seville that the history of Spanish painting may be said to begin with the work of Juan Sanchez de Castro, the founder of the Seville school. Almost nothing

has come down to us of the life of de Castro; we know merely that he was painting in Seville between 1454 and 1516. The immense grotesque St. Cristobal that covers the wall near the door of the old church of St. Julian in Seville, "A child's dream of a picture," as Mr. Arthur Symons calls it, in his illuminating study of the painters of Seville,[1] is spoiled for us by the repainting of 1775. Many times the size of life, stretching from floor to ceiling, all that remains of the work of de Castro is the signature and the date 1484. In such smaller works of this painter as remain to us, in that panel, for instance, of the Madonna with St. Peter and St. Jerome now in the cathedral, we see the immense debt Spanish painting owed to Flemish art, its dependence upon it, as it were, for a means of expression. It is an art that is intent on telling a story in detail, that is dependent on a sort of realism, degrading beauty till it is lost in something which seems to the majority to be the truth; that cold and tortured Christ, for instance, who looks so indifferently, so scornfully almost, from many an old panel and altar-piece up and down Spain. Was He not scornful of the infidel whom He had just defeated under their very eyes, they seem to ask themselves; was He not cruel too, ah, in the flames of the Inquisition, to the Jew, to the heretic, to all who would not believe in Him?

[1] "The Painters of Seville," by Arthur Symons: *Fortnightly Review*, January 1901.

In that fresco of the Virgin painted in the fourteenth century, in the Capilla de la Antigua, with so naïve an apprehension of the beauty of decoration, of pattern almost, you may see the last of Byzantine art in Spain. Something has happened; it is no longer possible to be satisfied with just that among a people who are beginning to pay the penalty for having understood Christianity as a mere fact to which they owe victories, material greatness, military success: it is possible to speak in beautiful symbols no longer; Christ and the saints must be realised, must appeal to the soul really through the torture, the emaciation of the body, their physical pitifulness as it were, since the strength and splendour of outward things, always so useful to the Church, were beginning to be necessary to the true understanding, it might seem, of a religion that was already almost a sort of patriotism. Those fires of the Inquisition had made man acquainted with cruelty, with physical torture, and so Jesus, who was hurt too, must have suffered even more grievously, must have suffered the utmost, as they assure us in their pictures.

Flemish art, discontented for once with its own mediocre flat country, has contrived for our delight a whole kingdom, as it were, full of exquisite details, in which men wind in companies between the hills, or are gathered together, or work alone in the fields or in a garden. Where in Spanish

painting will you find the happiness of all that? But it is this art, nevertheless, so full of emphasis, of detail, of a sort of realism that taught Spain the way to insist upon her own thoughts, that excused her from nothing, and that, while it often happened to be beautiful, was not really concerned with that at all, content if it might express what it had seen with its eyes, the eyes of the body, of the soul, without omitting anything whatsoever.

Spanish art is thus not concerned with life in its delight, its splendid disaster, but with life shorn of everything but its force in a world haunted by the remembrance of Christ, of Christ who has been murdered. Something of all this, that was only completely expressed later, you may see perhaps in the Entombment by Pedro Sanchez, in a private collection in Seville, and in the Pietà of Juan Nuñez, a pupil of de Castro, which may still be found in the cathedral. Even yet there lingers in these pictures a certain decorative beauty obscuring the mere horror of a scene that the thoughts of men, the words of those who loved Him, have made beautiful. And though this preoccupation with grief seems to be forgotten for a moment in another picture by Nuñez, where he has painted the archangels Michael and Gabriel gaily almost, their wings bright with strange and brilliant feathers, it is characteristic of the whole school of Spanish painting, from the time of de Castro to the time of Goya, with the exception of Velas-

quez ; while Murillo's art is a mere sentimental interlude, the one sincere insincerity in the history of Spanish painting, that, as Mr. Ricketts has pointed out, apart from the achievement of an exile such as Ribera, of a foreigner like Greco, and of the Court painter Velasquez, was the work of peasants, patronised by the Church, whose priests were peasants, too, for the most part.

Of the work of Alejo Fernandez, the most important Spanish painter of this early period, much remains in the old churches of Seville. He was born, it might seem, in Cordova, and worked there in the cathedral, though three altar-pieces he painted "of the Life of Christ" have been lost. He appears to have gone to Seville in 1508, where his work in the Sacristia Alta, the Meeting of St. Joachim and St. Anna, the Birth and Purification of the Virgin, may still be seen in the cathedral.

You may find much of his work in the Sacristia itself, an Adoration of the Kings, for instance ; and in St. Ana in Triana, the Virgen de la Rosa, certainly his most lovely picture, is still on the Trascoro. It is really an Italian influence you find in his pictures, something which recalls the delight of fifteenth-century Florentine work, spoiled of its perfection by a remembrance of Flemish work perhaps, that, as it might seem, was so unfortunately sombre, so full of realistic details, of details only just redeemed from realism, that first influ-

enced Spanish painting. And yet in the Virgen de la Rosa, for instance, the mere strength of much of this Spanish work, its harshness, its self-denial, as it were, seems to be about to pass into just sweetness, in the sumptuously dressed Madonna, who so simply, so naturally almost, holds out a white rose for the delight of a little child, while two angels a little embarrassed lean on the arms of her throne. It is in this picture, perhaps, that you may see the first hint of the Renaissance; and even as the cathedral of Seville seems to sum up in itself that ambiguous period of belated mediævalism that is about to be lost in the modern world, so the work of Alejo Fernandez, much of it painted for that great church, reminds you of the old Gothic work that had gone before it, while it expresses simply enough, it may be, but with certainty nevertheless, the new Italian influence that was just then drawing upon Spain.

If the work of Pedro de Campaña, that Dutchman whose real name was Kempeneer, seems to come to nothing, to be a false dawn, as it were, that foresees nevertheless the marvellous work of Ribera, it is in Luis de Vargas, born in Seville in 1502, that we find a Spaniard really for the first time submitting himself to the Italian influence, to the influence of Raphael. His work, as we may see it to-day in the cathedral, or in the convent of the Misericordia, is frankly Raphaelesque, and yet full of I know not what fervour and religious exalta-

tion, so that we are not surprised to learn that he scourged himself, and that by his bedside stood a coffin in which he often laid himself down to meditate upon death. In his portrait of Contreras in the cathedral you find a certain Flemish realism still, an insistence upon detail, a minute northern work full of character and sincerity. Perhaps it is just that sincerity which he lost under the influence of Raphael; certainly in La Gamba, for instance, the Temporal Generation of Jesus Christ, something affirmative seems to have been lost in a composition full of an uncertain futile gesticulation. It is not that he does not mean what he says with so much over-emphasis, but that he has felt it not in itself, but by means of the emotion of another, and because another has told him of it.

It is in Morales that we come upon Spanish painting at last expressing itself, not in any collaboration with Fleming or Italian, but originally and almost without an accent. Luis de Morales was born in Badajoz about the year 1509; he died in his native city in 1586, having lived there all his life, save for a short visit to Madrid in 1564, when he was past fifty years of age. Who his masters may have been in that far-away city we do not know, only we seem to discern in his work, under the laboured, slow craftsmanship of the early Flemings, a sort of preoccupation with an art so living and full of energy

as the work of Michelangelo. And yet it is not anything passionate that is expressed in Morales' pictures, but a melancholy and sorrow almost too brutal to be borne—over which he has brooded until they have become a sort of madness. El Divino Morales, the Spaniards call him, and indeed his pictures are concerned with nothing but religion. In looking at his work, which is like a series of terrible and distracting illustrations of the Via Crucis; the Ecce Homo, the Christ at the Column, the Pietà, the Virgin of Sorrows, for instance; we seem to understand that here is the first painter of the Spanish school, a man who was concerned only with the most poignant and bitter memories of the life of Christ and the Blessed Virgin, as unconcerned with life as a monk might be, solitary in the immense cell that is the landscape of Estremadura, shut in from the world by league after league of desolate pasture, where there is nothing but sheep and goats. And while in some of his pictures, in the Presentation of the Virgin, now in the Prado, for instance, a certain sweetness has overwhelmed for a moment the sorrow that he never really forgets; in those sixteen works that still remain, neglected and dirty, in the church of Arroyo del Puerco in Estremadura, the lamentable agony of Christ and the Virgin is scarcely forgotten for a moment, and we are face to face with a genuine and sincere expression of Spanish art at last, its pessimism, its

pre-occupation as it were with religion, with that fierce unforgiving religion which still desired to avenge Christ upon those who did not believe in Him.

In Juan de las Roelas—el Clerigo—the parson, born at Seville in 1558, you may see very clearly how little Spain was able to understand the art of Venice. Just as she had failed to understand the art of Raphael and the Michelangelo, so she failed to learn anything from the Bellini; only here her failure seems to have been more lamentable. Roelas is a man of a certain sensitiveness for art, only he is incapable of any creative effort whatsoever, content if he may translate the soft warm colours of Venice, as far as he dare, into the terms of an art which has already suffered every violation. A perfectly capable painter, you might think, and just there is his damnation, in that he is merely that and nothing more.

All that old world, so fiercely mediæval for so long, seems to be summed up in the work of Pacheco, in that book about painting in which he defines so narrowly, as we may think, the aims of art, and in the pictures of Zurbaran, where the passion of the middle age passes into a mere realism at last, tiresome and wholly without sincerity. Zurbaran has been called "All Spain," and though at first we may see but little that is characteristic of a people so reserved, so distinguished, so democratic in the work of a painter, who for Mr.

Symons is just "a passionate mediocrity," for Lord Leighton a painter without "fancy or imagination," he is, as it seems to me, just the expression of all that is common to the average Spaniard, as it were—his delight in actual things, his gloominess, his contempt for mere beauty, his love of detail, expressed so wonderfully in the late Gothic work of his cathedrals, his love of spectacle and ceremony. Of all the Spanish painters Zurbaran alone seems to me to have been without individuality, to be merely the mouthpiece, as it were, of the majority, to have been content to be just that. Born in Estremadura in 1598, a peasant, as we might suppose, a rigid and well-trained servant of the Church, he is really at his best when painting ecclesiastics or monks, as in the Carthusian pictures in the Museo at Seville. In a picture of Christ crucified, now in the Museo, you have a dramatic, religious, orthodox, and realistic study that is not beautiful at all or sincere, but merely a religious picture painted, as he was expected to paint it, to impress the crowd.

Of Murillo so much has been written by those who have loved him with enthusiasm, that I hesitate to speak of a man that I have not been able to love. But since an entire room has been devoted to his work in the Prado, and the Museo of Seville is full of his pictures, it may well be that I am mistaken, and that he is a great painter after all, and not merely a sincere, self-willed, and

vulgar soul, stupidly sentimental, sensual so sentimentally, as he has seemed to me. Actual obvious things seem to have overwhelmed him; he is delighted with the obviously pretty ways of angels, the physical loveliness, bountifully Spanish, of the Virgin, who even in this, too, has not disappointed the world that he seems to have found easily satisfied, full of superficial thankfulness. And thus, not without a certain southern tactfulness, he becomes a realist for whom the visible world does not exist. He can create a sort of life, too, just for a moment, while you are looking, as it were, but afterwards you find the picture has escaped you. And he was content with just that; he was always winning applause, his works are so full of a kind of superficial characterisation that the people loved them. When Velasquez told him, kindly enough, to go to Venice to study the great masters, he did not quite understand, was really incapable of understanding, so he returned to Seville, and continued to paint, over and over again, just the same things, in his three manners.

"How perfectly sweet Murillo always is," I heard an American lady say before one of his pictures in the Prado. Even an American could not say that before Titian, or Rembrandt, or Rubens, or Velasquez. But it is quite true. Murillo is always sweet, at all times, in every picture. And sometimes he is so moved by his

own sweetness that he seems about to burst into tears. Emotion, yes, it is that which you will find in his work before anything else; emotion neither profound nor simple, but continually radiant, ecstatic almost, a little confusing at first, because it is so sincere, so exactly what he could not but mean it to be. And at last we seem to discern the truth of the whole matter in just that continual ecstasy. His work is without reserve, without any suggestion of intellect; he has felt keenly but not profoundly very many emotions, very many thoughts, but they are always the thoughts of every one else, and there is not an idea in the whole of his work. There is no "fundamental brain work" in his pictures, he is always smiling, or tearful, or weeping, and so he has never a moment to think.

It is thus, it seems to me, that Spanish art came to end in a kind of emotionalism, characteristic enough of Seville herself, which was ever the true home of art, such as it was, in Spain.

It remained for El Greco, Ribera, and Velasquez to place Spanish painting among the great schools of European art, and it is their names that are to-day first in our minds when we speak of the Spanish school of painting.

EDWARD HUTTON.

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VIRGIN AND CHILD

(From the painting by Morales in the National Gallery)

STORIES OF THE SPANISH ARTISTS

CHAPTER I

LUIS MORALES

(1509?–1586)

In the reign of Philip II, in the middle of the sixteenth century, Castile produced many painters who were neither excelled in skill, nor have been eclipsed in fame, by the ablest of their Italian or Flemish rivals.

First in age, and perhaps also in reputation, comes Luis Morales, upon whom the admiration of his country, or the devotional character of his works, has conferred the title of "the Divine." He is the first Spaniard whose genius and good fortune have obtained him a place amongst the great painters of Europe. Like many of those who have most strongly influenced the mind or taste of their age, he lived and laboured in obscurity, and the records of his life are meagre and contradictory. Born at Badajoz about 1509, he is absurdly said by Palomino[1] to have been a

[1] Palomino, vol. iii. p. 384.

pupil of Campaña at Seville, a master who did not arrive in Spain till 1548. Cean Bermudez, with more probability, supposes him to have studied his art at Toledo, or Valladolid; and he seems to have practised it for the greater part of his life in Estremadura, chiefly painting for churches, and for the oratories of private mansions. By a baptismal entry in the register of the Cathedral of Frexenal, a small town on the Andalusian border, it appears that he was residing there in November 1554, when his son Cristobal was baptized in that church, and that the name of his wife was Leonora de Chaves. In or shortly before 1564, he was commanded to repair to Court by Philip II, to paint some pictures for the newly founded monastery of the Escorial. Presenting himself in magnificent attire, little suited to his condition, his ostentation is said to have displeased the King, who at first ordered his dismissal, with a sum of money, but was mollified by the gallant painter's declaration that he had spent all he had in order to appear in a manner befitting the dignity of his Majesty.[1] He seems, however, to have painted during his residence at Court only a single picture, "Christ going to Calvary," given by Philip to the Church of the Jeronymites, at Madrid; nor did any work of his form part of the original decorations of the Escorial. After his return to Estremadura his fortunes began to

[1] Palomino, vol. i. p. 178.

decline. As old age drew on he lost the steadiness of his hand, so necessary in his profession; his eyesight failed him; and he fell into extreme poverty. By a writing, discovered by Cean Bermudez in the archives of the Cathedral of Frexenal, we find him in February 1575 selling, for a hundred ducats, some vines which he possessed in the Vega of Merida. His wretchedness was somewhat relieved in 1581 by the timely visit of the King to Badajoz, as he returned from taking possession of his newly acquired kingdom beyond the Guadiana. The poor, disabled painter, appearing in the royal presence in a garb very different from that in which he had flourished at the Escorial, attracted the notice of Philip. "You are very old, Morales," said he. "Yes, sire, and very poor," replied the artist. Turning to his treasurer, the King immediately ordered the old man a pension of two hundred ducats out of the crown rents of the city "for his dinner"; when Morales interposed with the question, "And for supper, sire?"—a stroke of dexterous begging which Philip, being in a humour to be pleased, rewarded with another hundred ducats. "Here may be seen," says Palomino, "the liberality of that great monarch and the discreet wit of the vassal in profiting by the occasion, and speaking at the right time, which is a great felicity."[1] Morales did not long enjoy the royal bounty, for

[1] Palomino, vol. iii. p. 385.

he died, five years afterwards, in 1586. Badajoz has done honour to the memory of its great painter by naming after him the street in which he lived.

Morales was the first artist born and bred in Spain who invested the religious thought and feeling of his native land with the beauties of Italian expression. Pure and graceful in design, and rich in the harmonies of colour, his works might have been painted in the schools of Rome, amongst the models of ancient art and in the inspiring companionship of Raphael and Fra Bastiano. But as pictures by the great foreign masters were rarely to be met with out of the royal collections, it is probable that his acquaintance with the creations of Italian art began and ended with his short residence at Court, when his style was doubtless as mature as his age. He may, indeed, have benefited in his youth by the instructions of travelled artists, and may have been numbered amongst the scholars of Berruguete. Nothing, however, is certain, except that he far excelled any painter who could possibly have been his instructor. He stands, therefore, in art amongst the few of whom it can be said that each

> "was author of himself,
> And knew no other kin."

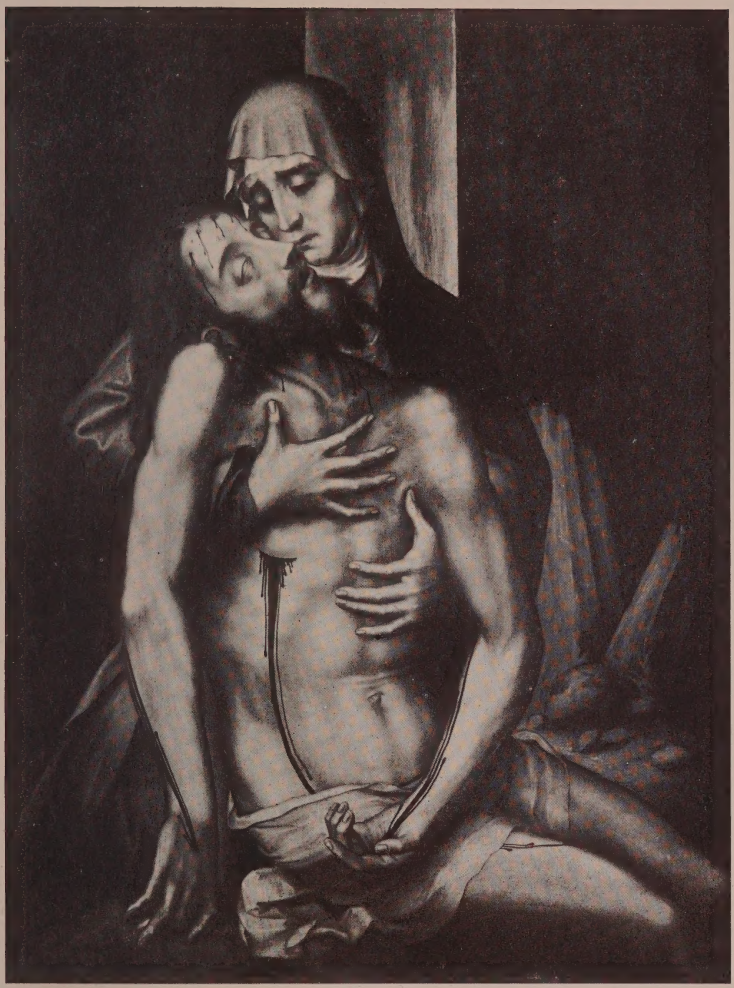
He discovered for himself many of the secrets of his craft, and triumphed over its difficulties by the

mere force of genius. At the distance of three centuries we may still regret that his noble pencil, not excelled at the Escorial and not unworthy of the Vatican, should have been doomed to ill-requited and inglorious toil in the wilds of Estremadura.

The subjects of Morales are always devotional, and those few by which he is known out of Spain generally of a doleful cast. It is not, however, with the ghastly sufferings of the body that, like Spagnoletto, he chiefly deals, but with the nobler sorrows of the soul. The Virgin whom he offers to the contemplation of the pious is never the fair young mother, smiling on the beauty of her Babe divine, but the drooping Mater Dolorosa, wan and weary with unutterable anguish. His Christ is in every feature "the Man of Sorrows and acquainted with grief" wrung with the agonies of the garden, or bearing on His brow the damps and paleness of death. Here the prostration of physical force and the wasting frame is drawn with terrible truth, as if Morales had groped his way into the vaults of the Inquisition, and there chosen for a model some lean heretic Carthusian (if such there were) writhing in the grasp of the tormentor. Our Lord fainting under His Cross was a theme which often engaged his pencil and finely displayed his powers. His conception of this sublime subject recalled to the recollection of Cumberland Raphael's famous

"Spasimo,"[1] and his execution the manner of Da Vinci. The Louvre possesses a very fine picture of this kind[2] by his hand, in which the head of the Saviour much resembles that striking head of "Christ with the Crown of Thorns" in the Prado Gallery[3]—perhaps the finest of all his works for richness of colour and intensity of feeling. So few of his larger works have found their way out of his native province that it has been said that he never painted a full-length figure. This, however, is disproved by his "Crucifixion," overlooked by the French in stripping the Cathedral of Badajoz; and still more by the altars of the once proud temple of the military monks at Alcantara, and of the village church of Arroyo del Puerco, a desolate hamlet on the road from Alcantara to Truxillo. The first of these contains a St. Michael and St. John, and other pictures by Morales; the second, sixteen of his grandest works, which, though noticed in the Dictionary of Cean Bermudez—Soult's hand-book for Spain—escaped the keen glance and iron grip of that picture-pilfering commander, whose troops long occupied the place. The best of them are the grand "Christ and Joseph of Arimathea," "St. John," and "Christ Bound" (three-quarter length), "Christ at the Column," and the

[1] The Spasimo is not, however, in modern opinion, from Raphael's hand. *Cf.* Cumberland, "Anecdotes," vol. i. p. 76.
[2] Louvre, No. 1707.
[3] Prado, No. 847.



Morales *Photo. Anderson*

PIETÀ
(Madrid)

"Descent from the Cross." Though chilled and dirty, they are at least pure, and uninjured either by care or neglect. "The Saviour's Circumcision," in the Prado Gallery,[1] though defective in composition and injured by the stiffness of some of the figures, is remarkable for the serene beauty of the female heads, especially of the taper-bearing maidens, who attend upon the Blessed Virgin.

The works of Morales were always painted on panel. The labour bestowed on their execution fully accounts for their scarcity. His pencil lingered on a head or on a fold of drapery with the fond and fastidious care of the early Florentine masters. His colouring, rich though sober, is sometimes cold and greyish, and in his full-length figures the drawing is too often incorrect. But the fine feeling of his countenance and the roundness of his forms give his works a charm which seldom belongs to those of his Spanish contemporaries.

He had few disciples, and those few—amongst whom was his son, possibly the Cristobal whose birth has been recorded—were mere feeble imitators of his style, who exaggerated his faults and were devoid of his inspiration. Their dismal Madonnas and chalky Ecce Homos have, however, frequently been laid at his door, to the damage of his reputation. The best of the band

[1] Prado, No. 849.

was Juan Labrador, who chose a humbler walk of art, and painted fruit and flower pieces, which were admired for their truth and brilliancy of colour, and their fresh-gathered leaves empearled with transparent dewdrops.

CHAPTER II

SANCHEZ COELLO

(1515–1590)

Alonso Sanchez Coello,[1] the first of the great Spanish portrait-painters, and the Velasquez of the Court of Philip II, has been erroneously called by several writers a Portuguese. Cean Bermudez, however, reclaims him for Spain, and on the authority of the heralds of Santiago, asserts that he was born at Benifayro, in Valencia, early in the sixteenth century. Nothing of his early history has been preserved, nor is it known where he acquired the rudiments of his art. His style, however, appears to have been formed on Italian models, and he left several careful and excellent copies of the works of Titian. In 1541 he was residing in Madrid, where he married Doña Luisa Reynalte. In 1552 he accompanied Anthony More to Lisbon, and there entered the service of the Infant Don Juan of Portugal. On the death of this prince he was recommended by his widow, the Spanish Infanta Juana, daughter of Charles V., to her brother Philip; and returning to Spain, he became painter-in-ordinary to that monarch, on More's hasty retreat from Madrid. There his

[1] Pacheco, p. 589, and Palomino, vol. i. p. 178; ii. p. 388.

genius and address obtained for him a distinguished position at Court; he enjoyed the full confidence of the King, and was usually in attendance on his person. Philip was wont to call him "his Portuguese Titian," in allusion to his residence at Lisbon; and from any royal progress, in which the favourite painter did not accompany him, he would write to him as his "beloved son, Alonso Sanchez Coello." At Madrid, the artist was lodged in the treasury buildings contiguous to the palace, and connected with it by a private door, of which Philip kept a key, and by which he sometimes surprised him at table in the midst of his family. At other times, the King, loosely arrayed in a morning-gown, would steal softly into the studio, and laying his hand on the painter's shoulder, compel him to remain seated and pursue his labours whilst he looked on, or lounged over other pictures. These familiarities, more flattering perhaps than agreeable, Sanchez Coello appears to have received with all due modesty, never forgetting, as was alleged of More, the awful distance which separated even the most playful King of Spain and the Indies from his painter-in-ordinary. More fortunate than the Fleming, he was the favourite, not only of the monarch, but also of the Court and of the whole royal house and its allies. The Popes Gregory XIII and Sixtus V, Cardinal Alexander Farnese, and the Dukes of Florence and Savoy bestowed on him tokens of

their admiration. "Seventeen royal personages," says Pacheco, "honoured him with their esteem, and would sometimes recreate and refresh themselves under his roof, with his wife and children." His table was never without some nobleman or worshipful gentleman for a guest; and the Infant Don Carlos, the Archbishops of Toledo and Seville, Cardinal Granvelle, and Don Juan of Austria, the hero of Lepanto, were amongst his familiar friends. The two large courtyards of his house were often thronged with the horses, litters, coaches and chairs of the nobility and the ambassadors. To maintain this expensive hospitality, his pencil must have commanded a noble revenue. At his death in 1590, according to Palomino, the 75th year of his age, he left a fortune of 55,000 ducats, part of which went to endow an hospital for orphans at Valladolid.

An anecdote related by Porreño,[1] the biographer of Philip II, shows how high the artist stood in the estimation of the Court. Don Diego de Cordoba, chancing to see exposed for sale some wretched portraits of the King, in a fit of loyal indignation rushed into the royal presence, and besought his Majesty to follow the example of Alexander the Great, and "grant to Alonso Sanchez, or some other famous painter, the exclusive right of depicting his gracious countenance." "Let the poor daubsters live," said the

[1] Porreño, *Dichos y Hechas*, p. 329.

King, "so long as they misrepresent our faces, and not our behaviour." Lope de Vega, who, amongst the myriad subjects of his fluent pen, frequently sang the praises of painting and of its professors, has given an honourable place in the ninth silva of his "Laurel de Apolo" to

> "el Español Prothogenes famoso
> El noble Alonso Sanchez, que envidioso
> Dejará al mas antiguo y celebrado
> De quien hoy ha quedado
> Horando su memoria
> Eternos quadros de divina historia."
>
> (The noble, fam'd Prothogenes of Spain,
> Alonso Sanchez, from whose hand remain
> Pictures, the masters most renown'd of old
> With looks of envious wonder might behold,
> Eternal scenes of history divine,
> Wherein for aye his memory shall shine.)

Amongst the disciples of this Spanish Prothogenes was his daughter Doña Isabel, born in 1564, in her childhood the playmate of the Infantes and Infantas of Spain, and, in after life, equally distinguished as a painter and musician. She married Don Francisco de Herrera y Saavedra, Regidor of Madrid and Knight of Santiago, by whom she had a son, Don Antonio, likewise a member of that order. She died, like her father, at Madrid, in 1612, and was buried in her husband's family chapel in the Church of San Juan.

Sanchez Coello almost rivals Titian himself in

Coello *Photo. Anderson*

PORTRAIT OF PRINCE CARLOS

(Prado)

the number of royal and noble personages whose favour he enjoyed, and whose countenances he delineated. In 1582 he executed, for the hall of portraits at the Prado, no less than ten pieces, amongst which were an emperor, a queen, and five archdukes, infantas, and royal princes. He painted the King many times, both on foot and on horseback, and in every variety of costume. But time, which so frequently avenges the victims, and persecutes the favourites, of fortune, has dealt very hardly with his works, most of which perished in the flames of the Prado and the Alcazar of Madrid. Of his many portraits of Philip II, the Prado gallery does not possess one. Sufficient specimens, however, of his powers exist there to vindicate his fame. His portraits of the Infant Don Carlos and his half-sister Isabella Clara Eugenia are fine works of art,[1] and no less valuable, from the impress of fidelity which they bear, as illustrations of history. In Carlos we find little to heighten the pathos of his story; and, indeed, the pencil of Coello, like the prose of the historian, furnishes a strong contrast to the touching poetry of Schiller. The unhappy prince appears in his seventeenth or eighteenth year, and with the pallid features of his father, he has also his cold grey eye, and suspicious, dissatisfied expression. Both the head and the dress—a cloth of gold doublet, short, furred mantle,

[1] Prado, Nos. 1032, 1033.

birretta, and trunk hose—recall Titian's early portraits of Philip. The hands, of which one rests on the sword-hilt, the other on his hip, are delicately shaped and finely painted. The Infanta Isabella—afterwards that resolute Archduchess whose linen, unchanged during the three years' siege of Ostend, gave the name to the tawny tint, still known to French dyers and grooms as the "*couleur Isabelle*"—seems about the same age as her brother. As she was only two years old at the time of his death, her portrait must have been painted many years after its companion. Her countenance, both in features and expression, strongly resembles her father's, who loved her above all his other children, and spoke of her on his deathbed as "the light and mirror of his eyes"; and her swarthy complexion somewhat justifies the sarcasms of Pierre Leroy, and the Huguenot wits in the *Satyre Ménippée*. These hereditary peculiarities are far too strong for beauty, even "in the April of her prime"; her face, indeed, appears to better advantage when invested with the dignity of matronly years on the canvas of her friend and counsellor Rubens, or still later, when she had exchanged the weeds of a widow for those of a *Chanoinesse*, and sat for her portrait to Vandyck. But though in neither of these royal portraits was Sanchez Coello fortunate in his subject, they, on that account, perhaps, the more display his masterly

skill. He has supplied the place of beauty, as far as possible, by something little less winning, and far more difficult to be caught and described—that air of refinement and repose which belongs to gentle blood and delicate nurture. To the graceful design and fine colouring of these pictures Titian himself could hardly have added anything, beyond a softer outline and somewhat more roundness of form. Among the master's other portraits in this royal collection, a picture of the heroine of Ostend and her sister [1] deserves notice, and likewise that of Queen Isabel of the Peace, to whose sweet face he has hardly done justice, but whose black dress is magnificent, and her jewellery, especially the knots of pearls at the opening of the robe, worthy the imitation of the most tasteful and sumptuous of queens. The student of history will also look with interest on the well-painted head of a dark, handsome, bright-eyed man, wearing a small black cap and white plume, and the cross of Santiago on his breast; [2] for it is the gay, ambitious, intriguing, banquet-giving, irresistible but unfortunate, Antonio Perez, the Bolingbroke of Castile.

In 1570 the Court portrait painter was employed with Diego de Urbina to execute the paintings for the decoration of the triumphal arches under which Doña Ana of Austria passed into the capital of her hoary uncle and bridegroom. Notwithstanding

[1] Prado, No. 1034. [2] Prado, No. 1039.

his avocations in the palace, he found time to paint, between 1574 and 1577, for the parish church of Espinar, a village in the territory of Segovia, nine pictures for the high altar, with the gilding and adornment of which he was also entrusted. For these works, and for a curtain or architectural drop-scene with which the altar was veiled during the two last weeks of Lent, he was paid 3350 ducats. In 1580 he executed a large composition of the Martyrdom of St. Sebastian for the Church of St. Jerome, at Madrid, where it was seen by Cumberland,[1] who praises its "great majesty of design, bold relief, and strong masterly expression." For the Escorial he painted, by the King's desire, in 1582, five altar pictures, each containing a pair of saints, and likewise an excellent portrait of his friend, Father Siguenza, the historian of the order of St. Jerome, which has been well engraved by Fernando Selma. In 1585 he painted a portrait of Ignatius Loyola, from waxen casts taken from the dead body twenty-nine years before, and from the recollections of Father Ribadeneyra, the hagiologist, which was reckoned the best representation ever made of the stern and melancholy countenance of the great first Jesuit. The fate of this interesting picture is not known; but it may have been the original of that striking portrait which hangs in the church of San Miguel at Seville. In the Royal Gallery of Madrid there is one fair

[1] Cumberland, "Anecdotes," vol. i. p. 39.

Coello *Photo. Anderson*

PORTRAIT OF PRINCESS CATERINA MICHELA
(Madrid)

specimen of Sanchez Coello's powers of treating sacred subjects, in his "Marriage of St. Catherine."[1] The composition and colouring are good; and although the Divine Babe is more like a small man than a child, and His mystical bride unhappily resembles an Austrian Infanta, these defects are atoned for by the exceeding grace and beauty of Mary and her attendant angels. The picture is painted on cork, and is signed, "ALONSVS SANTIVS F."

Sanchez Coello had a number of scholars, of whom Pantoja de la Cruz was the most famous. Cristobal Lopez became painter to King John III of Portugal, from whom he received the order of Aviz; and, after having executed many portraits of that prince and his family, and some good pictures for the chapel royal at Belem, died at Lisbon in 1594.[2] Juan de Urbina is said to have painted with reputation at the Escorial; none of his works, however, have been preserved to our times, and his name lives only in books and in the verse of Lope de Vega, who calls him "Generoso Urbina," and laments his death as a heavy loss to his royal patron—

"Al sol del mundo, al immortal Felipe."

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[1] Prado, No. 1041.
[2] Palomino, vol. iii. p. 363, says 1570, apparently inexactly.

CHAPTER III

JUAN FERNANDEZ NAVARRETE: EL MUDO

(1526–1579)

JUAN FERNANDEZ NAVARRETE was an artist whose genius was no less remarkable than his infirmities, and whose name—El Mudo, the dumb painter—is as familiar to Europe as his works are unknown. Born in 1526, at Logroño, of respectable—Palomino[1] says noble—parents, he was attacked in his third year by an acute disorder, which deprived him of the sense of hearing, and consequently of the faculty of speech. Cut off from the usual channels of converse, and living a century before his countryman, Bonet, had invented the art of speaking on the fingers, he was compelled to express his wants and his thoughts by rough sketches in chalk or charcoal—a practice in which he early displayed great readiness of hand, and learned to draw as other children learn to speak. Taking advantage of this bent of his inclination, his father placed him in a neighbouring monastery of Jeronymites at Estrella, under the care of Fray Vicente de Santo Domingo, one of the fraternity, who had acquired some knowledge of painting at Toledo, and who left behind

[1] Palomino, tom. iii. p. 370.

him a few pictures at Estrella, and in the convent of Santa Catalina, at Talavera de la Reyna, where he died. This worthy monk, after teaching him all that he himself knew, advised his parents to send him for further improvement to Italy, whither El Mudo, as he was called, accordingly went while still a stripling. It is probable that he remained there several years; he visited Florence, Rome, Naples, and Milan, and is said to have studied for a considerable time in the school of Titian, at Venice. It was, perhaps, at Rome or Milan that he was known to Pelegrino Tibaldi, who used to remark, when admiring, many years afterwards, El Mudo's works at the Escorial, that in Italy he painted nothing worthy of much notice. He had acquired, however, sufficient reputation to attract the notice of Don Luis Manrique, Grand Almoner to the King of Spain, through whose recommendation he was called to Madrid, and on the 6th March 1568 appointed painter to his Majesty, with a yearly allowance of 200 ducats besides the price of his work. As a specimen of his abilities, he brought with him a small picture on the subject of "Our Lord's Baptism"—"admirably painted," says Cean Bermudez, "though in a style different from that which he afterwards followed," which greatly pleased the King, and became in due time an ornament of the Prior's cell in the Escorial.[1]

[1] Now in the Prado, No. 905.

He was first employed there to paint on the folding doors of an altar some figures of prophets in black and white, and to make a copy of a large and excellent picture of the "Crucifixion," which was highly approved by the King, who ordered it to be placed in the royal chapel, in the wood of Segovia. During the first three years of his engagement, his health being feeble, he was permitted to reside at Logrono. There he found time to paint for his early friends, the monks of Estella, four noble pictures, of one of which, representing St. Michael, Cean Bermudez remarks that it was the finest figure of that Archangel in Castile. He returned in 1571 to the Escorial, bringing with him four pictures—"The Assumption of the Virgin," "The Martyrdom of St. James the Great," "St. Philip," and a "Repenting St. Jerome." Being dissatisfied with the "Assumption," in which he thought the Blessed Mary was lost among the crowd of angels, he wished to cancel it, but this the King would not permit. The heads of the Virgin and one of the apostles standing below in the foreground were portraits of the painter's parents, his mother being remarkable for her beauty. In the "Martyrdom" it is said that he revenged himself for some affront received from Santoyo, the royal secretary, by bestowing the face of that minister on one of the tormentors of the apostle; and that, notwithstanding Santoyo's complaints,

Philip would not suffer the picture to be altered, excusing himself on the ground of its great excellence.[1] According to another account, however, the original of the executioner was merely a young official of Logrono. For these pictures El Mudo was paid 500 ducats, and they were placed in the Sacristy of the Escorial. He passed the next five years at Madrid, the buildings of the Escorial not being in sufficient order to receive artists. His pencil seems to have been less rapid than those of some of his contemporaries, or his labours must have been interrupted by ill health; for in 1575 he had completed only four new works—the "Nativity of Our Lord," "Christ scourged at the Column," the "Holy Family," and "St. John writing the Apocalypse," for which he received 800 ducats. Of these works, the last perished by fire, with the "St. Philip" and "Assumption" above mentioned. The "Nativity" was remarkable for the skill with which El Mudo has introduced three different lights, proceeding from the body of the Divine Infant—after the fashion first set by Correggio in his famous "Notte," now at Dresden—the glory above, and a candle held by St. Joseph. The adoring shepherds also were so finely treated that Tibaldi never looked at the picture without exclaiming, "O! i belli pastori!" In the "Holy Family" the heads were noble and expressive, and a cat and dog in

[1] Palomino, vol. iii. p. 371.

the foreground stood spitting and snarling over a bone with laughable truth and spirit. "The Scourging of Christ" was admirable for the skilful fore-shortening of our Lord's figure, of which a front view was given.[1]

In 1576, El Mudo painted one of his most celebrated works, "Abraham receiving the three Angels," which was hung over an altar in the entrance-hall of the convent, where strangers were received by the fathers. The figures were of life-size; beneath a leafy tree the Patriarch bowed himself to the ground, entreating the travellers to repose themselves from the noontide heat and taste of his cheer; the three angels, symbolising the persons of the most Holy Trinity, and all clad in the same fashion, smiled benignly with countenances of heavenly beauty and accepted his proffered hospitality; and in the background, half concealed by the tent-door, was seen the laughing countenance of ancient Sarah. "This picture, so appropriate to the place it fills," says Fray Andres Ximenes, "though the first of the master's works that usually meets the eye, might for its excellence be viewed the last, and is well worth coming many a league to see." El Mudo was paid 500 ducats for it. In the August of the same year he undertook to paint thirty-two

[1] "The Adoration of the Shepherds," the "Nativity," a St. Jerome, "Christ appearing to the Virgin," the "Execution of St. James," a St. Peter and St. Andrew, and eight figures of saints in the Coro Alto are to-day at the Escorial.

large pictures for the side altars of the church.[1] The contract between him and the Prior Julian de Tricio, curious for its minuteness, is printed at full length by Cean Bermudez. The price agreed on was 200 ducats for each painting, each being executed on a single piece of canvas, and the whole were to be finished in four years. It was stipulated that if any saint were introduced more than once in the series, he should in all cases appear with the same features and drapery; and that wherever an authentic portrait was to be had, it was to be scrupulously copied. All accessories that had no reference to devotion were excluded, and dogs and cats were expressly forbidden, probably in allusion to the excellent, but indecorous, episode in the "Holy Family." Of these pictures the artist unhappily lived to finish only eight.

Towards the close of 1578 his health began to decline, and he vainly sought for relief in excursions to Segovia and some of the neighbouring villages. In February 1579 he removed to Toledo, where he died on the 28th of March, in the fifty-third year of his age. Shortly before his death he confessed himself three times to the curate of the parish of San Vicente by means of signs, which that churchman declared were as intelligible as speech. Calling for pen and paper,

[1] As we have seen, eight of these remain at the Escorial; two others, a St. Peter and a St. Paul, are in the Prado, Nos. 906, 907.

he then disposed of his modest gains in a testament which is curious and short enough to be given entire :—

"Jesus, Nuestra Señora
Albacea, Nicolas de Vergara
Anima, Pobres, 200 ducados.
Hermano frayle, 200 ducados; Pobres
Hija monja, 600 ducados.
Estrella, Hermanos, 500 ducados; Misa.
María Fernandez, 100 ducados.
Padre, Misa 200 ducados.
Mozo, 40 ducados.—JUAN FERNANDEZ."

Then follows an explanation of this concise will, supplied by the witnesses. The first and second clauses imply that he died in the Catholic faith, leaving Vergara for his executor; the third provides for the expenses of his burial, and for alms on the occasion; the fourth gives the sum named to his brother Fray Bautista, for his life, and afterwards to the poor of an hospital at Logroño; the fifth allots a dowry to his natural daughter, a child of four years old, at Segovia, and directs that she is to take the veil, "and that as early as possible," as the testator contrived to say to the curate, Luis Hurtado, "there being no hope of a girl of her condition getting married with so slender a portion"; the sixth remembers his old friends the Jeronymites at Estrella, on condition of their remembering him in their masses, and giving a resting-place to his bones

within their walls; the seventh alludes to a married cousin living at Logroño; the eighth establishes masses for the souls of his parents in the family chapel at Logroño; and the ninth is a bequest to one Adam Mimoso, who had been his serving man for a year and a half. He was buried at Toledo, in the church of San Juan de los Reyes; and although Cean Bermudez cites an agreement entered into between Doña Catalina Ximenes and Diego Fernandez, mother and brother of El Mudo, and the prior and monks of Estrella —that his remains should be brought thither at the cost of the former, received at the door of the court with the cross by the latter, and interred in the church at the foot of the steps leading to the high altar, and that on the payment to the convent of 300 ducats the office of the dead should be sung for his soul every St. John Baptist's Day, it does not appear that the removal of his bones ever took place.

"El Mudo," says Cean Bermudez, "was a man of uncommon talent, and in no ordinary degree versed in sacred and profane history and in mythology. He read and wrote, played at cards, and expressed his meaning by signs with singular clearness, to the admiration of all who conversed with him." When Titian's celebrated picture of the "Last Supper" arrived at the Escorial, it was found to be too large for its destined place in the Refectory. The King

having ordered it to be cut, El Mudo manifested a lively indignation, and by means of signs offered, at the risk of his head, in six months to finish an exact copy of it, of the required size; at the same time making the sign of the cross on his breast, to signify that he expected an order of knighthood as the reward of doing in six months what had cost Titian the labour of seven years. Philip was, however, too impatient to wait for a copy, and the canvas of Titian, to the great grief of his scholar, was forthwith submitted to most sacrilegious shears. Indeed, it was not until Navarrete had gone to the tomb that the King fully understood his worth. When, however, his foreign Zuccaros, engaged at immense salaries, began to cover the walls of the Escorial with some very bad paintings, he became sensible that a far finer hand lay cold at Toledo, and frequently declared that amongst all his Italian artists there was none that could equal his dumb Spaniard.

El Mudo imitated with success many of the chief beauties of his Venetian master, and for his splendid colouring alone well deserved his title of "the Spanish Titian." His works have a freedom and boldness of design that belonged to none of his contemporaries of Castile; and it has been well remarked that he "spoke by his pencil with the bravura of Rubens without his coarseness." Amongst the unfinished pictures found in his

studio at his death were several portraits, of which those of the Duke of Medina Celi and Giovanni Andrea Doria were the most interesting. A beautiful head of a woman at Bowood, painted by El Mudo, and said to be that of Doña Maria Pacheco, wife of Padilla, the ill-fated leader of the malcontents at Toledo in 1522, is a gem even in the collection of Lord Lansdowne. Brown Castile never produced a lovelier face, nor a more delicately painted head; but as a portrait, it must either be ideal or a copy, since the brave lady died two years before the painter's birth. Of his few pictures on this side the Pyrenees, "The Holy Family," in the private gallery of the Queen of Holland, also deserves notice: the Virgin and Babe are seated near a column, and St. Joseph appears behind, and the whole composition is full of grace and Venetian richness of colour. The saints and apostles who figure in eight of the side altars of the Escorial, his last works, are excellent examples of his style. Their grand and simple forms and noble heads, and their draperies falling in broad masses of rich warm colour, are worthy of the majestic temple which they adorn. Lope de Vega, in the *Laurel de Apolo*, laments for the death of El Mudo, whom he lauds as the Spanish artist best able to cope with Italian rivals. Of his works he says—

"Ningun rostro pintó que fuese mudo"—
(No countenance he painted that was dumb.)

a thought which he also expanded into this epigram :—

"No quiso el cielo que hablase,
Porque con mi entendimiento
Diese mayor sentimiento
Á las cosas que pintase
Y tanta vida les dí
Con el pincel singular
Que como no pude hablar
Hice que hablasen por mí."

(Speech heaven denied to him whose dumbness threw
A deeper sense and charm o'er all he drew;
And, mute himself, his breathing pencil lent
Canvas a voice, than mine more eloquent.)

CHAPTER IV

EL GRECO

(1548–1625)

Domenico Theotocopuli, painter, sculptor, and architect, more familiarly known as "the Greek" —*El Griego* or *El Greco*—holds a high place amongst the worthies of Toledo. Contemporary with him there were two other Greek artists in Spain—Pedro Serafin, a painter at Barcelona, and Nicolas de la Torre, a Candiote painter of illuminations, employed at the Escorial, each of whom was sometimes called El Griego. Of his early history nothing has been preserved, except the tradition that he studied in the school of Titian. Hence it is possible that he was born at Venice, of one of the Greek families who had taken refuge beneath St. Mark's wing from the sword of the Turk at the fall of Constantinople. He was born, says Palomino, in 1548; and it is possible that he may have been the son of a certain Domenico dalle Greche who engraved, in 1549, a drawing of Titian's representing "Pharaoh and his Host overthrown in the Red Sea"; or he may have been a native of Corfù, or one of the Greek islands, like his contemporary and fellow-painter, Antonio Vassilacchi; for, not unmindful of his

race and language, he frequently inscribed his name in the Greek character on works painted in Castile. The first authentic notice of his life that remains to us is that he was residing in Toledo in 1577, when he began for the cathedral his great picture of "The Parting of our Lord's Raiment," a work, still adorning the sacristy, on which he was employed for ten years, and which Cumberland thought worthy of the pencil of Titian. The august figure of the Saviour arrayed in a red robe occupies the centre of the canvas; the head with its long dark locks is superb, and the noble and beautiful countenance seems to mourn for the madness of them who "knew not what they did"; His right arm is folded on His bosom, seemingly unconscious of the rope which encircles His wrist, and is violently dragged downwards by two executioners in front. Around and behind Him appears a throng of priests and warriors, amongst whom the Greek himself figures as the Centurion in black armour. He has likewise painted his beautiful daughter—distinguished by the white drapery on her head—as one of the three Maries in the foreground, at least if her portrait in the Louvre be authentic.[1] In drawing and composition this picture is truly admirable; and the colouring is, on the whole, rich and effective, although it is here and there laid on in that spotted, streaky manner which afterwards

[1] This picture is not by El Greco.

became the great and prominent defect of El Greco's style. He likewise carved the *retablo* in which this picture once hung; but, on the sacristy being rebuilt, it was removed, and the present marble *retablo* was erected in its place. For the painting he was paid by the chapter 119,000, and for the sculpture 200,600 maravedis.

Whilst thus engaged in the service of the cathedral, El Greco received the royal commands to paint, for one of the altars of the Escorial church, a picture on the subject of St. Maurice and his Christian legion, who feared God rather than the Emperor Maximian, and preferred death to idolatry. Unluckily for the artist, it seems that his friends had been in the habit of commending his works by declaring that they might pass for those of Titian, a praise which by no means satisfied the Greek's ambitious soul, and only prompted him to invent a style altogether new and peculiar to himself. Proceeding on this principle he addressed himself to the Martyrdom of the pious soldiery with great diligence, and presently produced a picture, in an artistic point of view, little less extravagant and atrocious than the massacre which it recorded. The one might have disturbed the established ideas and opinions of the artists assembled at the Escorial almost as rudely as the other troubled the repose of the secluded Valais. Dry, hard, and harsh in colouring, the painting was full of strange and distracting

flashes of light, utterly destructive of unity and breadth, nor did the admirable heads occurring here and there do much to counteract its general disagreeable effect. The King was greatly disappointed when he saw it; he ordered the stipulated price, of which the amount has not been preserved, to be paid, but would not permit the picture to be hung in the church. It was therefore degraded to a more obscure part of the building, and placed in the chapel of the college.[1] El Greco does not appear to have been in very flourishing circumstances when he began to work for his royal patron, for an order is extant, addressed by Philip II to the prior of the Escorial and dated the 25th of April 1580, authorising that dignitary to allow him a little money that he might provide himself with materials, and to furnish him with some of the finer colours, especially "ultramarine." Had he but adhered to his Titianesque style he might have obtained the post of King's painter, and found employment for life and a rich harvest of fame at the Escorial.

The ill success of his experiment seems, for a time at least, to have led El Greco back to his earlier and better paths, for in 1584 he painted, by order of Cardinal Archbishop Quiroga, a large picture, "The Burial of the Count of Orgaz," which is justly esteemed his masterpiece, and

[1] This work is still at the Escorial.

El Greco *Photo. Anderson*

THE BURIAL OF COUNT D'ORGAZ

(Toledo)

which the prelate presented to the Toledan church of Santo Tomè, where it still remains. The artist or lover of art who has once beheld it will never, as he rambles among the winding streets of the ancient city, pass the pretty brick belfry of that church—full of horse-shoe niches and Moorish reticulations—without turning aside to gaze upon its superb picture once more. Gonzalo Ruiz, Count of Orgaz, head of a house famous in romance, rebuilt the fabric of the church, and was in all respects so religious and gracious a grandee that when he was buried in 1323, within these very walls, St. Stephen and St. Augustine came down from heaven and laid his body in the tomb with their own holy hands, an incident which forms the subject of the picture. St. Stephen, a dark-haired youth of noble countenance, and St. Augustine, a hoary old man wearing a mitre, both of them arrayed in rich pontifical vestments of golden tissue, support the dead count in their arms and gently lower him into the grave, shrouded, like a baron of Roslin, "in his iron panoply." Nothing can be finer than the execution and the contrast of these three heads; never was the image of the peaceful death of "the just man" more happily conveyed than in the placid face and powerless form of the warrior; nor did Giorgione or Titian ever excel the splendid colouring of his black armour, rich with gold damaskeening. To the right of the

picture, behind St. Stephen, kneels a fair boy in a dark dress, perhaps the son of the count; beyond rises the stately form of a grey friar; to the left, near St. Augustine, stand two priests in gorgeous vestments, holding, the one a book, and the other a taper. Behind this principal group appear the noble company of mourners, hidalgos and old Christians all, with olive faces and beards of formal cut, looking on with true Castilian gravity and phlegm, as if the transaction were an every-day occurrence. As they are mostly portraits of noted personages, perhaps some of the originals did actually stand a few years later, with the like awe in their hearts and calm on their cheeks, in the royal presence chamber, when the news came to Court that the proud Armada of Spain had been vanquished by the galleys of Howard and cast away on the rocks of the Hebrides. The upper part of the picture represents a different scene, in a far inferior style—the soul of Gonzalo entering the heavenly mansion. Here El Greco's desire of avoiding all resemblance to Titian again proved too strong for his taste; our Lord sits enthroned amongst clouds flat and sharp as the pasteboard clouds of the stage, and somewhat lower the Virgin, at whose feet kneels the emancipated spirit in the form of a naked man of a livid hue, and of a size so disproportionate to the heavenly host around him that he might be mistaken for some ungainly Goliath of Gath, or

vanquished giant of romance. For this picture—the finest at Toledo, and notwithstanding its faults one of the noblest productions of the Castilian pencil—the painter was paid 2000 crowns by the Archbishop. The story on which it is founded is told in the inscription on a black marble slab let into the wall beneath it.

In the collection of the Academy of St. Ferdinand at Madrid there is a small repetition, perhaps the original sketch, of the "Burial of Orgaz," admirably painted, and perhaps more pleasing than the great picture, inasmuch as a great part of the celestial and defective portion is wanting.

El Greco was, when he pleased, an admirable painter of portraits. He was eminently successful, in 1609, in taking the likeness of the poet, Fray Felix Hortensio Palavicino, who rewarded him with a laudatory sonnet, wherein he was compared to Prometheus. In the hospital of St. John Baptist at Toledo he has finely portrayed the mild features of Cardinal Tavera, which he must have copied from the work of some older artist. At Illescas, a town lying on the weary plain, midway between Madrid and Toledo, in the spacious church of the Hospital of Charity, where El Greco was architect and sculptor, he has left a good altar-piece representing "S. Ildefonso"—a venerable man in a dark pontifical habit, writing at a table covered with red velvet—for which some worshipful Toledan canon may

have served as a model. In the Royal Gallery at Madrid there are many of his portraits, most of them good, especially one—a dark, handsome man in armour, with a curious chain of gold and tri-colour silk round his neck—which Velasquez never excelled; and that of the President Rodrigo Vasquez,[1] the inexorable old man who stood by whilst his fallen rival, Antonio Perez, was tortured to the confessing point.

El Greco has been described as an artist who displayed his great genius only at intervals. Strange to say, in his case, the critics cannot fix the epoch when his "early bad manner" gave way to his "good middle style," or when his pencil lost the charms of its prime; for he painted well and ill by turns throughout his whole career. The disagreeable "St. Maurice" was executed between the times when his two best works were commenced. The fine portraits of Tavera and Palavicino were painted in or about 1609. In fact, he sometimes painted heads that stood out from the canvas with the sober strength of Velasquez's, and coloured figures and draperies with a splendour rivalling Titian. With all his faults, El Greco was a favourite artist in Spain, and his pictures were highly valued. For the church of Bayona, a village in the province of Segovia, he executed a series of paintings on the life of Mary

[1] Prado, No. 241. There are seven other male portraits there, viz., Nos. 238, 240, 242, 243, 244, 245, and 246.

El Greco *Photo. Anderson*

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST'S SON

(Seville)

Magdalene, which were refused about the close of the seventeenth century to Cardinal Puertocarrero, although his Eminence offered to buy them for 5000 crowns, and replace them with pictures by Luca Giordano, the famous and fashionable court artist of the day.[1]

Theotocopuli was much engaged as sculptor and architect. At Madrid he designed, in 1590, the church of the Augustine's college, and carved the "abominable" *retablo* of the high altar; at Illescas he built, about 1600, two churches—that of the Hospital of Charity, still existing, with its good classical altar, and that of the Franciscan friars, with the marble tombs and effigies of the Hinojosas, its founders, now demolished; at Toledo, he gave the plan of the city hall, a solid, plain building of two stories, resting on Doric pillars and flanked with towers; he carved, in 1609, the *retablos* for the church of the St. John Baptist's Hospital; and in 1611 he erected in the Cathedral, by order of the chapter, the catafalque, or temporary monument for the celebration of funeral solemnities for Margaret of Austria, Queen of Philip III.

Few artists were ever more unweariedly industrious than El Greco, even in his old age. Never idle for a moment, he must have not a little astonished, by his indomitable energy, the slow and otiose Toledans amongst whom he lived.

[1] Palomino, vol. iii. p. 426.

Pacheco, who visited him in 1611, relates that he showed him a large closet filled with the plaster models of his various sculptures, and a chamber full of the sketches of all his pictures. In the course of their talk El Greco declared his opinion that colouring was a more difficult part of the painter's art than drawing; and that Michael Angelo, though a good professor, knew nothing of painting. Besides uttering these heresies, to the horror of the Sevillian, he explained and defended his own harsh and spotty style, avowing that it was his practice to retouch a picture till each mass of colour was distinct and separate from the rest, and asserting that it gave strength and character to the whole.[1] But in spite of his eccentric style and opinions, the school of Theotocopuli produced Mayno, Tristan, and Orrente, who rank amongst the best Castilian painters. He was a man of wit and some learning, and is said by Pacheco to have written on the three arts which he professed. His brother artists were perhaps more benefited, however, by his legal than by his literary efforts; for he successfully resisted, in 1600, a tax attempted to be levied upon his works at Illescas, and obtained a decree against its exaction from the Council of State. Living to the reign of Philip IV, he saw the veteran painters of Castile vanquished at Court by a stripling from Andalusia; and he died at

[1] Pacheco, p. 242.

Toledo in 1625, to the general sorrow of the city, and was buried in the Church of S. Bartolome. His friend, the poet Luis de Gongora, celebrated his memory in the following fantastic sonnet, perhaps intended to be inscribed on his tomb :—

" Esta en forma elegante ó peregrino !
De pórfido luciente dura llave,
El pincel niega al mundo mas suave,
Que dió espíritu al leño, vida al lino.
Su nombre, aun de mayor aliento digno
Que en los clarines de la fama cabe,
El campo ilustra de ese mármol grave ;
Venéralo, y prosigue tu camino,
Yace el Griego : heredó naturaleza
Arte, y el arte estudio, iris colores
Febo luces, sino sombras Morfeo.
Tanta urna, á pesar de su dureza,
Lagrimas beba y quantos suda olores
Corteza funeral de árbol sabeo."

(Stranger ! beneath this polish'd porphyry stone,
Lock'd from the world, the sweetest pencil lies
That e'er could witch thee with resplendent dyes
O'er breathing wood or living canvas thrown ;
Its name, all worthy of the loudest tone
That far and wide from Fame's clear clarion flies,
The field of this proud marble glorifies ;
Pay at this shrine thy homage and pass on.
Here lies the Greek ; to nature all his art
Leaving, to art his lore, to Iris hues,
To Phœbus lights, to Morpheus shadows deep ;
Let his great urn thy tear-drops as they start,
Despite its hardness, drink, and funeral dews
Which, from their bark, Sabean forests weep.)

Luis Tristan, his pupil, was born in 1586, in the neighbourhood of Toledo; and, entering the school of El Greco, in that city, he early became remarkable for the genius which he displayed for painting. Eschewing the evil and choosing the good in his eccentric master's style, his works commended themselves to the taste of El Greco, who preferred him to all his other disciples, and frequently handed over to him commissions which he himself was not disposed to undertake. One of these was a "Last Supper," for the refectory of the Jeronymite monastery of La Sisla, at Toledo, a work which Tristan finished to the full satisfaction of the fathers. But the price which he demanded, 200 ducats, seeming exorbitant to these frugal monks, they referred the matter to the decision of El Greco. The old master, being somewhat infirm, took coach and repaired to the convent; and having examined the picture with great attention, he turned to his scholar, and, shaking his crutch over his head, called him a rogue, and a disgrace to his profession. Here the Jeronymites interposed, excusing Tristan on account of his youth and inexperience, and his willingness to submit to the award of his master. "Indeed," said the painter of the "Burial of Orgaz," "he is quite a novice, for he has asked only 200 ducats for a painting worth 500; let it therefore be rolled up, and carried to my house." Confounded by this unlooked-for proposal, and by the unexpected

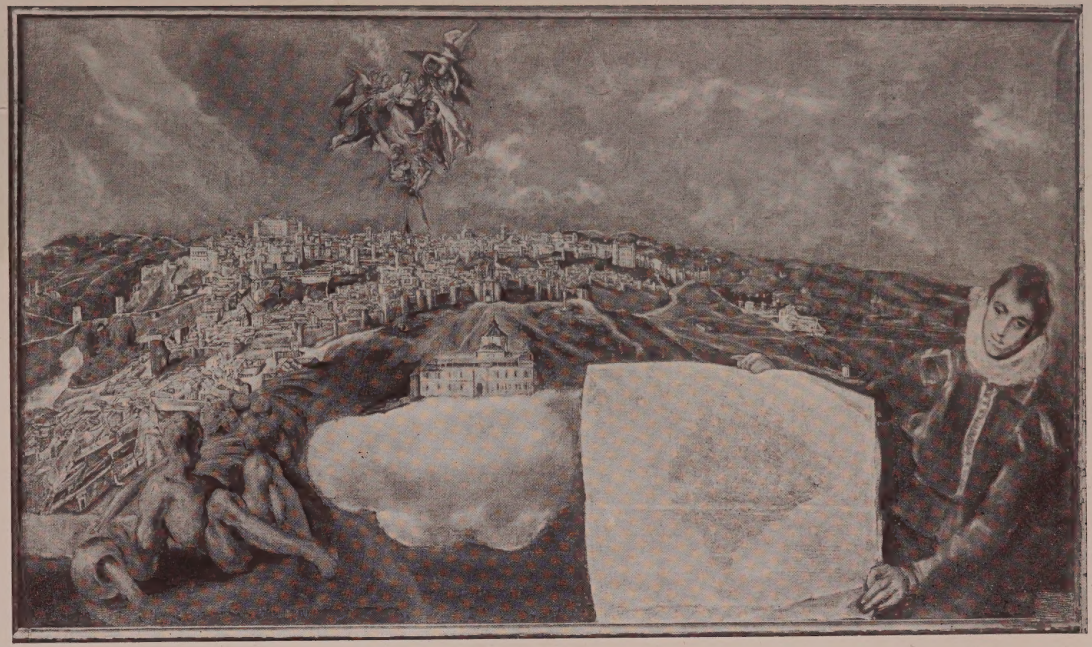
turn which the arbitration had taken, the friars were glad to agree with the young artist on his own terms.

In 1616, the thirtieth year of his age, Tristan painted the works which are generally esteemed his masterpieces—a series of pictures for the Church of Yepes, an ancient town, pleasantly situated on the tableland between Ocaña and Toledo, amidst cornfields and olives, and vineyards of which the white wine is famous amongst the harsh vintages of Castile. Although the French bugles often sounded within hearing of its walls, this huge Greco-Romano church still stands entire, with its heavy towers and its rich internal decorations. The *retablo* of the high altar is an elegant structure of the four orders, richly gilt, and adorned with wooden statues; and in each of three of its stories are placed two large compositions of Tristan, illustrating passages in the life of the Saviour. Of these the lower pair are the "Adoration of the Shepherds," an excellent picture, full of life and rich colour, and the "Adoration of the Kings"; the second, "Christ at the Column," and "Christ bearing His Cross," in which the head of the Redeemer is not unworthy of Morales; but the handkerchief held by S. Veronica, and bearing the stamp of the divine countenance, produces an unpleasing effect; and the third, the "Resurrection" and "Ascension" of our Lord. Besides these, the altar contains

eight half-length pictures, by Tristan, of various saints, of whom St. Sebastian is, perhaps, the best; but the effect of all is injured by the small size of their frames; and on the pillars of the aisle, nearest to the high altar, hang two mitred saints, which, perhaps, are the work of the same pencil. These paintings are fine monuments of the genius of Tristan; and they afford evidence of the excellent judgment with which he imitated the rich tones and bold handling of his master's better manner, and avoided the hard unblending streaks of colour, the narrow gleams of light, and the blue unhealthy flesh tints of his more extravagant productions. Their effect is, however, marred by the coarseness of his female heads; his Blessed Virgin by no means deserved to be hymned, as

"Virgo gloriosa,
Super omnes speciosa;"

nor will any of his women bear comparison with the creations of El Greco and El Mudo, with whom, in other respects, Tristan may rank as an equal. These masters, however, be it remembered, had studied in the classical galleries, and amongst the lovely models of Italy; while Tristan seems never to have crossed the Sierra Morena, or to have known other types of female beauty than what he found amongst the brown dames of Gothic Toledo. Had the faces of his



El Greco *Photo. Anderson*

VIEW OF TOLEDO

(Toledo)

virgins and saintly women been chosen from beneath the mantillas of Seville or Cadiz, his pictures would have ranked amongst the most charming efforts of the Spanish pencil.

In 1619 he painted, for the winter chapter-room of the Cathedral, the portrait of Cardinal Sandoval, Archbishop of Toledo, one of the best in that interesting series. The countenance of the prelate is grave and venerable; his grizzled beard is painted to a hair; in his hand he holds the double crozier belonging to his rank, being the first of the Archbishops so represented; he is attired in a rich robe and a jewelled mitre, and over his gloves he wears several splendid rings of ruby and emerald. Tristan has united in this portrait the elaborate execution of Sanchez Coello, with much of the spirit of Titian. For the convents of Toledo and Madrid, and for private families, he painted many fine works, amongst which Cean Bermudez mentions, with high praise, three large pictures, "The Holy Trinity," in his own collection, and "Moses Striking the Rock," and "Our Lord disputing with the Doctors," in the possession of Don Nicolas de Vargas and Don Pedro Roca. He died at Toledo in 1640, leaving a great name behind him, if "*laudari laudatis*" be the highest kind of reputation; for Velasquez, in his early pictures, closely imitated his style, and regarded his genius with admiration after, as well as before, his journey to Italy.

CHAPTER V

LUIS DE VARGAS

(1502–1568)

ANDALUSIA—

> "La mejor tierra de España
> La que el Betis baña"—

now began to vie in the arts with Castile, and the painters of Seville and Cordoba, although unknown at Court and unsunned by royal favour, to rival their more fortunate brethren, who were winning crosses and pensions at Toledo and Madrid. Shut out by their remote position from courtly patronage, they had, however, the magnificent church to cherish and reward them. Through the southern cities flowed into Spain great part of the wealth of the Indies, refreshing their sacred treasuries with its golden tide. On the banks of the Guadalquivír rose many a sumptuous church and many a proud Chartreuse, and prelates and chapters were never weary of devising new embellishments for their ancient cathedrals.

To the records of the Chapter of Seville, Cean Bermudez was indebted for the names of various artists of reputation which otherwise would long

ago have perished with their works. Of these masters, Anton Perez, who painted for the Cathedral from 1548 to 1564, seems to have been one of the most famous. The Flemish painter, Campaña, left behind him at Seville a son named Juan Bautista, who had been his scholar, and who was employed with other artists in the restoration of the monument for the Holy Week in 1594.

Amongst the Andalusian artists of whose merit the world is still in a condition to judge, the first place must be given to Luis de Vargas, the best painter of the Sevillian line from Sanchez de Castro to Velasquez. Born at Seville in 1502, he early devoted himself to painting, of which he acquired some knowledge from one Diego de la Barrera. This Barrera had been a scholar of Alexo Fernandez, whose master was Gonzalo Diaz, a disciple of Sanchez de Castro. Vargas stood, therefore, fifth in artistic descent from that patriarch of painting, although he was born before the veteran's death. According to the usage of the Sevillians, he at first painted on *sarga*—a loose-textured cloth, somewhat like bunting—heraldic devices for naval ensigns, and fanciful designs to serve as curtains for the church altars during Holy Week. The colours, well moistened with water, were applied to the cloth without any previous preparation, and, when dry, were washed over with a thin gum or a very liquid paste; and the materials being cheap, and the dimensions of

the works large, this sort of painting was held to be an excellent exercise for the tyro, giving freedom to his hand and boldness to his style. Dissatisfied, however, with the modes and masters of Seville, Vargas early passed into Italy, where, on the sole evidence of his style, the critics have placed him in the school of Perino del Vaga. If this be the fact, and if Cean Bermudez be correct in assuming 1527 as the date of his arrival in Italy, he may have been present at the sack of Rome, and perhaps followed Perino to Genoa under the safeguard of the Dorias. All that seems certain is that his foreign travels and studies occupied twenty-eight years,[1] and that he returned to Seville about the middle of the century.[2]

In the sacristy of chalices in the Cathedral of Seville there hangs a small portrait, by Vargas, of the good monk Fernando de Contreras, of the Order of Mercy, the "Apostle of Seville," whose staff was accepted in Barbary as a security for the payment of large ransoms, and who was laid in his shroud by noble ladies in 1548. The pale countenance of the holy man bears evidence of the gentleness of his nature and the austerities of his life. The picture is well executed. "V.S.D.P. Ferdins. de Cotreras, Sacerdos Hispal, Captivor, Redemptor, ex vivo adumbratus ob. an. 1545, a Ludov. de Vargas an. 1541." The

[1] Pacheco, p. 118. [2] *Cf.* Palomino, vol. iii. p. 386.

error in the first date perhaps diminishes the credit of the second. But if Vargas really painted this portrait in or before 1541, he must either have done so in Italy, or he must have returned to Spain several years before the time fixed by Cean Bermudez. From the records of the Chapter of Seville that diligent historian gathered that Vargas painted his first work for the Cathedral in 1555. This was the beautiful picture of the "Nativity," which still forms the altar-piece of the little chapel dedicated to that event. The Virgin-Mother might have been sketched by the pure pencil of Raphael; the peasant who kneels at Her feet, with his offering of a basket of doves, is a study from nature, painted with much of the force and freedom of the later masters of Seville; and many of the accessories, such as the head of the goat dragged in by a shepherd, and the sheaf of corn and pack-saddle which lie in the foreground, are finished with Flemish accuracy. The picture is signed, "*Tunc discebā, Luisius de Vargas.*" He next painted some frescoes in the Church of St. Paul and in the old Sacristy of the Cathedral, now no longer existing. In the court of the Casa de Misericordia he executed a large fresco representing "The Last Judgment," in which Cean Bermudez praises the figures of the Redeemer, the Virgin, and the Apostles, and deplores the destruction of the righteous and wicked multitudes from the effects of the weather. His finest

work, now at Seville, was painted in 1561 on the subject of the "Temporal Generation of Our Lord," and is the altar-piece of the Chapel of the Conception. It is a sort of holy allegory, representing the human ancestors of the Infant Saviour, adoring Him as He lies in the lap of the Virgin. In the foreground kneels Adam, "the father of us all," concerning one of whose legs there is a tradition that Perez de Alesio, an Italian painter, declared that it was worth the whole of a colossal "St. Christopher," which he himself had executed, in another part of the church. Hence the picture is popularly known as the "Gamba." It is signed "*Luisius de Vargas, faciebat* 1561"; and the altar is adorned with saints and other subjects by the same hand, forming a collection of seven pictures in all. Amongst these is a portrait of Don Juan de Medina, precentor of the Cathedral, which was an admirable likeness, and used to cause the idle boys that then, as now, loitered in the aisles, to collect round the original, as the good man said his prayers near the spot.[1] Buried in the darkest nook of the dim Cathedral, these interesting paintings can be seen only on festival days, when the chapel is blazing with waxen tapers. On the outer wall which encloses the court of orange trees, Vargas executed a fresco, once of great excellence and renown, but now a mere shadow, "Christ going to Calvary," commonly called "The Christ

[1] Palomino, vol. iii. p. 387.

Luis de Vargas *Photo. La Coste*

THE NATIVITY

(The Cathedral, Seville)

of the Criminals" (*el Cristo de los azotados*), because it was the custom for condemned malefactors on their way to the place of punishment to pause before it and pray a parting prayer.

On the restoration of the beautiful tower of the Cathedral, he painted, between 1563 and 1568, in its Moorish niches, a series of Sevillian saints and martyrs and other sacred subjects. He was probably at work on his lofty scaffolding, in 1565, when the Flemish artist, George Hoefnaeghel, one of the earliest of sketching tourists, made his drawing of the Giralda. Of most of these frescoes, which were executed, says Pacheco, on a preparation of ochre of Castilleja, no trace whatever remains; the showers and sunshine and the whitewash of centuries have passed over them, and they are gone. Only on the north side, in the lower niches, may be seen the faded and oft-repainted ruins of "SS. Justa and Rufina," "SS. Isidore and Leander," and the "Annunciation of the Virgin," beneath the latter of which frescoes is placed the black marble slab bearing the Canon Pacheco's Latin record of the restoration of the tower. The Virgin martyrs of Seville are represented, according to the ancient usage, bearing in their hands the Giralda, to commemorate its miraculous preservation in a storm which laid low great part of the city. In the roar of the tempest, says the legend, a voice was heard crying near the top

of the tower, "Down with it, down with it," to which another voice made answer, "It cannot be, for Justa and Rufina are upholding it." The holy potters of Triana having thus foiled, by his own confession, the Prince of the powers of the air, became thenceforth the patronesses of the "very noble and very loyal city."

Vargas died at Seville in 1568, with the reputation of a great painter and a good and amiable man. To a natural modesty and kindness of disposition he added that sincere and fervent piety, not uncommon amongst the artists of the age, and so well befitting one whose daily calling lay amongst the sublime mysteries of religion, and required him to fix his contemplations on things above. After his decease there were found in his chamber the scourges with which he practised self-flagellation, and a coffin wherein he was wont to lie down in the hours of solitude and repose, and consider his latter end. Notwithstanding these secret austerities he was a man of wit and humour withal, as appears by his reply to a brother painter who desired his opinion of a bad picture of "Our Saviour on the Cross." "Methinks," answered Vargas, "He is saying, 'Forgive them, Lord, for they know not what they do.'"

As a painter Vargas is remarkable for the grandeur and simplicity of his designs, and for the purity and grace of his female heads, for

correctness of drawing, and agreeable freshness of colour. We are hardly, perhaps, in a condition to form an adequate estimate of his powers; his easel pictures are few, and it was probably to his frescoes, now so dim and defaced, that he trusted for fame.

CHAPTER VI

JUAN DE LAS ROELAS

(1558?–1625)

JUAN DE LAS ROELAS was born at Seville about 1558 or 1560, of an illustrious family, which counted amongst its members the Admiral de las Roelas, who, according to Cean Bermudez, may perhaps have been his father. From the evidence of his works it is probable that he studied painting in Italy; his style bears a considerable resemblance to that of Tintoretto; and as that master lived till 1594, there is no chronological reason against the supposition that he was one of his disciples at Venice. He had received a university education, probably at Seville, and had proceeded to the degree of licentiate, by which title he was known when he received the appointment, in 1603, to a prebendal stall in the chapel, afterwards the collegiate church, of Olivarez, a town four leagues north-west from Seville. For one of his fellow-prebendaries, Alonso Martin Tentor, he soon afterwards painted four pictures on the life of the Blessed Virgin, which Tentor, at his death, bequeathed to the church. From the archives of Olivarez, it appears that Roelas had no share in the division of the church rents from 1607 to 1624,

in consequence of his non-residence, he having spent these years at Seville and Madrid. In 1616 he was a candidate for the post of painter to the King, and was recommended to the royal favour by the Board of Works and Woods, as "the son of an old servant of the Crown," and as "a virtuous man and a good painter." The place, however, was conferred on B. Gonzalez, to the disadvantage of the royal galleries. He continued to reside at Madrid for a few years, painting for the churches and convents, and afterwards at Seville, till 1624, when he returned to Olivarez on his promotion to a canonry, and died there on the 23rd of April 1625. His pious life did honour to the cloth he wore and the art he professed; he was a man of benevolent nature, and gave much in alms; nor would he refuse to paint for the poor who had no money to pay him for his labour.[1]

The finest work of Roelas is the great altar-piece in the Church of St. Isidore at Seville, representing the death, or, as it is called, the "Transit" of that saint. Isidore was Archbishop of Seville in the Gothic days, from 600 to 636, and the "encyclopædist of his age," whose persuasive eloquence was said, like that of St. Ambrose, to have been foretold in his infancy by a swarm of bees issuing from his mouth, and whose "Origenes" still remain a mine of curious lore, and a monument of his genius and industry.

[1] Palomino, vol. iii. p. 422.

After a long and laborious life, in which he fought stoutly against the Arian heresy and predicted the downfall of the Gothic monarchy, finding his end approaching, he caused two of his suffragans to carry him from his palace in Seville to the Church of San Vicente, and there, having received the Sacrament at their hands, he divided his substance amongst the poor, asked forgiveness of all, present or absent, whom he had injured or offended, exhorted his flock to brotherly love and steadfastness in the faith, and giving them his parting blessing, resigned his soul to God at the foot of the altar. This touching scene forms the subject of the picture. Clad in pontifical robes and a dark mantle, the prelate kneels in the foreground, expiring in the arms of a group of venerable priests, whose snowy heads and beards are finely relieved by the youthful bloom of two beautiful children of the choir, who kneel beside them; the background is filled up with the far-reaching aisle of the church, some altars, and a multitude of sorrowing people. At the top of the picture, in a blaze of light, are seen Our Lord and the Virgin, enthroned on clouds, and holding in their hands—the first, a golden crown, and the second, a chaplet of flowers; near them hovers a band of angels, two of whom are making music with celestial guitars. For majesty of design, depth of feeling, richness of colour, and for the various beauty of the heads, and the perfect mastery which the painter has

displayed in the use of his materials, the altar-piece may be ranked amongst the greatest productions of the pencil; the noble subject has been treated in a style worthy of itself, and the work, in the opinion of an able English critic, need not shrink from comparison with the "great picture on a similar subject, Domenichino's St. Jerome."

"The Martyrdom of St. Andrew," in the Museum at Seville, is likewise one of the most famous works of Roelas. The apostle is undergoing crucifixion on the usual X-shaped cross, around which stands a number of figures on foot and horseback; above, in the clouds, celestial faces look forth, heavenly musicians warble to their guitars, and a lovely Virgin "smiles and waves her golden hair" to welcome the soul of the martyr to the mansions of the blessed. This picture was originally painted for the Chapel of the Flemings in the College of St. Thomas; it was not completed within the time appointed, and was at last rather hastily finished, for which reasons the college authorities wished to mulct the artist of a part of the stipulated price—1000 ducats. He, on the other hand, demanded twice that sum for his labour; and the dispute becoming serious, and no Sevillian artist being willing to act as umpire, the picture was sent to be valued in Flanders, whence it returned, says Palomino, with an award of 3000 ducats, which Roelas exacted to the uttermost maravedi. For the Convent of Mercy he painted

many pictures, one of which, "St. Anne teaching the Virgin to read,"[1] is censured by Pacheco, somewhat hypercritically, because a table is introduced with sweetmeats and other eatables.

The chapel of the University of Seville, now the Council-hall and Museum, where the rich tombs of the Riberas and Figueroas, and a few pictures and sculptures are preserved, possesses three fine works of Roelas, which still adorn the altar, for which they were painted when the building was the Jesuits' College. They represent the "Holy Family adored by St. Ignatius Martyr and St. Ignatius Loyola," the "Nativity," and the "Adoration of the Shepherds." In the first of these pictures, the black-robed kneeling saints, in one of whom Roelas is said to have portrayed himself, are admirably painted studies of the smooth and subtle Jesuit; and in the third there is a peasant boy with a drum, in the top of which a rent is so skilfully depicted as to be often taken for a hole in the canvas itself. To the "Nativity" Pacheco,[2] with some justice, takes exception, because the Saviour is represented—in imitation, he says, of Bassano—without any covering, a condition in which the most Holy Mother cannot have exposed her new-born babe to the keen air of a mid-winter's night. The Cathedral also has a picture by Roelas, of "Santiago at the Battle of Clavijo,"

[1] Now in the Seville Museum.
[2] Pacheco, *Arte de la Pintura*, p. 506.

Roelas *Photo. La Coste*

MOSES DRAWING WATER FROM THE ROCK

(Prado)

on his usual prancing white war-horse, and hewing down the Saracens, a work highly praised by Cean Bermudez "for its force, grandeur, and Titianesque touches," but now in a state of disrepair, which renders criticism impossible. Only a single specimen of his painting is to be found in the Royal Gallery of Madrid, a small picture once in the palace of Aranjuez, of "Moses striking the Rock."[1] In the centre of the composition stands a woman, who, deaf to the cries of her thirsty child, drinks eagerly from a gourd, whence the picture has been called "The Calabash." Few, if any, of the compositions of Roelas have been introduced to general notice, but were he known the Canon of Olivarez would hold a high place among the artists, not only of Andalusia, but of Europe. Great honour is also due to him as the master of the powerful Zurbaran, whose grand works bear the impress of Roelas's style, and whose name is as widely known as that of any Spanish artist.

[1] Prado, No. 1021.

CHAPTER VII

FRANCISCO DE HERRERA THE ELDER

(*circa* 1576–1656)

Francisco de Herrera the Elder—so called to distinguish him from his son of the same name, who was also a painter—was born at Seville about 1576. He studied his art under Luis Fernandez, an artist of traditionary reputation, and to such good purpose, that he was the first painter of Andalusia who wholly shook off the timid manner of his countrymen, and adopted that free, bold style which was afterwards carried to so high a perfection at Seville. Using brushes of great size and length, and sometimes sketching with burnt sticks instead of chalk, he produced works of great vigour and effect, and from their novelty very striking, when compared with the laboured pictures of Vargas and Villegas. His skill and diligence soon made him famous; his pencil was in constant request for church decorations, and his studio the resort of numerous scholars. But his temper was as fiery as his genius, and he was no less remarkable for his intemperate modes of conveying instruction than for the zeal and "fury" with which he despatched his works. Discouraged by his severity, and terrified by his gusts

of passion, his pupils were sometimes lost as soon as gained: Velasquez, the glory of his school, was amongst the deserters, and he was frequently left without a single assistant. There is a tradition that on these occasions, when business pressed, he used to employ his maidservant to smear the paints on his canvases with a coarse brush, he himself shaping the rough masses of colour into figures and draperies before they were dry.

The art of engraving on bronze, which Herrera sometimes practised, is supposed to have tempted him to coin false money. His crime being discovered or suspected, he took refuge in the sanctuary of the Jesuits' College, and while there he employed his time in painting a noble altar-piece for their church,[1] taking for his subject the legend of St. Hermengild, its patron, and one of the favourite saints of Seville. Hermengild was the son and heir of Leovigild, King of the Visigoths, and was converted from the Arian heresy by the holy Archbishop Leander, brother and predecessor of St. Isidore. For this he was cast into prison by his Arian father, who vainly sent prelates of his own persuasion to convince him of his errors, and finally, to punish his contumacy, an executioner, who brained him with an axe on the 13th April 1586. The site of his dungeon was long esteemed holy ground at Seville; and his cloven skull revered as a relic, first at a convent in Aragon,

[1] Now in the Seville Museum.

and afterwards at the Escorial. In Herrera's picture the martyr-prince, attired in a cuirass of blue steel and a red mantle and holding a cross in his right hand, is seen ascending to heaven in a flood of yellow glory, amongst a crowd of cherubs, two of whom crown him with a wreath of flowers. Lower down are two angels bearing the trophies of his triumph—his prison chain and the axe of martyrdom; and on the ground stand, on the left, St. Isidore, robed and mitred, with his eyes turned to the soaring saint, and his left hand on the head of King Leovigild, who kneels with averted face; and on the right, St. Leander pointing upwards, and looking fondly down on the son of Hermengild, a fair-haired kneeling boy, wearing a crown and royal mantle, and gazing rapturously at his sire. In grandeur of design and skill of composition this noble altar-piece was excelled by few of the thousand pictures which adorned the proud churches of Seville. Little inferior to his contemporary Rubens in ease and vivacity of touch and flowery freshness of colour, Herrera has greatly the advantage of the Fleming in the dignity of his figures and in refinement of expression. The venerable Leander is a fine study of virtuous old age, and "the hoary hair which is like a crown of glory"; the robes of the mitred brethren are gorgeous as those which drape the sumptuous saints of Paul Veronese; and in the free handling and rich

brown tones of the picture, we detect the style which gave its happy direction to the genius of Velasquez. "St. Hermengild," now somewhat dimmed by dirt and neglect, hangs in the Museum at Seville. Newly finished in 1624, when Philip IV came to the city, it immediately fixed his attention, on his visit to the Jesuits' College. Inquiring for the artist, and hearing the offence with which he was charged, he sent for him, remarking that in such a case he himself was both party and judge. The poor coiner of base money, being brought into the royal presence, fell at the young King's feet and begged for mercy; when Philip granted him a free pardon, saying, "What need of silver and gold has a man gifted with abilities like yours? go—you are free; and take care that you do not get into this scrape again."[1]

Returning home, well pleased with his deliverance, he resumed his old occupations, and also his old surly habits, which became so insupportable that his children fled from his house, his daughter and his second son robbing him, says Palomino, of 6000 ducats, with which they escaped, the one taking the veil in a nunnery, and the other to Rome, where he became an artist of some reputation. Their father continued to reside at Seville, where he painted many works for the churches. Amongst these one of the most important was "St. Basilio," a large altar-piece for the church of the same

[1] Palomino, vol. iii. p. 467.

name, which may now be seen, though in a very clouded condition, in the Museum. His "Last Judgment," executed for the Church of St. Bernardo, beyond the city walls, still hangs over its original altar, at the northern end of the transept. Although it, too, is dingy with years, it well deserves a visit. At the top of the canvas appears Our Lord and His attendant angels; and at the bottom, a heavy, uncouth Archangel Michael stands, waving his wings and flaming sword between the crowds of the righteous and the wicked, who are finely grouped, and form the best part of the picture. For a painting executed under the eye of censors and inquisitors, there is here a considerable display of nudity; and one of the best figures is a beautiful female-sinner, amongst whose fair, luxuriant tresses a malignant fiend twists one hand, whilst he slaps her graceful shoulders with the other. For the hall of the archiepiscopal palace Herrera painted four large compositions, "The Israelites gathering Manna," "Moses striking the Rock," "The Marriage of Cana," and "The Miracle of Loaves and Fishes." He also executed a number of works in fresco, for which he does not seem to have understood the art of preparing the plaster, as none of them long survived him, except those on the dome of the Church of San Buonaventura. Of one of his frescoes, a façade in the Convent of Mercy, he executed an engraving.

The flight of his children having relieved him of domestic cares, he removed, in 1650, to Madrid, where he had the pleasure, or perhaps the mortification, of finding his runaway scholar, Velasquez, at the height of his reputation and favour at Court. Dying there in 1656, he was buried in the Church of San Gines. His brother Bartolomè was also a painter, chiefly of portraits, and flourished at Seville about 1639; and his eldest son, known as Herrera the Red, who died young, painted *bodegones*, and other fanciful subjects, in a promising style. Of the artists who had learned their profession solely in Andalusia, Herrera was doubtless the most remarkable who had yet appeared. There was an attractive freedom in the productions of his dashing pencil which was wanting even in the pictures of Roelas. One of the characteristic peculiarities of his style was the abundance of paint which he laid on, which gave, says Palomino somewhat extravagantly, his figures the appearance of relief.

CHAPTER VIII

FRANCISCO PACHECO

(1571–1654)

Francisco Pacheco deserves especial notice, not only as a painter of various genius, but as the second master of Velasquez, and as one of the best historians of Spanish art. He was born at Seville in 1571, of a respectable branch of the noble house of Pacheco, illustrious in very early times both in arms and letters. His uncle, Francisco Pacheco, Canon of Seville, seems to have been supreme in the Chapter in all things relating to scholarship and taste; he wrote the inscription for the Giralda on its restoration, and the Latin verses which may still be read beneath Alesio's "St. Christopher"; he drew up a catalogue of the Sevillian prelates, with commendatory Latin verses inscribed on slabs in the vestibule of the Chapter-room; he selected the sacred subjects of the groups and bas-reliefs on Juan d'Arphe's "Custodia"; and he planned, but did not live to finish, an ecclesiastical history of Seville. It was probably from this learned relative that young Francisco acquired the taste for books and literary society which distinguished him through his long life, and to which he owes great part of his fame, and the student of art

much curious information. In painting he was instructed by Luis Fernandez, whose school produced so many able artists. His first recorded works were the standards of the fleets of New Spain and the Mainland, which went forth to "the battle and the breeze" in 1594. On the crimson damask of these gorgeous banners he painted St. Iago on horseback, the royal arms of Castile, and various rich ornaments, performances which remind us of Hogarth and the heraldic labours of his early days. In 1598 he executed a great portion of the paintings in distemper, for the monument erected in the Cathedral on occasion of the funeral honours of Philip II. Decorative painting having thus engaged his attention, he became noted for his skill in executing the flesh and drapery of carvings; he coloured many excellent statues of his friends Nuñez Delgado and Martinez Montañés, and filled in their bas-reliefs with architectural and landscape backgrounds.

At the beginning of the seventeenth century he had fairly established his reputation as an artist, and was chosen, in 1600, to paint for the Convent of Mercy some passages from the life of St. Raymond,[1] the miraculous navigator, in competition with Alonso Vasquez. In 1603 the tasteful Duke of Alcala employed him to paint, in a cabinet of his palace, the fable of Dædalus

[1] Now in the Seville Museum.

and Icarus, a work of which the design showed considerable skill in dealing with difficult attitudes, and which he accomplished to the full satisfaction of his patron. It also obtained the approval of the veteran Cespedes.[1] Receiving 1000 ducats for his labour, he expressed his gratitude in a sonnet, in which he compared the Duke to Phœbus. The Queen of Spain's gallery possesses a picture, on panel, of Sta. Ines, a graceful female figure, executed the year following, and signed "F. Paciecus. 1604."[2]

In 1611 he made a journey to Madrid, the Escorial, and Toledo, where he spent some months in examining the works of art, and became acquainted with El Greco, Vincencio Carducho, and other distinguished artists and men of letters. On his return to Seville he opened a school of painting in his house, to which many disciples resorted. Amongst these in time appeared Alonso Cano and Velasquez, of whom the latter married his daughter. For his friends, the Jesuits of the College of St. Hermengild, he painted a full-length portrait of the great founder of their order, Ignatius Loyola, for which his model was a plaster cast taken from the waxen mask used for a similar purpose by Sanchez Coello.[3] In 1612, he finished for the nunnery of St. Isabel

[1] Pacheco, *Arte de la Pintura*, p. 346.
[2] Prado, No. 916.
[3] Pacheco, *Arte de la Pintura*, p. 589.

his greatest work, the "Last Judgment," an immense composition of many figures, on which he expended so much time and study that the price which he received, 700 ducats, can hardly have paid him for his labour. In a group of nine figures in the foreground, between a handsome youth and maiden, he introduced his own portrait, a proceeding for which he pleads the example of Titian, whose portrait he found in the "Glory" at the Escorial. The learned Francisco de Medina wrote the following inscription, which was traced on a stone near the bottom of the picture :—

FUTURUM AD FINEM SÆCULORUM JUDICIUM
FRANCISCUS PACIECUS ROMULENSIS DEPINGEBAT
SÆCULI A JUDICIS NATALI XVII
ANNO XI

The Jesuit father, Gaspar de Zamora, wrote an apology for this painting, in reply to the attacks of certain satirists ; and Don Ontonio Ortiz Megarejo, knight of St. John, composed a tedious copy of verses in its commendation, in which Pacheco, who has printed it in his book,[1] is declared the vanquisher of Zeuxis and Apelles, according to the fashion of praise set by Lope de Vega.

In 1618 he was chosen Familiar of the Inquisition, a post which conferred great privileges and immunities, and was held by his brother Juan Perez Pacheco, and by men of the best blood in

[1] Pacheco, *Arte de la Pintura*, p. 234.

Spain; and he was also appointed Inspector of Pictures, an office in which it was his duty to watch that no indecorous or indecent paintings found their way into churches, or were exposed for sale, and to act as a general censor of the pencil. These honours increased his reputation and popularity as an artist, and he received more commissions than he could execute. Nevertheless he found time, in the following year, to republish some of the poems of his friend and fellow-citizen, Fernando de Herrera, to which he prefixed an eulogistic sonnet, and a portrait, painted by himself, of the author, and indifferently engraved by Pedro Perret. From this plate Carmona's engraving of Herrera, for the *Parnaso Español* of Sedano, was most likely taken. In 1620 he painted for the high altar of the College of St. Hermengild the "Baptism of Our Lord," and his "Banquet served by Angels in the Desert":—

> "A table of celestial food divine,
> Ambrosial fruits fetch'd from the tree of life,
> And from the fount of life ambrosial drink."

These pictures were executed on slabs of Granada marble, of which the natural veins and spots were turned to account in the colouring.

In the same year he drew his pen in defence of his order, and wrote a learned paper on the comparative merits of painting and sculpture, in

which he gave the palm to the former. This publication was called forth by a law plea which took place between Martinez Montañés, the sculptor, and certain painters on a question of division of profits. Having carved a *retablo* for the high altar of the nuns of Sta. Clara, and receiving 6000 ducats for the completed work, he paid the artist, who painted it and gilded it, only 1500 ducats, a sum which appeared to him and his friends less than his due. Pacheco, in his remarks on the case, censures the conduct of carvers who coloured their own works as an infringement of the rights of his brethren of the brush, a position which seems absurd when held in a city where both arts were frequently and lawfully practised by the same master. For the Chartreuse of Sta. Maria de las Cuevas he painted in 1623 a St. John the Baptist, of the size of life.

In the same year he accompanied his son-in-law, Velasquez, to Madrid, where he resided till 1625, enjoying the triumph of his young scholar, renewing his intimacy with the artists and men of letters, and improving his acquaintance with the matchless galleries of art. It is probable that he was honoured during this period with the notice and patronage of Philip IV, of whose favour and liberality towards him he afterwards made honourable mention in print.[1] He painted a variety of works for private persons, amongst which was a

[1] Pacheco, *Arte de la Pintura*, p. 101.

composition of two figures, of life size, with fruits and flowers, for his friend, Francisco de Rioja, poet and Inquisitor. For the Countess of Olivarez he painted and draped a carving of "Our Lady of Expectation," a work highly esteemed by the critics of the day, and valued by Eugenio Caxes at 500 ducats. He was paid 2000 reals for his labour by the devout Countess, who presented the image to a monastery of barefooted Franciscan friars which she had founded at Castelleja de la Cuesta, near Seville.

On his return to Seville, Pacheco was received with great distinction by his friends. His circumstances appear to have been easy, for his house became the resort of all the polished and intellectual society of the city. The remainder of his life was devoted rather to the pen than to the pencil; and his faculties and his energy were not impaired by advancing years, for his most important work, the "Treatise of Painting," on which his fame mainly rests, was not published till 1649, the seventy-eighth year of his age. Nor were his writings confined to subjects connected with his immediate profession; he composed occasional poems of great elegance, and he even dabbled in divinity, delivering himself of several polemical tracts, against a no less famous opponent than Quevedo y Villegas, in defence of the claim of Sta. Teresa de Jesús to be made co-patron of Spain with the Blessed Santiago, a promotion

which, after infinite intrigue and inkshed, was finally brought about in 1812. He died at Seville in 1654, aged eighty-three, universally deplored by his fellow-citizens.

Pacheco was one of the most careful and diligent of painters; he executed no work without having made several sketches on the subject, accurate drawings of the heads, and studies in crayons of the hands and other anatomical parts of his figures; and his draperies were always modelled from the lay figure. His pictures, therefore, seldom offend against the rules of drawing and composition; but they are deficient in vigour, and display more learning than imagination, and the colouring being dry and harsh, they are frequently unpleasing in general effect. These faults provoked the following bitter epigram, which a contemporary satirist wrote under one of his pictures, a "Christ at the Column." Castilian critics have praised it for its neatness and point; English readers will probably be more struck by the apparent irreverence, bred of familiarity, with which a sacred subject is treated.

"Quien os puso así Señor
Tan desabrido y tan seco?
Vos me direis que el amor,
Mas yo digo que Pacheco."

Pacheco declares that he early took Raphael as his model, "being moved thereto by his beautiful designs and by an original sketch in water-colours,

drawn with marvellous skill and grace, which fell into my hands, and has remained for these many years in my possession."[1] This great master was probably known to him during his scholar-days only in prints: had he studied his pictures in Italy or at the Escorial the result might have been more satisfactory. He deserves, however, the praise of industry, and if his more ambitious works are not of the first order, he has the credit of having tried his strength in almost every style without disgrace. From designing an altar-piece, or from the adornment of a ceiling, he could descend to illuminations on vellum; he executed pleasing pictures of still-life, and painted good portraits of his friends. His portraits, generally of small size, were his happiest performances; of these he executed a hundred and fifty, amongst which that of his wife was esteemed the best. He likewise left above a hundred and seventy sketches in crayons of his friends and illustrious contemporaries, including the author of Don Quixote, of all Spaniards the man of whom such a memorial would be most valuable. Part, if not the whole of these, probably formed the precious volume of "*Imagines virorum illustrum*," with "*elogia*," drawn and written by Pacheco, and mentioned by Antonio as having once graced the rich library of the Count-Duke of Olivarez. It is to these portraits that Quevedo alludes when, apostrophising the pencil, he pays

[1] Pacheco, *Arte de la Pintura*, p. 243.

Gonzales *Photo. Anderson*

PORTRAIT OF CLARA EUGENIA, DAUGHTER OF PHILIP II.

(Prado)

the following poetical compliment to the powers of Pacheco :—

"Por ti ! honor de Sevilla,
El docto, el erudito, el virtuoso
Pacheco con lápiz ingenioso
Guarda aquellos borrones,
Que honráron les naciones
Sin que la semejanza
Á los colores deba su alabanza,
Que del carbon y plomo parecida
Reciben semejanza, alma, y vida."

(By thee ! Pacheco, Seville's pride,
Learned, and wise, and virtuous,
With skilful crayon keeps for us
The features of the good and great,
Whose name all nations celebrate.
In portraits where no mimic dyes
Appear, to cheat or charm our eyes,
But semblance just, and life and soul
Are wrung from dusky lead and coal.)

The writings of Pacheco were the most important legacy which he bequeathed to posterity. His quarto volume on the Art of Painting, published near the close of his life, was probably the work of many years, and the garner into which he gathered the fruits of his extensive reading and observation. Palomino and Cean Bermudez drew from it great part of their materials; but as it has never been reprinted it is now one of the curiosities of Spanish bibliography. Although an invaluable authority on all subjects connected

with the art of the Peninsula, Pacheco can hardly be called an agreeable writer, being pompous and prolix even beyond the measure of his age and country. "Tabul, the son of Japhet, was the first man that came into Spain," writes Mariana, in the opening passage of his history. Pacheco, with equal gravity and yet greater assurance, ascends the stream of time to its very source, and begins the history of painting in "chaos and eternal night." Gravely examining the claim of sculpture to rank as the eldest of the arts because God modelled Adam of clay, he rejects it on the ground that the previous creation of light and colour confers that distinction on painting. In his ponderous prose these abstruse speculations become insupportably tedious, and are altogether destitute of the grace with which the poetical fancy of Cespedes has clothed them. Like Carducho, he delights in anecdotes of the painters of antiquity, in whose history he is almost as well versed as his contemporary, the Dutch Junius. He introduces the story of the pots and dishes in Cespedes's "Last Supper" by relating a similar tradition of Parrhasius and his picture of a satyr, in which the principal figure was eclipsed in public estimation by an accessory partridge, so naturally painted that it called forth the greetings of other partridges; and his remarks on modern art in Italy and Andalusia are generally illustrated by tales of the Rhodian and Athenian studios. He

is, of course, no less learned in all miraculously gifted works of art and in the sacred pictures and images, revered by the Church and attributed to St. Luke and Nicodemus. One of the most brilliant exploits of the pencil which he records is that performed by a Roman monk named Methodio, whom a Duke of Bulgaria employed to decorate with pictures a new and magnificent palace, leaving him to choose his own subjects, on the sole stipulation that they were to be too terrible to behold. The holy artist fell to work forthwith and produced a "Last Judgment," in which the glories of the blessed and the pains of the damned were so powerfully depicted that the heathen duke immediately sent for a bishop and received baptism, his subjects, after a slight rebellion and chastisement, following his example. In the napkin of King Abagarus and the veil of Sta. Veronica, preserved at Rome, and in the "linen cloth" of the holy sepulchre, a famous relic at Turin, all stamped with impressions of the face and person of our Blessed Lord, his large and unquestioning faith sees convincing evidence that the Saviour came into the world for the regeneration as well of the art of painting as of the human race.

In the description of his own works he is especially prolix and minute. Perhaps the most wearisome passage in the whole volume is that in which he describes his "Last Judgment" in the

Convent of St. Isabel, to which he devotes no less than forty quarto pages, sparing his readers no episode, or even figure, of the whole composition, and dilating with almost childish earnestness on an improvement which he had made on the received mode of painting the angelic array by transferring the celestial standard from the hands of the Archangel Michael to that of his companion Gabriel. The long and minute instructions on the technicalities of painting were evidently drawn up with great care, and although of little interest to the modern reader, they were probably useful to the artists of the day, who used the work as a text-book.

Many pages are devoted to a code of rules for representing in an orthodox manner sacred scenes and personages, in which Pacheco was assisted by his friends of the Jesuits' College. Of the persons of the more illustrious saints and martyrs he gives minute descriptions, taken from ancient portraits or contemporary records. The "Crucifixion of our Lord," the sublimest subject of Christian art, is the theme on which he displays the greatest amount of historical research. Guided by Anselm and Bede and other holy men, he describes the "accursed tree," which has become the symbol of our faith, with all the precision of an artisan who had assisted in its construction. In height it measured, he informs us, fifteen feet, and across the arms eight feet; its timbers were

flat and not round, with four, and not three, extremities, as it has sometimes been represented; the stem was made of cyprus wood, the transverse bar of pine, the block beneath our Lord's feet of cedar, and the tablet for the inscription of box. Against the usage which had crept into modern art of representing the Saviour's feet as fastened by a single nail, he protests as an heretical innovation, which he himself discountenanced, by returning to the ancient practice of giving a separate nail to each foot. He fortifies his position by printing an elaborate essay on "the four nails of the Cross," by Francisco de Rioja, who learnedly defends the same opinion, and cites in favour of it "the holy nail of the Saviour's right foot," a famous relic at Treves, the stigmata which appeared on both feet of St. Francis, and many of the oldest crucifixes, amongst which is that which the Cid Ruy Diaz used to carry to the field, and which is still revered in the Cathedral of Salamanca as the "Christ of the Battles." To these ancient precedents Pacheco adds several modern instances of weight, and, amongst others, a crucifix cast in bronze, from a design by Michael Angelo, and constantly worn on the neck of Cespedes.

The most agreeable and valuable portions of the work are those relating to the history of Spanish art, written in a spirit of hearty admiration of contemporary painters, which leaves in

the reader's mind a pleasing impression of the character of the author and makes us the more keenly regret the time and space given to Zeuxis and St. Luke, instead of Vargas and Joanes. His affectionate pride in the success of Velasquez is very delightful; nor is the gravity less amusing with which he consoles himself for the superiority of his scholar's works to his own by citing the parallel cases of "Jorge de Castelfranco" and Titian, and of Plato and Aristotle. It must also be remembered, to Pacheco's honour, that to his taste and friendly care Castilian literature owes the preservation of the poem of Cespedes.

In literary merit the poetry of Pacheco was, perhaps, superior to his prose. Of one of his epigrams, Lopez de Sedano remarks that "although the copiousness and facility of the Castilian makes it no less happy in this species of writing than the Greek or Latin, there is nothing better of the kind in the language." It is short enough to be quoted here :—

"Pintó un gallo un mal pintor,
Y entró un vivo de repente,
En todo tan diferente
Quanto ignorante su autor.
Su falta de habilidad
Satisfizo con matallo
De suerte que murió el gallo
Por sustentar la verdad."

(A daubing dunce had limn'd a cock,
When lo! live chanticleer came by
As if to give his brush the lie
And the fool's ignorance to mock.
But lack of skill the man supplied
With one well-aim'd and vengeful knock,
And so the unoffending cock
Fell martyr to the truth and died.)

CHAPTER IX

VELASQUEZ

(1599–1660)

SPANISH art was now about to achieve its greatest triumphs, and attain its highest honours, by the pencil and in the person of Velasquez—an artist nurtured beneath the bright skies of Andalusia, but early called to Madrid to become the chief of the school of Castile. In the reign of Philip II that school, perhaps, could boast of a greater number of distinguished names, native to the province, than in the reign of his grandson. But it is the peculiar glory of Philip IV to have discovered and rewarded talent, as well in the provinces as in the capital, and to have promoted the artistic union of the three kingdoms of Castile, Valencia, and Andalusia. In the last century, we have already seen how Vargas, for instance, was unhonoured and unknown at the Escorial. But now Seville and Granada furnished the King with Velasquez, Cano, and Zurbaran, his ablest painters; and the Valencian, Ribera, by his pictures at least, was as well known at Madrid as at Naples. With the life of the first of these great artists we shall commence our notice of Castilian painting under Philip IV.

Diego Rodriguez de Silva y Velasquez, or, as he is more commonly but incorrectly called, Diego Velasquez de Silva, was born at Seville, in 1599, the same year in which Vandyck saw the light at Antwerp, and on the 16th of June he was baptized in the parish church of San Pedro. Both his parents were of gentle blood. Juan Rodriguez de Silva, his father, was descended from the great Portuguese house which traced its pedigree up to the kings of Alba Longa; and his mother, Geronima Velasquez, by whose name—according to the frequent usage of Andalusia—her son came to be known, was born of a noble family of Seville. To the poverty of his paternal grandfather, who, inheriting nothing from his illustrious ancestors but an historical name, crossed the Guadiana to seek his fortune at Seville, Spain owes her greatest painter, as she owes one of her most graceful poets to the bright eyes of the Castilian Marfida, who lured Jorge de Montemayor from his native land and language of Portugal. The father of the artist, being married and settled at Seville, seems to have acquired a decent competence by following the legal profession. He and his wife Geronima bestowed great care on the training of their son Diego, betimes instilling into his young mind the principles of virtue and "the milk of the fear of God."[1] They likewise gave him the best schol-

[1] Palomino, vol. iii. p. 479.

astic education that Seville afforded, in the course of which he showed an excellent capacity, and acquired a competent knowledge of languages and philosophy. But, like Nicolas Poussin, he was still more diligent in drawing on his grammars and copy-books than in using them for their legitimate purpose; and the efforts of his schoolboy pencil showing considerable talent as well as a strong predilection for art, his father was content that he should embrace the profession of a painter.

Herrera the Elder had the honour of becoming the first master of Velasquez. The dashing and effective, and yet natural style of this artist, and his singular speed and dexterity of hand attracted to his house a large band of disciples, whom his fiery temper and rough usage frequently scattered in dismay. Velasquez, being a lad of gentle and kindly disposition, soon grew weary of the thraldom of this clever brute, and after he had sufficiently studied his methods of working, and acquired something of his free, bold style, he removed to a more peaceful and orderly school. His new instructor, Francisco Pacheco, was in all respects the very opposite of Herrera. A busy scholar and polished gentleman with something of the tendencies of a Boswell, a slow and laborious painter, whose works, sometimes graceful, were always deficient in force, he was as incapable of painting Herrera's "St. Hermengild" as he was

of thrashing his pupils or of uttering base coin. Velasquez entered his studio with a determination to learn all that was taught there; and Pacheco, on his part, willingly taught him all that he himself knew. But the scholar seems speedily to have discovered that he had quitted a practical painter for a man of rules and precepts; and that, if the one knew more about the artistic usages of Cos and Ephesus, Florence and Rome, the other had far more skill in representing on his canvas men and women as they lived and moved at Seville.

He discovered, also, that nature herself is the artist's best teacher, and industry his surest guide to perfection. He very early resolved neither to sketch nor to colour any object without having the thing itself before him. That he might have a model of the human countenance ever at hand, "he kept," says Pacheco,[1] "a peasant lad, as an apprentice, who served him for a study in different actions and postures—sometimes crying, sometimes laughing—till he had grappled with every difficulty of expression; and from him he executed an infinite variety of heads in charcoal and chalk on blue paper, by which he arrived at certainty in taking likenesses." He thus laid the foundation of the inimitable ease and perfection with which he afterwards painted heads, in which his excellence was admitted even by his detractors,

[1] Pacheco, *Arte de la Pintura*, p. 101.

in a precious piece of criticism often in their mouths—that he could paint a head, and nothing else. To this, when it was once repeated to him by Philip IV, he replied, with the noble humility of a great master and the good humour which most effectually turns the edge of sarcasm, that they flattered him, for he knew nobody of whom it could be said that he painted a head thoroughly well.

To acquire facility and brilliancy in colouring he devoted himself for a while to the study of animals and still life, painting all sorts of objects rich in tones and tints, and simple in configuration, such as pieces of plate, metal and earthen pots and pans, and other domestic utensils, and the birds, fish, and fruits which the woods and waters around Seville so lavishly supply to its markets. These *bodegones* of his early days are worthy of the best pencils of Flanders, and now are no less rare than excellent. The Museum of Valladolid possesses a fine one,[1] enriched with two figures of life size, and there is another in the Louvre,[2] less rich and deep in colour, and more questionable in its authorship, representing a kitchen damsel in a scarlet bodice, keeping watch over a multitude of culinary utensils, and a picturesque heap of melons and those other

[1] This work has disappeared. Perhaps the best fruit piece from the hand of Velasquez that we possess is that in the Metropolitan Museum of New York.

[2] Not by Velasquez.

vegetables, for which the chosen people, too mindful of Egypt, murmured in the wilderness of Sinai. At Seville, Don Aniceto Bravo has, or had, a large picture of the same character, but without figures, displaying much more of the manner of the master; and Don Juan de Govantes possesses a small and admirably painted study of a *cardo* cut ready for the table.

The next step of Velasquez in his progress of self-instruction was the study of subjects of low life, found in such rich and picturesque variety in the streets and on the waysides of Andalusia, to which he brought a fine sense of humour and discrimination of character. To this epoch is referred his celebrated picture of the "Water-carrier of Seville," stolen by King Joseph in his flight from the palace of Madrid, and taken in his carriage with a quantity of the Bourbon plate and jewels at the rout of Vittoria. Presented by King Ferdinand VII to the great English captain who placed him on his hereditary throne, it is now one of the Wellington trophies at Apsley House. It is a composition of three figures; a sun-burnt, wayworn seller of water, dressed in a tattered brown jerkin, with his huge earthen jars, and two lads, one of whom receives a sparkling glass of the pure element, whilst his companion quenches his thirst from a pipkin.[1] The execution of the heads and all the details is perfect, and the ragged

[1] But *cf.* Cumberland, "Anecdotes," vol. ii. p. 6.

trader, dispensing a few maravedis worth of his simple stock, maintains during the transaction a grave dignity of deportment highly Spanish and characteristic, and worthy of an emperor pledging a great vassal in Tokay. This excellent work was finely engraved at Madrid, before the war, by Blas Ametler, under the direction of Carmona. Palomino enumerates several other pictures by Velasquez of similar familiar subjects, which have either perished or been forgotten. One of these represented two beggars sitting at a humble board spread with earthen pots, bread, and oranges; another, a ragged urchin, with jar in his hand, keeping watch over a chafing-dish on which is a pipkin of smoking broth; and a third, a boy, seated amongst pots and vegetables, counting some money, whilst his dog behind licks his lips at an adjacent dish of fish, in which the canvas was signed with the artist's name.[1] In the Louvre there is a picture of a beggar-boy munching a piece of pastry with infinite satisfaction, a work of some merit and evidently by a Sevillian hand, which the catalogue attributes to Velasquez. The Imperial Gallery of Vienna[2] has a laughing peasant holding a flower, by Velasquez, and the Royal Pinacothek at Munich[3] a study of a beggar-boy.

Whilst he was thus rivalling the painters of Holland in accurate studies of common life and

[1] Palomino, vol. iii. p. 480. [2] No. 613.
[3] Not by Velasquez.

manners, and acquiring in the delineation of rags that skill which he was soon to exercise on the purple and fine linen of royalty, an importation into Seville of pictures by foreign masters, and by Spaniards of the other schools, drew his attention to new models of imitation and to a new class of subjects. His "Adoration of the Shepherds," once in the collection of the Count of Aguila at Seville, and at the Louvre,[1] displays his admiration for the works of Ribera, for it is not only painted in close imitation of that master's style, but is, by an able critic, held to be a mere copy of one of his pictures. The execution has much of the power of Spagnoletto; but both the adorers and the adored are coarse and vulgar personages, and some of them appear to have been drawn from gipsies of Triana. But of all those painters with whose work Velasquez now became acquainted, it was Luis Tristan of Toledo who produced the most lasting impression on his mind. The favourite scholar of El Greco, Tristan had formed for himself a style in which the sober tones of Castile were blended with the brighter colouring of Venice, each in turn chastening and enriching the other. By a careful study of his works Velasquez added some brilliant tints to his palette, which he applied to his canvas with a still more skilful and effective pencil. But he always confessed his obligations to the Toledan,

[1] Now in the National Gallery, No. 232.

and spoke of him with the highest admiration. He still, however, remained constant in his preference of the common and the actual to the elevated and ideal, partly from the bent of his taste, and partly because he thought that in that direction there remained greater room for distinction. To those who proposed to him a loftier flight, and suggested Raphael as a nobler model, he used to reply that he would rather be the first of vulgar than the second of refined painters.

After a laborious course of study, Velasquez became the son-in-law of his master. "At the end of five years spent in what may be called an academy of good taste," says Pacheco complacently, meaning his own house, "he married my daughter, Doña Juana, moved thereto by her virtue, beauty, and good qualities, and his trust in his own great natural genius."[1] The violence of Herrera had driven him from the school of an able master; perhaps the soft influence of Pacheco's daughter kept him a willing scholar in a studio, inferior in the artistic instruction that it afforded to others which he might have chosen, that of Roelas, for example, or that of Juan de Castillo. As in the case of Ribalta, love may have, in some sort, helped to make him a painter, by spurring his industry, and teaching him the great lesson of self-reliance. Little is known of the woman of his choice, beyond the fact of her

[1] Pacheco, *Arte de la Pintura*, p. 100.

marriage. Her portrait in the Prado Gallery,[1] painted by her husband, represents her as of dark complexion, with a good profile, but not remarkable for beauty of feature. From the family picture in the Imperial Gallery at Vienna, in which they are seen surrounded by their offspring,[2] she appears to have borne him at least six children, four boys and two girls. Of their domestic life, with its joys and sorrows, nothing has been recorded; but there is no reason to believe that Juana Pacheco proved herself in any respect unworthy of the affectionate praises of her father. For nearly forty years the companion of her husband's brilliant career, she closed his dying eyes, and within a few days was laid beside him in the grave.

If the artistic instructions of Pacheco were of little value to Velasquez, he must at least have benefited by his residence in a house which really was, as regards its society, the best academy of taste which Seville afforded. There he saw and conversed with all that Andalusia could boast of intellect and refinement; he heard art discussed by the best artists of the province, he listened to the talk of men of science and letters, and drank the new superfine principles of poetry from the lips of their author, Luis de Gongora. Pacheco cannot have failed to introduce him to the Duke of Alcala, and procure him admission to the house

[1] No. 1086. [2] Not an authentic picture.

of Pilate, rich in pictures, statues, and books, and the resort of an elegant society well fitted to give ease and polish to the manners and conversation of the future courtier. Much of his leisure time was devoted to reading, a taste which the well-chosen library of Pacheco enabled him to indulge. Books on art and on kindred subjects were especially acceptable to him. For the proportions and anatomy of the human frame he studied, says Palomino, the writings of Albert Dürer and Andres Bexalio; for physiognomy and perspective those of Giovanni Battista Porta and Daniel Barbaro. He made himself master of Euclid's geometry and Moya's treatise on arithmetic, and he learned something of architecture from Vitruvius and Vignola; from these various authors gathering, like a bee, knowledge for his own use and for the advantage of posterity. He likewise read the works of Vasari, Zuccaro, Alberti Romano, and Raphael Borghini, which gave him some acquaintance with the arts, artists, and language of Italy. We know not if he shared in his father-in-law's love of theology and Sta. Teresa; but we are told that he had some taste for poetry, an art akin to his own, working with finer skill and nobler materials, the painting of the mind.

Having attained the age of twenty-three, and learned all that Seville could teach him of his profession, Velasquez conceived a desire to study

THE OMELETTE WOMAN

(From the painting by Velasquez in the Collection of Mr. Herbert Cook)

the great painters of Castile on their native soil, and to improve his style by examining the treasures of Italian painting accumulated in the royal galleries. He accordingly made a journey, attended by a single servant, to Madrid, the scene of his future glory, and in the opinion of all true Spaniards, as well as in the pompous phrase of Palomino, "the noble theatre of the greatest talents in the world."[1] Pacheco, being well known there, had furnished him with various introductions, and he was kindly received by Don Luis and Don Melchor Alcazar, gentlemen of Seville, and especially by Don Juan Fonseca, a noted patron of art, and likewise his countryman. The latter courtier procured for him admission to all the royal galleries, and used his influence to induce the King to sit to the stranger for his portrait. But Philip had not yet exhausted the new pleasures of reigning, and was too busy to indulge in that sedentary amusement, which afterwards became one of his favourite means of killing time. After some months' study at the Prado and the Escorial, therefore, Velasquez returned to Seville, carrying with him the portrait of the poet Gongora, painted by desire of Pacheco. This, or another portrait by Velasquez of the same date, is now in the Prado Gallery;[2] it represents the boasted lyrist of Andalusia as a grave, bald-headed

[1] "Noble teatro de los mayores ingenios del orbe."—Palomino, vol. iii. p. 483.

[2] No. 1085.

priest of middle age, and more likely to be taken for an inquisitor, jealous of all novelty and freedom of thought, than for a fashionable writer of extravagant conceits, and the leader of a new school of poetry.

Velasquez, having visited Madrid as an unknown student, was soon to be recalled thither as a candidate for fame. During the next few months after his departure, Fonseca, now his warm friend, succeeded in interesting Olivarez in his behalf, and obtained from that minister a letter commanding the young Sevillian to repair to Court, and assigning him an allowance of fifty ducats to defray the expense of the journey. Attended by his slave, Juan Pareja, a mulatto lad, who afterwards became an excellent painter, he lost no time obeying this order, and he was now accompanied to Madrid by Pacheco, who foresaw and wished to share the triumph which awaited his pupil. Arriving at the capital, they were lodged in the house of Fonseca, who caused Velasquez to paint his portrait, which, when finished, was carried the same evening to the palace by a son of the Count of Penaranda, chamberlain to the Cardinal Infant. Within an hour it was seen and admired by that Prince, the King, and Don Carlos, besides many of the grandees, and the fortune of Velasquez was made.

The King immediately issued the following memorandum to Pedro de Hof Huerta, an officer

in whose department artistic appointments were managed: "I have informed Diego Velasquez that you receive him into my service, to occupy himself in his profession as I shall hereafter command; and I have appointed him a monthly salary of twenty ducats, payable at the office of works for the royal palaces, the Casa del Campo and the Prado; you will prepare the necessary commission according to the form observed with other persons of his profession. Given at Madrid on the 6th of April 1623." Velasquez likewise received the royal commands to paint the portrait of the Infant Don Fernando; and his Majesty, growing impatient, caused his own solemn countenance to be commenced about the same time. But the bustle of the Prince of Wales's visit, and the ensuing bull-fights, sword and cane plays, religious ceremonies, hunting parties, and excursions to the Prado and Escorial, seem to have interrupted the sittings and retarded the completion of the pictures. Velasquez improved the interval by making a sketch of the English prince, whom he frequently saw riding about Madrid, and Charles honoured him with his notice, and made him a present of 100 crowns.[1] The Prince's departure prevented the completion of this interesting picture, which unfortunately has been lost. Before he left the capital, however, he may have seen the fine por-

[1] "Hizo de camino un bosquexo del Principe de Gales, que le dió cien escudos."—Pacheco, *Arte de la Pintura*, p. 102. *Cf.* Cumberland, "Anecdotes," vol. ii. p. 16.

trait of the King, which was finished on the 30th of August, and fixed the position of Velasquez as the most popular artist of the day. Philip was portrayed in his armour and mounted on a fine Andalusian charger, the position which best became him, for we have it on the authority of the great master of equitation, the Duke of Newcastle, that "he was absolutely the best horseman in all Spain." [1]

The picture was exhibited, by the royal permission, on a day of festival, in front of the Church of San Felipe el Real, in the High Street (Calle Mayor) of Madrid, amidst the admiration of the citizens and the envy of the artists. "There in the open air did Velasquez, like the painters of Greece, listen to the praises of a delighted public." The King was charmed with his own likeness; the Court re-echoed the royal raptures; Velez de Guevara composed a sonnet, extolling the picture to the skies; [2] and the Count-Duke, proud of his young countryman, declared that the portrait of his Majesty had never been painted until now. Such a remark, from the lips of a prime minister with pretensions to connoisseurship, must have been no less galling to Carducho, Caxes, and the other Court painters who had accomplished the same task with credit, than flattering to Velasquez. The King followed up the blow by talking of

[1] Prado, No. 1066. The portrait No. 1071 is earlier.
[2] It is quoted by Palomino, vol. iii. p. 487.

collecting and cancelling his existing portraits. He paid the handsome sum of 300 ducats for the present picture.[1] And emulous of Alexander the Great and Charles V, and believing that he had now found an Apelles or a Titian, he resolved that in future Velasquez should have the monopoly of his royal countenance for all purposes of painting. This resolution he kept far more religiously than his marriage vows, for he appears to have departed from it during the lifetime of his chosen artist, in favour only of Rubens and Crayer.

Meanwhile Pacheco, in whom all these distinctions gratified the pride of the countryman, the father, and the master, poured out the fulness of his satisfaction in the following sonnet, which he addressed to Velasquez. To place Philip IV above Alexander is a piece of flattery sufficiently intrepid. But in justice to the good-natured poet, let it be remembered, that our Queen Katherine Parr ventured to print it as her opinion, in a devotional treatise, that Henry VIII was a second Moses, and that Dryden had the face to liken Charles II of England to Hezekiah of Judah. The glory of Philip at least equalled the meekness of Henry and the piety of Charles.

"Vuela, ó joven valiente! en la ventura
De tu raro principio: la privanza
Honre la posesion, no la esperanza
Del lugar que alcanzaste en la pintura:

[1] Pacheco, p. 102.

Anímete l'augusta alta figura
D'el monarca mayor qu'el orbe alcanza,
En cuyo aspecto teme la mudanza
Aquel que tanta luz mirar procura.
Al calor d'este sol tiempla tu vuelo,
Y verás quanto extiende tu memoria
La fama por tu ingenio y tus pinceles,
Quel el planeta benigno á tanto cielo
Tu nombre illustrará con nueva gloria
Pues es mas que Alexandro y tú su Apéles." [1]

(Speed thee! brave youth, in thy adventurous race,
Right well begun; yet dawning hope alone
No guerdon wins; then up and make thine own
Our painting's richest wreath and loftiest place.
The form august inspire thee, and fair face
Of our great King, the greatest earth hath known:
In whose bright aspect to his people shown
We fear but change, so perfect is its grace.
Guide then by this, our glorious sun, thy flight,
So shall thy genius and thy pencil's fame
To other days and men immortal shine,
Touched with his royal rays' benignant light,
And blent with greater Alexander's name,
The praise of old Apelles shall be thine.)

A longer poem was written in praise of this lucky portrait by Don Geronimo Gonzalez de Villanueva, a "florid wit" of Seville,[2] in which Philip was hailed as a

"Copia felix de Numa o de Trajano,"

and Velasquez was, of course, promised eternity of fame.

[1] Pacheco, p. 110.
[2] Pacheco, p. 106, "florido ingenio Sevillano."

Velasquez was formally appointed painter-in-ordinary to the King on the 31st of October 1623, with the monthly salary assigned to him in April, and the addition of payment for his works, and the attendance of the royal physician, surgeon, and apothecary. He was ordered to bring his family to Madrid, and received 300 ducats to defray the expenses of removal. The King soon afterwards conferred on him a second pension of 300 ducats, granted from some source that necessitated a papal dispensation, which was not obtained until 1626. In that year he was provided with apartments in the Treasury, which were reckoned worth 200 ducats a year more. To portray the royal family seems at this time to have been his chief duty; and he painted many pictures of the King, Queen, and Infanta in various attire. Of these, the portraits of Philip and Ferdinand in shooting costume, with their dogs and guns, in the Royal Gallery of Madrid, are especially deserving of notice;[1] they are executed with that admirable and felicitous ease which vouches for the truth of the likeness; and they show that Velasquez adhered to nature as closely in painting a prince of the house of Austria as in painting a water-carrier of Seville, or a basket of pot-herbs from the gardens of Alcala.

Early in the year 1624 the King paid a visit to

[1] Nos. 1075 and 1071.

his southern provinces, and passed a few weeks in the Alcazar of Seville and the Alhambra of Granada. It is probable Velasquez remained at Madrid, otherwise Pacheco would doubtless have been the companion and chronicler of the royal progress, which he has passed over in silence. The equestrian portrait of Philip IV, now in the Royal Gallery of Madrid, seems to have been painted by Velasquez soon after his Majesty's return.[1] Far more pleasing than any other representation of the man, it is also one of the finest portraits in the world. The King is in the glow of youth and health, and in the full enjoyment of his fine horse, and the breeze blowing freshly from the distant hills; he wears dark armour, over which flutters a crimson scarf, a hat with black plumes covers his head, and his right hand grasps a truncheon. All the accessories—the saddle, embroidered breastplate, and long sharp bit—are painted with the utmost care. The horse, evidently a portrait of some favourite of the royal stud, is bright bay, with a white face and white legs; his tail is a vast avalanche of black hair, and his mane streams far below the golden stirrup;[2] as he springs into the air in a sprightly ballotade, he realises Cespedes's descrip-

[1] Prado, No. 1066.

[2] Cumberland ("Anecdotes," vol. ii. p. 15) remarks of Velasquez's horses that "there seems a pleonasm in their manes and tails that borders on extravagance." But Velasquez painted a horse not according to the notions of Newmarket, but of Cordoba and Mairena.

tion, and justifies Newcastle's praise of the Cordobese barb, the proud king of horses, and the fittest horse for a king.

In the same year his famous picture of the Topers, *Los Bebedores* or *Los Borrachos*,[1] of the Spanish Royal Gallery, gave evidence that in painting princes he had not forgotten how to paint clowns. It is a composition of nine figures, life size, representing a vulgar Bacchus, crowned with vine leaves, and enthroned on a cask, investing a boon companion with a similar Bacchic crown. This ceremony is performed, with true drunken gravity, before a party of rustics, in various stages of intoxication. One sits in a state of owlish meditation; another has delivered himself of a jest which arrests the brimming bowl half-way to the lips of a third ruffian, and causes him to exhibit a set of ill-favoured teeth in a broad grin; a fourth, somewhat behind, has stripped himself to the skin, like the president, and, lolling on a bank, eyes his bell-mouthed beaker with the indolent satisfaction of a Trinculo. For force of character and strength of colouring, the picture has never been excelled; and its humour entitles Velasquez to the name of the Hogarth of Andalusia. It has been engraved by Carmona, and etched by Goya. The original sketch is in England, in the collection of Lord Heytesbury, and bears the signature, "*Diego Velasquez*, 1624."

[1] Prado, No. 1058.

It is finely coloured, but contains only six figures, one of which, a hideous negro boy, is omitted with advantage in the larger composition.

Philip IV, like most monarchs of a loose life, was a devoted servant of the Church. Had he not inherited, says Lope de Vega, he would have earned the title of the Catholic. He therefore regarded his father's expulsion of the Moriscos with dutiful admiration, not unmingled, perhaps, with envy of the favour it had obtained at the Vatican. The old Christians of Castile took the same view of the matter, and Lope de Vega spoke only the sense of the nation when, singing the praises of the Philips, he especially extolled the third monarch of the name, for robbing his fairest provinces of the flower of their people.

"Por el tercero santo, el mar profundo
Al Africa passò (sentencas justa)
Despreciando sus barbaros tesoros
Las ultimas reliquias de los Moros."

(The third, with just decree, to Afric's coast
Banish'd the remnants of that pest of old,
The Moors; and nobly ventured to contemn
Treasures which flow'd from barbarous hordes
like them.)

Philip IV determined to commemorate this act of his predecessor. In 1627 he ordered Carducho, Caxes, Nardi, and Velasquez to paint, each of them, a picture on the subject. The wand of

usher of the royal chamber was offered as a prize for the best performance, and the artists Mayno and Crescenzi were declared judges of the field.

Velasquez gained a complete victory over his more experienced competitors, one of whom, it must be remembered, was a Florentine who had not long left the banks of the Arno. He received the prize, and the picture was hung in the great hall of the Alcazar. In the centre of this composition, in which Velasquez was degraded by the evil spirit of the age into a panegyrist of cruelty and wrong, appeared Philip III, mean in figure and foolish in face, pointing with his truncheon to the sea, where ships were riding, and whither some Christian soldiers were conducting a company of Moors and their weeping women and children: and on his right Spain, in the form of a stately dame, armed in Roman fashion, sat at the base of a temple, benignly smiling on the oppressors. On a pedestal the following inscription explained the subject of the picture, and a bigot's notions of piety and justice, peace and goodwill to men—

"PHILIPPO III. HISPAN. REGI CATHOL. REGVM PIENTISSIMO BELGICO, GERM. AFRIC. PACIS, ET JVSTITIÆ CVLTORI: PVBLICÆ QVIETIS ASSERTORI; OB ELIMINATOS FÆLICITER MAVROS, PHILIPPVS IV. ROBORE AC VIRTVTI MAGNVS, IN MAGNIS MAXIMVS, AD MAIORA NATVS, PROPTER ANTIQ. TANTI PARENTIS ET PIETATIS, OBSERVANTICŒQVE ERGO TROPHÆVM HOC ERIGIT ANNO M.D.CXXVII."

On a label beneath was the signature of the painter—

"DIDACVS VELASQVEZ HISPALENSIS. PHILIP. IV. REGIS HISP. PICTOR IPSIVSQVE JVSSV FECIT ANNO M.DC.XXVII."

It is probable that the picture perished in the fire of the Alcazar in 1735. Notwithstanding its interest and traditional merits as a specimen of art, it is the work of Velasquez that may be spared with the least reluctance by those who hold in just abhorrence the last and wickedest of the Crusades.

Besides the post of usher, the King gave Velasquez the rank of gentleman of the chamber, with its emoluments of 12 reals a-day, and the annual allowance of 90 ducats for a dress. Nor was this bounty confined to the artist himself; he bestowed on his father, Don Juan Rodriguez de Silva, three legal appointments in the government offices at Seville, each worth 1000 ducats annually.

In the summer of 1628, Rubens came to Madrid as envoy from the dependent Court of Brussels. He and Velasquez had exchanged letters before they met, and they met predisposed to become friends. The frank and generous Fleming, in the maturity of his genius and fame, could not but look with interest on the young Spaniard, much akin to him in disposition, talents, and accomplishments, and destined, like him, to lead the

taste of his country and extend the limits and renown of their common art. The Spaniard could not fail to value the regard, and seek the society of one of the most famous painters and worthiest men of the age. He became the companion of the artist-envoy's leisure; he led him to the churches and galleries, and showed him the glories of the Escorial.

The advice and example of Rubens increased the desire, long entertained by Velasquez, to visit Italy. After many promises and delays, the King at last consented to the journey, giving him leave of absence for two years, without loss of salary, and a gift of 400 ducats. The Count-Duke, at parting, made him a present of 200 ducats, and a medal of the King, and furnished him with many letters of introduction. With his trusty Pareja for a follower, he sailed on the 10th of August 1629, from Barcelona, in the company of the great Captain Spinola, then on his way to govern the Duchy of Milan, and command the Spanish and Imperial troops before Casal. The pilgrim's first step on the promised land of art was on the stately quays of Venice. He was honourably received in that city by the ambassador of Spain, who lodged him in his palace and entertained him at his own table.

The Republic of the hundred isles had now declined into the silver age of her arts, as well as of her power. The bold spirit which had sus-

tained and repelled the shock of the Leaguers of Cambray, had departed from her councils. No longer were

"Le donne, i cavalier, l'arme, gli amori,"

of the great old houses, painted by Giorgione, Titian, Pordenone, Paul Caliari, or Tintoret; the close of the last century had seen extinguished the last star of that glorious constellation. Their successors, feeble if not few, lived upon the ideas and the fame of a former age. Of these, Alessandro Varotari, known as Il Padovanino, was one of the most considerable: he affected in his works the spacious banquet-halls and imposing figures, the sumptuous draperies and snarling dogs, "in uso Paolesco"; and the "Marriage at Cana," esteemed his master-piece, had somewhat of the grandeur of the Veronese. Pietro Liberi was commencing his career as a painter of altar-pieces, which faintly reflected the style of Titian, and of naked Venuses, which gained him the name of Libertino. Turchi, perhaps the ablest of the band, who had painted much and tolerably well for the city churches, was now residing at Rome.

Such being the state of Venetian art at this time, Velasquez conversed during his stay rather with the mighty dead than with the living masters of his profession. In the Cathedral of St. Mark and its subject churches, in the palace of the Doge, and in those of the great patricians, he found many

new motives for that admiration of Giorgione, Titian, and their fellows, which he had already learned at the Escorial. He spent his time chiefly in making copies of the more remarkable pictures; amongst others, of Tintoret's Crucifixion and Last Supper, the latter of which he afterwards presented to the King of Spain.

His studies were, however, disturbed by the war of the Mantuan succession, then raging in Lombardy. The hostile troops of France, or the friendly forces of the Emperor and the Catholic King, equally dangerous to the peaceful traveller, hovered so near the city, that in his excursions he always went attended by a guard of the ambassador's servants. Fearing lest the communication with Rome might be cut off, he left Venice, though with reluctance, about the end of the year, and proceeded to Ferrara. In that ancient city he presented his letters to the ruling Legate, Cardinal Giulio Sachetti, who formerly had been Nuncio to Spain, and who, afterwards, unsuccessfully contested the keys of St. Peter with Giovanni Battista Panfili, Innocent X. His Eminence received the King of Spain's painter with the utmost courtesy, lodging him in his palace, and even inviting him to his table, an honour which Velasquez, not being prepared for such a condescension from a prelate with a red hat, respectfully declined. A Spanish gentleman of the household was, however, appointed to wait

upon him during his two days' sojourn, and show him the pictures of Garofalo, and other wonders of Ferrara; and his farewell interview with the Legate, who loved or affected to love Spain, lasted for three hours. Horses were provided for his journey to Bologna, and his Spanish friend accompanied him as far as Cento, a distance of sixteen miles.

The fine school of Bologna hardly detained him in that city; and although he had letters for the Cardinals Nicolas Lodovisi and Balthasar Spada, he suppressed them, fearing the delay that might be caused by their civilities. Taking the way of Loretto, the more pious if the less direct road, he hurried forward to Rome. From the celebrated shrine of Our Lady, the journey across the Apennine could not fail to delight his fine taste and cultivated intellect. He was advancing towards the Eternal City amidst the monuments of her ancient and modern glory. The old gate of Spoleto, whence Hannibal, fresh from Thrasymene, was repulsed, and the aqueduct, second only to that of Segovia; the bridge of Augustus at Narni, and the delicate temple of Clitumnus, lay almost beside his path to the Pantheon and the Flavian Amphitheatre. The little town of Foligno afforded him a foretaste of the Vatican, in that lovely Madonna of Raphael, still known by its name, and then in the convent of the Contesse. And Velasquez, happily, was in

a condition to enjoy these things ; to indulge all the emotions of an accomplished mind, as the landmarks, new and yet familiar, appeared, and as the dome of the great Basilica rising above the classic height around told him that he was approaching the mother-city of his art and his faith. Unlike most painters, he entered these sacred precincts with a name and a position already established, moved perhaps by hopes of higher distinction, but with no fears of failure to disturb his serenity, no visions of penury

"To freeze the genial current of his soul."

In far different circumstances, and with different feelings, that road had been traversed, but a few years before, by two brethren of his craft, who were to become his equals in renown, Nicolas Poussin, an adventurer fresh from his Norman village, and Claude Gelèe, a pastry-cook's run-away apprentice from Lorraine.

The Papal chair was at this time filled by Urban VIII, Maffeo Barberini, a pontiff chiefly remarkable for his long incumbency of that splendid preferment, his elegant Latin verses, and two works executed at his cost from the designs of Bernini—the grand high altar of St. Peter's, and the Barberini palace, for which the Coliseum served as a quarry. He and his Cardinal-nephew, Francesco Barberini, received Velasquez very graciously, and offered him a suite of apartments in the

Vatican, which the artist humbly declined, contenting himself with less magnificent lodgings, and the right of access, granted as soon as asked, at his own hours to the Papal galleries. There he applied himself with great diligence to study, and, with his crayon or colours, made large extracts from the new world of painting which now burst upon his gaze. Michael Angelo's Last Judgment, in the Sistine Chapel, scarce ninety years old, was yet undimmed by the morning and evening incense of centuries. Of this he copied many portions, as well as the Prophets and the Sybils; and he copied, also, the Parnassus, Theology, Burning of the Borgo, and other frescoes of Raphael.

Happier than Venice, Rome at this epoch could boast more artistic talent than had been found within her walls at one time since the days of Michael Angelo. Many of the Bolognese masters were sojourning for a season, or had fixed their abode, in the capital. Domenichino and Guercino were now engaged on some of their best works —the Communion of St. Jerome, and the Finding of the Body of St. Petronilla, the Grotto Ferrata, and the Lodovisi frescoes. Guido Reni alternated between the excitements of the gaming-table and the sweet creations of his smooth-flowing pencil. Albano was adorning the halls of the Borghese and the Aldobrandini with cool forest glades, peopled with sportive loves and graces. The great landscape painters of France, Poussin

Velasquez *Photo. Anderson*

VIEW IN THE GARDENS OF THE VILLA MEDICI

(Prado)

and Claude, were laying the foundations of their delightful and fertile schools. Beautiful fountains, palaces, and churches, rising in all quarters of the city, displayed the architectural genius of Bernini, the friend of Popes, the favourite of princes, and the most busy and versatile of men. This society of able artists was unhappily divided, by ignoble jealousies and personal quarrels, into many factions; from which Velasquez stood aloof, without avoiding the society of the better spirits of the band.

Attracted, as spring advanced, by the airy and agreeable situation of the Villa Medici, built on the ancient gardens of Lucullus, he obtained permission from the Tuscan Government, through the good offices of the tasteful Count of Monterey, ambassador of Spain, to take up his quarters there for a season. This villa, hanging on the wooded brow of the Pincian Hill, commands from its windows and garden Belvedere the whole circuit of the city—the Campagna bestrode by hoary aqueducts, and the yellow windings of the Anio and the Tiber. It contained at this time a noble collection of antique marbles, and the stranger from the land of painted wooden sculpture lodged under the same roof with the peerless Venus of Adrian and the Medici. Bought thirty-seven years afterwards by Colbert for the French Academy of Painting founded by Louis XIV, this temporary residence of Velasquez has since been the home of most of the great artists of

France, during their student days, since the time of Poussin. Its beautiful garden, long a fashionable resort, has now fallen into comparative neglect; but the lover of scenery and meditation, once attracted thither, will find his "due feet never fail" to linger at noon beneath the alleys of tufted ilex, or at sunset, on the crumbling terrace, while twilight closes over the city and its giant dome.

From this pleasant retreat Velasquez was driven at the end of two months, by an attack of tertian fever induced by the malaria. He was carried down into a lodging in the city, near the palace of Monterey, who showed him unremitting kindness and attention, causing him to be attended free of cost by his private physician, and supplying him with all necessary comforts from his own house.

Velasquez at this time lived for nearly a year at Rome. He went there to study the great masters, and he appears to have studied them diligently; but, like Rubens, he copied their works and noted their style, and adhered to his own. The oak had shot up with too vigorous a growth to be trained in a new direction. While at Rome, he seems to have painted only three original pictures; an excellent portrait of himself for Pacheco,[1] and the "Forge of Vulcan" and

[1] Pacheco, p. 105. There is his own portrait when about thirty years of age, in the Capitoline Gallery. The "Forge of Vulcan" is in the Prado, No. 459. The "Joseph's Coat" is at the Escorial.

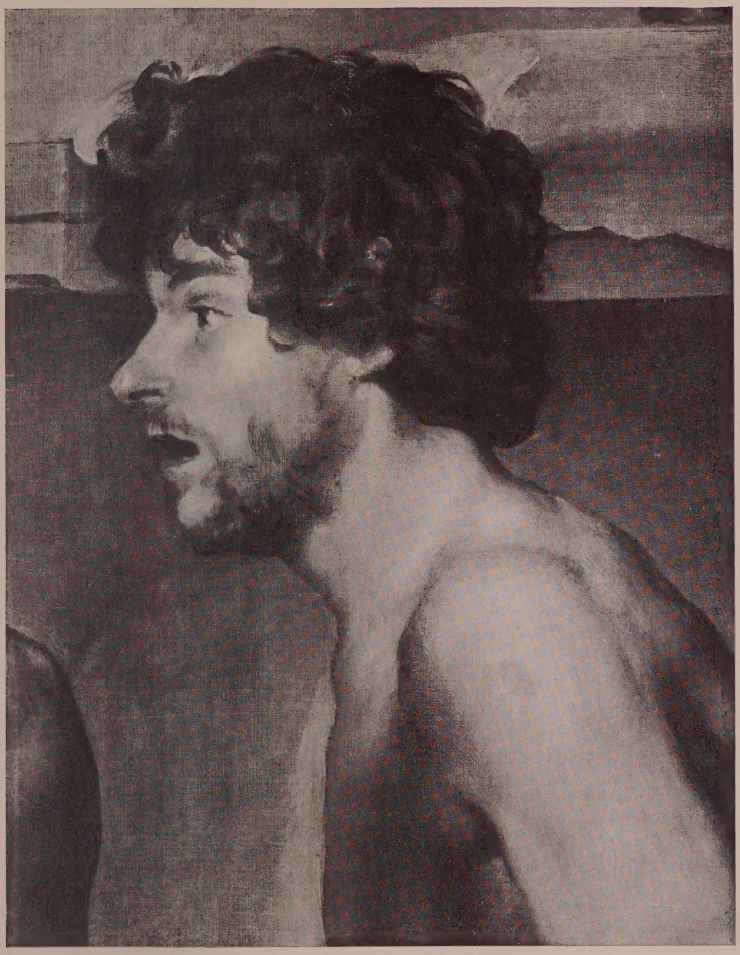
"Joseph's Coat," which are amongst the most celebrated of his works.

The "Forge" is a large composition, on a canvas 10½ feet wide by 8 feet high, of six figures, by which his skill in anatomy is fully proved. It represents Vulcan in his cavern, surrounded by the Cyclops, hearing from Apollo the tale of the infidelity of Venus. Had the speaker been conceived and painted with as much force and truth as his auditory, this picture would have been unexcelled in dramatic effect by any production of the pencil. But unhappily the Delian god—

"fulgente decorus arcu
Phœbus——"

is wanting in all the attributes of beauty and grace with which poetry has invested him, and as he stands pointing with his upraised finger, he might be mistaken, but for his laurel crown and floating drapery, for some commonplace youngster telling some commonplace story. Beneath the shadow of the Vatican, and with the models of Phidias and Raphael at hand, it is difficult to understand how Velasquez came to paint an Apollo so ignoble. Vulcan and his swart crew atone, however, for the faults of Apollo. The armourer of the gods is painted from the sketch of Homer, brawny and halting. Stunned by the tidings of his dishonour, he gazes, half in anger half in sorrow, at the speaker, his

hammer sinking to his side, the iron cooling on the anvil, and his feelings as yet unsoothed by hope or scheme of vengeance. Rage and grief, pathos of expression and ugliness of feature, the most difficult of combinations for the artist, are combined in his countenance. The three Cyclops at the anvil, and the bellows-blower behind, have likewise suspended their labours, and stare with fierce dazzled eyes and gaping curiosity at the bright visitor, bending forward their shaggy heads the better to catch the tale of celestial scandal. The blaze of light around the god of day falls full on their smirched and stalwart forms, and dies away in the gloomy recesses of the cavern. This picture, formerly in the Palace of Madrid, is now in the Queen of Spain's gallery: it was indifferently engraved by Glairon in 1798. "Joseph's Coat," after a brief visit to Napoleon's Louvre, has returned to its original place at the Escorial. It represents the sons of Jacob bringing to their father their brother's bloody garment of many colours. The patriarch, dressed in a blue robe and brown mantle, is seated on the left side of the picture, with a red carpet, on which a dog lies sleeping at his feet; on the other side of this carpet stand three of his sons unfolding the coat, and in the centre of the canvas two others are dimly visible in the deep shadow of the background. In force of colouring and expression the head of Jacob is equal to anything



Velasquez *Photo. Anderson*

THE FORGE OF VULCAN: DETAIL

(Prado)

that the artist ever painted. But the emotion of the old man is not all sorrow—it is sorrow mingled with anger and suspicion of foul play, and ready to vent itself in reproaches. Hence the Jacob of Velasquez is far less touching than the Jacob of Moses. The pathos of that inimitable story lies in the much-abused patriarch's submission to the stroke, without a word of distrust, murmur, or reproof. Looking at the coat, says the Lawgiver, he knew it, and said, "It is my son's coat; an evil beast hath devoured him; Joseph is without doubt rent in pieces. And Jacob rent his clothes, and put sackcloth upon his loins, and mourned for his son many days." The three more prominent brethren are sturdy sullen knaves, in brown raiment, one of them with a broad black hat; their faces and figures so closely resemble those of the Cyclops that they appear to have been painted from the same models. These two pictures show how closely Velasquez adhered, when at Rome, to his original style; overawed, perhaps, by Raphael and Michael Angelo, and choosing rather to display his unrivalled skill in delineating vulgar forms, than to risk his reputation in the pursuit of a more refined and idealised style. His Hebrew patriarchs are swineherds of Estremadura, or shepherds of the Sierra Morena; his Cyclops, common blacksmiths, like those who may have shod his horse in some remote hamlet of La Mancha, as he rode

to Madrid. As the market or the smithy seldom affords models for a painter in search of an Apollo, the composition into which such a character enters is that in which he has been least successful.

At the end of the year 1630, or the beginning of the year following, Velasquez paid a visit of a few weeks to Naples. There he had the tact to conciliate the esteem, without incurring the jealousy of his countrymen, of the Valencian Ribera. The only work which he executed in that beautiful capital was the portrait of the Infanta Maria,[1] who had rejected in her girlhood the Prince of Wales, and who was now, as the bride of her cousin Ferdinand, King of Hungary, on her way to the repose of the Imperial throne. This picture was painted for the gallery of her brother of Spain. Embarking, probably at Naples, for one of the Spanish ports, Velasquez arrived at Madrid in the spring of 1631.

On his arrival at Madrid he was kindly received by Olivarez, who highly commended his moderation in returning home within the two years allowed for his tour. By the minister's advice he lost no time in appearing in the royal presence to kiss hands, and thank his Majesty for his faithful observance of his promise that no other artist should paint his portrait; a fidelity for which he, indeed, deserves some credit, if Rubens paid a

[1] Prado, No. 1072.

second visit to Madrid during the absence of the patentee of the monopoly. The King received him as graciously as the favourite, and directed that his studio should be removed to the northern gallery of the Alcazar, commanding a view of the Escorial, and probably situated nearer to the royal apartments than his previous rooms in the Treasury. Here Philip was accustomed to visit Velasquez almost every day, and mark the progress of his works, letting himself in at pleasure by means of a private key; and here he would sit for his portrait, sometimes for three hours at a time.[1]

The first picture painted by Velasquez after his return was a portrait, the first of many, of the Infant Balthazar Carlos, Prince of Asturias, born during his absence in Italy. He was soon afterwards called to assist in the deliberations of the King and the Count-Duke, on the subject of a statue of the former for the gardens of Buenretiro. The Florentine Tacca being chosen to execute the work, the minister wrote to the Grand Duke and Duchess of Tuscany to obtain their co-operation and advice. To guide the sculptor in the attitude and the likeness, the Duke suggested that an equestrian portrait should be sent, which was accordingly executed, as well as a half-length portrait, by Velasquez. To make assurance doubly sure, the Sevillian Montañés furnished a

[1] Pacheco, p. 105.

model, and the result was the noble bronze statue which now stands in front of the palace at Madrid, bearing the impress of the mind of Velasquez.

Portraiture seems to have chiefly occupied for some years the pencil of Velasquez. His fine equestrian pictures of Philip III and Queen Margaret, in which he doubtless availed himself of the works of Pantoja, were probably executed soon after his return from Italy. They are now in the Prado Gallery at Madrid.[1] The solemn, stolid king, baton in hand, and dressed in trunk hose, cuirass, ruff, and a small black hat, goes prancing along the sea-shore on a dun horse, which he sits with the easy air of a man who, in his youth, had distinguished himself in the games of the *manège*. His consort, in a rich dark dress, and mounted on a piebald jennet, of which the mane and embroidered housings almost sweep the ground, takes the air at the gentler pace befitting a matronly queen; behind her extends a wide landscape closed by solitary mountains.

To the same period may be referred another equestrian portrait of life size, that of the Count-Duke of Olivarez, which graces the same gallery.[2] Velasquez, doubtless, put forth all his skill in portraying this powerful patron, and the picture enjoyed so high a reputation in Spain, that Cean Bermudez considered it superfluous either to describe or to praise it. The minister, dressed

[1] Nos. 1064, 1065. [2] No. 1069.

Velasquez *Photo. Hanfstaengl*

THE COUNT OF OLIVAREZ

(Prado)

in a cuirass and crimson scarf, looks back over his left shoulder, as he turns his horse's head towards a battle raging in the far distance, in the conduct of which, by a poetical license, he is supposed to be concerned. His countenance, shaded by a broad black hat, is noble and commanding; he has a profusion of brown locks, and his long, thick moustachios curl with still greater fierceness than those of his lord and master. The horse is a prancing bay stallion of the Andalusian breed, which, says Palomino, with a pleasant pomp of diction, "drinks from the Betis, not only the swiftness of its waters, but also the majesty of its flow."[1] Both in face and figure this portrait confirms the literary sketch by Voiture, who describes the Count-Duke as one of the best horsemen and handsomest gallants of Spain, and belies the hideous caricature of Le Sage. Lord Elgin possesses a fine repetition of this picture, of a smaller size, in which the horse is white instead of bay. If there be any fault in these delightful pieces of true history-painting, it is that the saddle is rather nearer the shoulder of the horse than the foreshortening justifies. Velasquez painted many other portraits of Olivarez.

In 1638 Duke Francis I of Modena came to Madrid to act as godfather to the Infanta Maria

[1] Palomino, vol. iii. p. 494. "*Que bebió del Betis, no solo la ligereza con que corren suo aguas sino la magestad con que caminan.*"

Theresa, who was baptized on the 7th October in that year. He caused Velasquez to paint his portrait,[1] and was so pleased with the performance that he rewarded him with a gold chain, which the artist used to wear on days of gala.

In 1639 Velasquez produced one of his noblest pictures, which proved, that although from choice his pencil dwelt chiefly on subjects of the earth, it could rise to the height of the loftiest theme. It was the Crucifixion, painted for the nunnery of San Placido at Madrid. Unrelieved by the usual dim landscape or lowering clouds, the cross in this picture has no footing upon earth, but is placed on a plain dark ground, like an ivory carving on its velvet pall. Never was that great agony more powerfully depicted. The head of our Lord droops on His right shoulder, over which falls a mass of dark hair, while drops of blood trickle from His thorn-pierced brows. The anatomy of the naked body and limbs is executed with as much precision as in Cellini's marble, which may have served Velasquez as a model; and the linen cloth wrapped about the loins, and even the fir-wood of the cross, display his accurate attention to the smallest details of a great subject. In conformity with the rule laid down by Pacheco our Lord's feet are held, each by a separate nail; at the foot of the cross are the usual skull and bones, and a

[1] Now in the Grand Ducal Palace at Modena.

serpent twines itself around the accursed tree. "If there were nothing," says Cumberland,[1] "but this single figure to immortalise the fame of Velasquez, this alone were sufficient." The sisterhood of San Placido placed it in their sacristy, a wretched cell, badly lighted by an unglazed grated window, where it remained until King Joseph and his Frenchmen came to Madrid to discover—

> "There, in the dark, so many precious things,
> Of colour glorious, and effect so rare."

It was afterwards exposed for sale in Paris, and redeemed at a large price by the Duke of San Fernando, who presented it to the Royal Gallery of Spain.[2]

In the same year Velasquez painted a portrait of Don Adrian Pulido Pareja, Knight of Santiago and admiral of the fleet of New Spain. Mindful of the practice of Herrera, he executed this work with brushes of unusual length, in a bold, free style, so that the canvas, highly effective when viewed from a proper distance, seemed a mere mass of blotched colours if approached too closely. It is related of Titian that his portraits of Paul III and Charles V, exposed to the open air—the one on a terrace, the other beneath a colonnade—were reverently saluted by the people who went by, as if they had been the living and

[1] Cumberland, "Anecdotes," vol. ii. p. 25.
[2] No. 1055.

actual possessors of the keys of St. Peter and the sceptre of Charlemagne. But of this picture Palomino tells a story still more curious in itself and flattering to Velasquez, inasmuch as the scene of the deception was the studio and not the streets, and the person deceived not a Switzer pikeman "much bemused in beer," or a simple monk from the Apennine, but the greatest and most acute of picture-loving kings. The admiral's portrait being finished and set aside in an obscure corner of the artist's painting-room was taken by Philip IV, in one of his morning lounges there, for the bold officer himself. "Still here!" cried the King in some displeasure, at finding the admiral, who ought to have been ploughing the main, still lurking about the palace; "having received your orders why are you not gone?" No excuse being offered for the delay, the royal disciplinarian discovered his mistake, and, turning to Velasquez, said, "I assure you, I was taken in." This picture was rendered interesting, both by its story and by the artist's signature, which he rarely placed on his works: "*Didacus Velasquez fecit Philip IV, a cubiculo ejusque pictor, anno* 1639."[1] It was afterwards in the possession of the Duke of Arcos. There are two full-length portraits of this admiral, both fine works of Velasquez, in England. That in the National Gallery[2] is painted on a brown background, with no acces-

[1] Palomino, tom. iii. p. 492. [2] No. 1315.

sory object whatever, and the canvas is inscribed with the name, "*Adrian Pulidopareja.*" It represents a grave Castilian gentleman, with a bronze weather-beaten face and a head of thick black hair; his dress is of black velvet, with sleeves of flowered white satin and a broad falling collar of white lace; he has a sword girt to his side by a white belt; and in his right hand he holds a truncheon, and in the left a hat. The Duke of Bedford's portrait bears the inscription, "*Adrian Pulido Pareja, Capitan General de la Armada y flota de Nueva España, fallecio en la ciudad de Nueva Vera Cruz*, 1664." The admiral is there depicted as a swarthy man of singularly surly aspect, with beetling brows and shaggy hair and mustachios; his dress is black, with white sleeves and collar, and the red cross of Santiago on his breast; and he stands, as before, hat and truncheon in hand. Behind his head there is a red curtain, and in the background a tall galleon under a cloud of canvas.

The Alcazar of Madrid abounded with dwarfs in the days of Philip IV, who was very fond of having them about him, and collected curious specimens of the race, like other rarities. The Prado Gallery is, in consequence, rich in portraits of these little monsters, executed by Velasquez.[1] They are, for the most part, very ugly, displaying, sometimes in an extreme degree, the deformities peculiar to their stunted growth. Maria Barbola,

[1] Nos. 1095, 1096, 1097, Prado Gallery, and many others.

immortalised by a place in one of Velasquez's most celebrated pictures, was a little dame about three and a half feet in height, with head and shoulders of a large woman, and a countenance much under-jawed, and almost ferocious in expression. Her companion, Nicolasito Pertusano, although better proportioned than the lady, and of a more amiable aspect, was very inferior in elegance as a royal plaything to his contemporary, the valiant Sir Geoffrey Hudson, or to his successor in the next reign, the pretty Luisillo, of Queen Louisa of Orleans. Velasquez painted many portraits of these little creatures, generally seated on the ground.

Whilst these pleasant pictures were starting into life in the northern gallery of the Alcazar, the unwise and unjust government of Olivarez had driven Catalonia into disaffection, and at last into revolt. The turbulent citizens of Barcelona, ever ripe for a bombardment, having slain their Viceroy and seized the fortress of Monjuich, received a strong French garrison with open arms. On the opposite frontier, Portugal, improving the favourable moment, threw off the yoke of Spain, and placed the Duke of Braganza on the throne. Philip IV was at last roused, and in the spring of 1642 he determined to overawe the Catalans by his presence. The household, including Velasquez and the Court comedians, were summoned to attend him to Zaragoza. The first stage, how-

Velasquez *Photo. Anderson*

ANTONIO, THE ENGLISH DWARF

(Prado)

ever, in the royal progress was Aranjuez, lying on the road, not to Aragon, but to Andalusia. Embosomed in a valley and an unshorn forest, and refreshed by the Tagus and the Xarama, which mingle their streams beneath the palace walls, Aranjuez has long been the Tivoli, or Windsor, of the princes, and the Tempe of the poets of Castile. Even now, the traveller who comes weary and a-dust from brown La Mancha and from the edge of the desert looks down on the palace, sparkling with its long white arcades and gilded vanes amongst woods and waters, may share the raptures of Garcilasso and Calderon. The island garden, though deserted by royalty and grandeeship, has yet its bright sun and rivers, its marble statues and fountains half hid in thickets; the old elms of Charles V, and cathedral walks of hornbeam, peopled with a melodious multitude of nightingales. The fountain-pipes, that once climbed unseen amongst the branches and played from the tops of the trees, have long ceased to play; others, however, are still in full force; and a few camels, parading to and fro with garden burdens, preserve an Oriental custom of the place, as old as the days of Philip II. Here Velasquez attended his master in his walks, or sat retired in "pleached bowers," noting the fine effects of summer sunlight and sylvan shade, and making many sketches of sweet garden scenes. Some of these have found their way to the Royal

Gallery, such as the fine view of the Avenue of the Queen, enlivened by coaches and promenaders from the palace.[1] Another is a study of the Fountain of the Tritons,[2] a rich piece of sculpture in white marble, sometimes attributed to the chisel of Berreguete, not unlike that which refreshed the garden of Boccaccio's immortal palace. Through the boughs of over-arching trees the light falls brokenly on a group of courtly figures, that might pass for the fair sisterhood and gallant following of Pampinea.

From Aranjuez the King moved in June to the ancient city of Cuenca, and resided there for a month, amusing himself with the chase and the drama. After a short halt at Molina he proceeded to Zaragoza, where he spent part of the autumn, returning before winter to Madrid. Although Philip did not take any very active part in the campaign, this northern progress must have afforded Velasquez an opportunity of studying the picturesque in military affairs.

The year 1643 saw the disgrace and banishment of the minister Olivarez. The proximate cause of his downfall was the adoption of a bastard of questionable paternity as his heir, which alienated the support of his own great house and embittered the enmity of others. This Julianillo, as he was called, was son of a celebrated courtesan, whose favours Olivarez in his youth had shared with

[1] Prado Gallery, No. 1110. [2] Prado Gallery, No. 1109.

half the gallants of Madrid. His reputed father was one Valcarcel, who, having spent his fortune on his mother, had formerly been compelled to acknowledge the child by Olivarez himself. Julianillo, being a worthless profligate, went to seek his fortune in Mexico, where he narrowly escaped the gallows, and he afterwards served as a common soldier in Flanders and Italy. Returning to Spain, when the Count-Duke had lost his only daughter, and all hopes of legitimate offspring, that statesman determined to make use of him to frustrate the expectations of the houses of Medina-Sidonia and Carpio. He accordingly declared him his heir, by the name of Don Henrique de Guzman, procured the annulment of his marriage with a prostitute, and re-married him to the daughter of the Constable of Castile, invested him with orders, titles, and high offices of state, and actually conceived the design of making this baseborn vagabond—once a ballad-singer in the streets of the capital—governor of the heir-apparent, and in the end prime minister of Spain. Amongst other means which he took of introducing the new Guzman—his reclaimed prodigal—to the world, was to cause Velasquez to paint his portrait. There he appears in a buff coat, with a red scarf and breeches, holding in one hand a hat with blue and white feathers, and in the other a badge of an order ; the new fine clothes, and the new cross of Alcantara given by

his new father, that he might do honour to his new name and new rank in the presence of his new wife. His complexion is dark, and his countenance somewhat melancholy; but his air, in spite of a youth spent in stews and sutlers' booths, is that of a gentleman and Castilian. Of this interesting historical portrait the upper part only is finished, the rest being left incomplete, perhaps because Julianillo had relapsed into his proper obscurity. It was formerly in the collection of the Count of Altamira, and it is now in England, in the gallery of the Earl of Ellesmere.

The last portrait of the Count-Duke, painted by Velasquez while the favourite was yet in his pride of place, is perhaps that which occurs in the small picture of the royal Court of Manège, now in the possession of the Duke of Westminster. In the foreground the Infant Balthazar Carlos, a boy of twelve or thirteen, prances on a piebald jennet, behind which a dwarf is dimly discernible; further off Olivarez, who held amongst a countless number of offices that of riding-master to the heir-apparent, stands in a dark dress and white boots, conversing with two men, one of whom offers him a lance; and from a balcony at an adjacent window the King, Queen, and a little Infanta look down upon the scene.

This picture was probably completed only a short time before the Count-Duke, finding his position in the royal closet seriously affected by

the pressure from without, tendered his resignation of office, which, to his surprise and mortification, was immediately accepted. Retiring by the King's order to Loeches, he amused himself for six months with his farm and his dogs, by writing an apology for his life, and perhaps by visiting the pictures of Rubens, which he had given to the conventual church. But his place of exile being changed to Toro, a decaying town on the Douro, thirty-seven leagues from the capital, he sank into melancholy and the study of magic, and died in two years, of a broken heart. Of all the courtiers and statesmen whose fortunes he had made, there were few who failed to display the proverbial ingratitude of their order. Amongst those of them who could remember a fallen minister, one was the Grand Inquisitor, who requited Olivarez for two mitres by quietly interposing difficulties in the way of a prosecution raised against him before the Holy Office, as a practitioner of the black art. Another was Velasquez, who sincerely mourned the misfortunes of his benefactor, and visited him in his exile, probably at Loeches. In an age when a disgraced favourite was treated, generally perhaps with much justice, as a state criminal, this act of gratitude was highly honourable to the artist. It is no less honourable to the King, his master, that friendly intercourse with the late minister was not punished by the withdrawal of Court favour.

Indeed it seems to have had a contrary effect on his fortunes, for in the very year of Olivarez's dismissal Velasquez was made assistant-gentleman of the royal chamber.

In this year, and the next, 1644, Velasquez again accompanied the Court on expeditions to Aragon. On the Flemish field of Rocroy the great Condé had just reached his first laurels, and the Austrian eagle had been beaten, as that imperial bird had never been beaten before, by the Gallic cock. Vigorous measures were now needful, and the rebels and their French allies in Catalonia could no longer be safely trifled with. Philip IV, therefore, took the field in person, pranced at the head of his troops attired in regal purple, laid siege to Lerida, and after displaying considerable energy and ability, entered that city in triumph on the 7th of August 1644. He made his entry dressed in a splendid suit of purple and gold, glittering with gems, and waving with plumes, and mounted on a fine Neapolitan charger. In this gallant guise he caused Velasquez to paint his portrait.

The joy at Court which followed the fall of Lerida was soon changed to mourning by the death of the good Queen Isabella, "the best and most lamented Queen of Spain" since the days of Isabella the Catholic. The last portrait which Velasquez painted of this royal lady was the fine equestrian picture, now in the Prado

Gallery.[1] Here the dress of Isabella is of black velvet, richly embroidered with pearls, and contrasts well with the flowing mane of her gently prancing steed, milk-white in colour, and in shape the perfection of an Andalusian palfrey. Her cheeks whisper that the pencil and rouge-pot, the bane of Castilian beauty, were not banished from her toilette, but the artificial roses have been planted by the dexterous hand of a Frenchwoman, and merely heighten the lustre of her large black eyes. This picture was painted as a companion-piece to the equestrian portrait of the King, executed seventeen or eighteen years before, soon after his return from Seville.

Velasquez afterwards painted the Prince of Asturias, nearly of life size, mounted on a bay pony, and galloping out of the picture towards the spectator.[2] The little cavalier is dressed like his father, in a cuirass, crimson scarf, and plumed hat; he is full of boyish glee and spirit, and his miniature steed is admirably foreshortened. There is a small representation of this picture at Dulwich College; another is in the collection of Mr. Rogers. Besides this picture, the Royal Gallery of Madrid possesses three other full-length portraits of this Infant, all by Velasquez. In two of them he appears in shooting costume, on one occasion with an admirably painted dog;[3] and in

[1] Prado, No. 1067. [2] Prado, No. 1068.
[3] Prado, No. 1076.

the third he is in a rich gala dress.[1] In the Wallace collection he may likewise be seen, charmingly portrayed by the same master, in a suit of black velvet, slashed and richly laced. Behind him is a chest covered with crimson velvet and adorned with gold, which deserves notice, because it exactly agrees with the description of those which contained the rich toilette furniture presented by Philip IV to the Prince of Wales.[2] Few pictures excel this in lustre and brilliancy of colour. The Prince whom Velasquez has thus immortalised was a good-humoured round-faced boy, who gave no promise of intellectual excellence, and who died in his seventeenth year.

Between 1645 and 1648 Velasquez painted, for the palace of Buenretiro, his noble "Surrender of Breda," a picture executed with peculiar care, perhaps out of regard for the memory of his illustrious friend and fellow-traveller Spinola, who died not long after they parted, in his Italian command, a victim of the ingratitude of the Spanish Court. It represents that great general, the last Spain ever had, in one of the proudest moments of his career, receiving, in 1625, the keys of Breda from Prince Justin of Nassau, who conducted the obstinate defence. The victor, clad in dark mail, and remarkable for easy dignity of mien, meets his vanquished foe hat in hand, and prepares to embrace him with generous cordiality. Behind the leaders

[1] No. 1083. [2] No. 12.

stand their horses and attendants, and beyond the staff of Spinola there is a line of pikemen, whose pikes, striping the blue sky, have caused the picture to be known as that of "The Lances." Prince Justin lacks the high-bred air of the Genoese noble; and, indeed, the contrast between the soldiers of Spain and Holland is marked throughout with a somewhat malicious pencil, the former being all gentlemen and Castilians, and the latter all Dutch boors, with immeasurable breeches, looking on with stupid wonder, like the Swiss guards in Raphael's "Mass of Bolsena" at the Vatican. The dark handsome head with a plumed hat, to the extreme left of the picture, is said to be the portrait of the artist.[1]

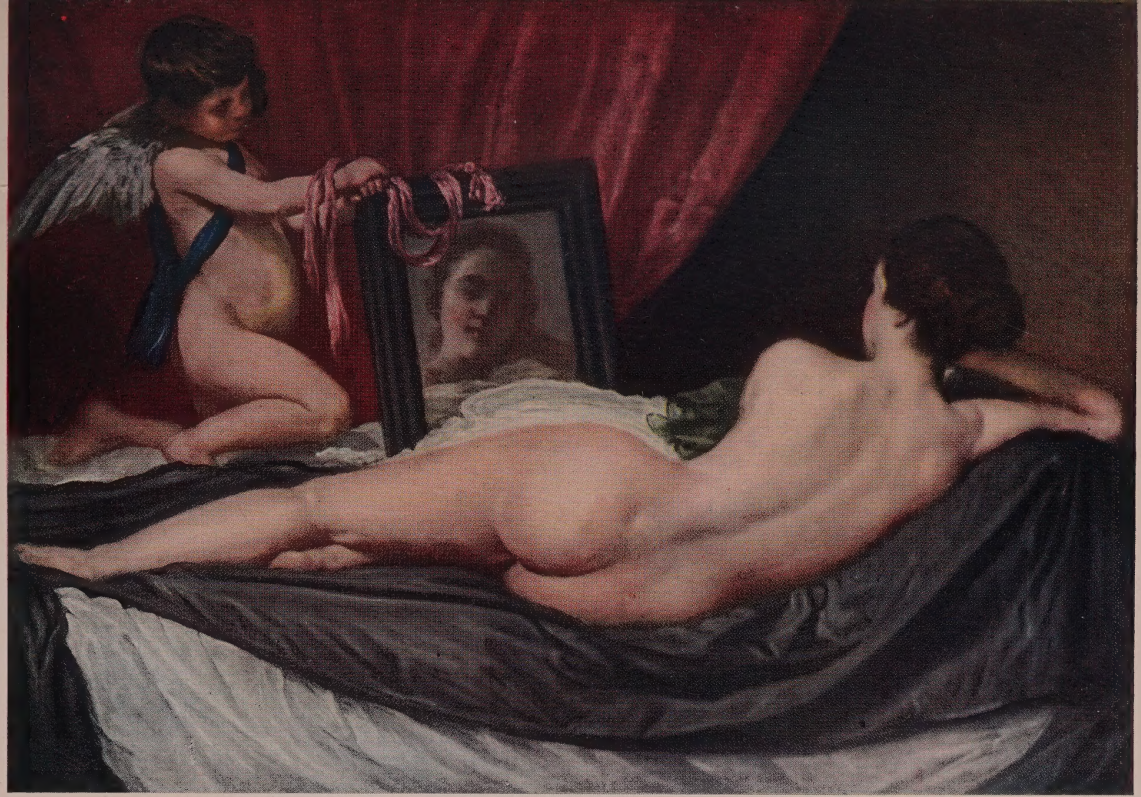
About this time he painted the King once more, armed and upon horseback. But this portrait, on being exhibited, did not meet with the applause generally rendered to his works. While some praised, others censured, alleging that the horse was not drawn according to the rules and models of the *manège*. Teased with the contrary opinions of the critics, Velasquez at last expunged the greater part of the picture, writing at the same time on the canvas, "*Didacus Velasquez, Pictor Regis, expinxit.*"[2] He was more fortunate in the portrait of his friend, the poet Francisco de Quevedo.[3] By his pencil the world has been informed

[1] Prado, No. 1060. [2] But *cf.* Palomino, vol. iii. p. 496.
[3] In collection, Duke of Wellington.

that this celebrated writer had a lively countenance and a bushy head of hair; that he wore the cross of Santiago on his breast, and a huge pair of spectacles on his nose—not, indeed, for show, like the fine ladies and gentlemen of the next reign, but because he had injured his sight by over-study in his youth at Alcala. For the castle of Gandia he executed the portrait of Cardinal Gaspar de Borja,[1] who successively wore the mitres of Seville and Toledo, and gave the magnificent benevolence of 500,000 crowns towards the prosecution of the naval war with the Dutch. He likewise painted portraits of Pereira, master of the royal household; of Fernando de Fonseca Ruiz de Contreras, Marquess of La Lapilla; of the blessed Simon de Roxas, confessor to Queen Isabella, whose holiness and family interest raised him to the Calendar; and of a nameless lady of singular beauty, celebrated in an epigram by Gabriel Bocangel.[2]

In 1648 Velasquez was sent by the King on a second journey to Italy, to collect works of art, partly for the royal galleries and partly for the academy which it was proposed to establish at Madrid. His orders were to purchase everything that was to be sold that he thought worth buying —a commission sufficiently large and confidential. Leaving the capital in November, attended as usual by his faithful Pareja, he crossed the Sierra Morena; and after seeing Granada, and its glories of nature

[1] In Sturt Gallery, Frankfort. [2] Palomino, tom. iii. p. 498.



VENUS AND THE MIRROR

(From the painting by Velasquez in the National Gallery)

and art, took shipping at Malaga. He embarked in the train of Don Jayme Manuel de Cardenas, Duke of Naxera and Maqueda, who was on his way to Trent, to act as proxy for his sovereign, at his nuptials with the Archduchess Mariana. They landed at Genoa, and there Velasquez spent some days exploring the churches and galleries, and enjoying the beauty of the city and its shores. There he saw the palaces, jostling each other in lofty streets, or hung on breezy terraces over the blue haven, in which his friend Rubens had been a welcome guest, and which he had sketched early in the century. There, too, he had improved his acquaintance with the works of Vandyck, who, thirty years before, had been received with enthusiasm by the Balbi and the Spinola. The lords of the proud city were the first nobles portrayed by the peculiar painter of the order; and the walls of their mansions were still rich with memorials of his pencil. Nor was Genoa, at this time, wanting in good native artists. The elder Castiglione, remarkable for his industry and versatile powers, was daily adding to his reputation by new altar-pieces, studies of animals, and pictures of classical story. From the school of Strozzi the refractory Capuchin, better known as Il Prete Genovese, had issued Giovanni Ferrari, who excelled his master as a painter of sacred subjects, and his scholar, Giovanni Carbone, executed portraits somewhat in the manner of Vandyck.

Velasquez next visited Milan. Here he found the school of Lombardy but poorly represented by Ercole Proccaccini, the last of a race which had produced painters for five generations. But the Borromean Gallery, with its treasures of ancient art, was there to instruct and delight him; and above all, the Last Supper, of Leonardo da Vinci, in the refectory of Santa Maria delle Grazie. Proceeding on his journey, without waiting for the feasts and pageants with which Milan celebrated the arrival of the Imperial bride in her triumphal progress to the Spanish throne, he went to Padua, and thence to Venice. In the city of St. Mark he remained for some weeks, refreshing his recollection of the works of the great painters, and when he could, buying them for his master. His principal purchases were Tintoretto's pictures of the Israelites gathering Manna, the Conversion of St. Paul, the Glory of Heaven, a sketch for his great work, and the charming Venus and Adonis of Paul Veronese. His next halting-place was Bologna, a city through which he had hurried in his first journey. Here time had left very few of that goodly company of painters trained by the Caracci. Alessandro Tiarini, one of the ablest of Lodovico's followers, was still alive; but his pencil had lost its early force, and his style was declining into the feebleness of old age. But Colonna and Mitelli, the flower of a later generation, and the best fresco-

painters of the day, were now at the height of their fame; and their works so pleased Velasquez, that he invited them to enter the service of his master. During his stay at Bologna he lived in the palace of the Count of Sena, who went out with many gentlemen of the city in their coaches to meet him on his arrival, and who treated him with the utmost distinction.

Whilst in the north of Italy he visited the Court of his former sitter, the Duke of Modena, head of the illustrious and beneficent House of Este. That prince received King Philip's painter very graciously, and as an old friend; he invited him to the palace, and he showed him his noble picture-gallery, in which Velasquez had the satisfaction of finding the portrait of his Highness which he had painted at Madrid. Here he likewise saw the fine works of Correggio, now at Dresden; the St. Sebastian, the Nativity, better known as La Notte, which the Duke was suspected of having caused to be stolen from a church at Reggio; and the Magdalene, which the Princes of Este were wont to carry with them on their journeys, and which the King of Poland kept under lock and key in a frame of jewelled silver. He was likewise sent by the Duke to see his country house, a few leagues from Modena, which had lately been adorned with spirited frescoes by Colonna and Mitelli.

At Parma Velasquez saw the masterpieces of

Correggio in their perfection. The frescoes in the Cathedral and the Church of San Giovanni had not been painted more than a hundred and twenty years; and the domes of these temples revealed many noble forms and sweet faces, which the incense and neglect of centuries have now covered with an impenetrable veil. He likewise visited Florence, then as now abounding with works of art, but not very rich in artists. Of the latter, the most noted were Pietro da Cortona, who frequently lived at Rome, and painted with ease and grandeur; and the melancholy Carlo Dolci, whose pencil, like that of Joanes, was devoted to sacred subjects, which he represented with a cloying sweetness of style. Salvator Rosa was at this time in the service of the Grand Duke, and he may have entertained Velasquez at some of his dramatic symposia amongst the wits and nobles of Florence.

Passing through Rome, the Spaniard hastened to Naples, where he found the kingdom slowly recovering from the fever into which it had been thrown by Masaniello and the Duke of Guise, under the bleedings and purgings of the Count of Oñate, the most vigorous of viceroys and the sternest of state-surgeons. He was kindly received by that functionary, with whom he had orders to confer on the subject of his artistic mission. He also renewed his acquaintance with Ribera, who was still basking in viceregal favour,

and the leader of Neapolitan art. These objects attained, he returned to Rome.

Innocent X, Giovanni Battista Panfili, the reigning Pontiff, preferred his library to his galleries, and was so keen a book-collector that, when Cardinal, he was accused of enriching his shelves by pilfering rarities which he could not purchase. He was, however, also a patron of art, and one of the five Popes that caressed Bernini, whom he employed to complete the labours of ages by erecting the beautiful colonnade of St. Peter's. When Velasquez arrived at Rome he granted him an audience, and commanded him to paint his portrait; and the task being executed to his entire satisfaction, he presented the artist with a gold chain and medal of himself. The Holy Father, a man of coarse features and surly expression, was painted sitting in his easy-chair; and the portrait was no less effective than that of Admiral Pareja; for it is said that one of the chamberlains, catching a glimpse of the picture through an open door leading from an ante-chamber, cautioned some of his fellow-courtiers to converse in a lower tone, because his Holiness was in the next room. Of this portrait Velasquez executed several copies, one of which he carried to Spain. The original is probably that which remains in the possession of the family in the Pamfili-Doria palace at Rome; a fine repetition is now in the collection of the Duke of

Wellington at Apsley House. Velasquez also painted portraits of Cardinal Panfili, the Pope's nephew, and of Donna Olympia, the Pope's sister-in-law and mistress, of several personages of the Papal Court, and of a lady whom Palomino calls Flaminia Triunfi, an excellent painter. Before taking in hand the Sovereign Pontiff, he threw off, by way of practice, a likeness of his servant Pareja. This portrait, sent by the hand of the person whom it represented to some of his artist-friends, so delighted them, that they procured Velasquez's election into the Academy of St. Luke. Pareja's likeness—perhaps the fine portrait now in Lord Radnor's collection—was exhibited with the works of Academicians in the Pantheon on the feast of St. Joseph, and was received with universal applause. Andreas Schmit, a Flemish landscape painter, who was then at Rome, afterwards visited Madrid, and bore witness to the triumph of the Castilian pencil.

During his residence at Rome, which extended to upwards of a year, Velasquez appears to have mixed more than formerly in general society. The Cardinal-nephew, his old friend Cardinal Barberini, Cardinal Rospigliosi, and many of the Roman princes, loaded him with civilities. And his business being rather to buy pictures than to paint or copy them, he was courted and caressed not only by the great, but by the artists. Bernini and the sculptor Algardi were his friends, and

Nicolas Poussin, Pietro da Cortona, and Matteo Prete, called Il Calabrese,

"Bless'd with each talent and each art to please,"

and of a disposition so captivating as to disarm jealousy, the progress of Velasquez in Roman society must have been a continued ovation. It would be pleasing, were it possible, to draw aside the dark curtain of centuries and follow him into the palaces and studios; to see him standing by while Claude painted, or Algardi modelled, enjoying the hospitalities of Bentivoglio—perhaps in that fair hall glorious with Guido's recent fresco of Aurora—or mingling in the group that accompanied Poussin in his evening walks on the terrace of Trinità de' Monti.

When Velasquez had been absent upwards of a year Philip IV began to be impatient for his return. His friend the Marquess of La Lapilla took care to inform him by letter of the royal wishes. But the business of collecting pictures and marbles appears to have gone on slowly, for he did not leave Rome until 1651. He wished to travel home by land, visiting Paris on his way; but the war between the Catholic and Christian crowns continuing to drag its slow length along rendered such a journey impracticable. Moving northwards therefore to Genoa, he there embarked, leaving behind him the fruits of his travels, which were deposited at Naples, and

afterwards transported to Spain when the Count of Oñate returned from his government. In June 1651 he landed at Barcelona, still garrisoned by the French, and about to endure a tedious blockade from Don Juan of Austria.

At his return to Madrid he was rewarded for the labours of his journey by being appointed Aposentador-mayor of the King's household. This post, which had been held under Philip II by the architects Herrera and Mora, was one of great dignity and considerable emolument. Its duties were various, and some of them troublesome. It was the business of the Aposentador to superintend public festivals, and exercise a certain jurisdiction within the palace; to provide lodging for the King and his train in all progresses; to place his Majesty's chair and remove the cloth when the King dined in public; to issue keys to all new chamberlains; to set chairs for cardinals and viceroys who came to kiss hands, and for the heir-apparent when he received the oath of allegiance. His salary was 3000 ducats a year, and he carried at his girdle a key which opened every lock in the palace. Velasquez had for one of his deputies and assistants in office the painter Juan Bautista del Mazo Martinez, who now was, or afterwards became, his son-in-law.

He arrived at Court in time to share the festivities of the 12th of July, which celebrated the birth of an Infanta, the first child of Queen

Mariana. The christening took place on the 25th, and may be described as a specimen of the scenes in which Velasquez bore a part. Through the galleries of the Alcazar, hung with tapestries of silk and gold, there moved to the chapel royal a splendid procession of guards and courtiers, closed by Don Luis de Haro, the prime minister, carrying the royal babe, and by the Infanta Maria Teresa, her godmother, with the ladies of the household. The walls of the chapel were covered with costly embroideries, and there the venerable font, from which St. Dominic and a long line of Castilian princes had been baptized, was displayed beneath a canopy of silver. At the door the Princess was received by the prelates of the kingdom in their pontifical robes, and by the Nuncio Cardinal Rospigliosi, who baptized her by the name of Maria Margarita, and hung a rich reliquary about her neck. The King looked down from an upper tribune on this splendid ceremonial; and the rabble cheered the Nuncio, as he passed through the streets in his state coach, for his numerous retinue and gorgeous liveries.

A few weeks afterwards, when the Queen was able to go abroad, the King ordered a bull feast on a magnificent scale for her diversion. This national sport was at that time held in the Plaza Mayor, a great square, in which regular rows of balconies, rising tier above tier to the tops of the houses, afforded accommodation to a vast con-

course of spectators. It was pursued by all ranks with an ardour, and furnished forth with a luxury of equipment unknown to the modern bull-ring. Instead of mere hireling combatants, the young cavaliers of the Court were wont to enter the lists, and display their prowess in the presence of the ladies whose colours they wore, and whose favours they coveted or enjoyed. Instead of the wretched horses whose bowels and collapsed carcases now strew the arena at Seville and Madrid, those high-born picadors were mounted on the finest steeds of Andalusia, and they went attended each by a dozen or two of lackeys dressed in his family livery. After a sufficient number of bulls had fallen beneath the steel of the nobility, the sports were closed with cane-plays or tilting-matches between two parties of horsemen, a pastime inherited from the Moors' days, and well adapted for the acquisition and display of equestrian dexterity.

During the next few years Velasquez had little time for painting, being busy with his models, which were being cast in bronze under his superintendence, and in arranging his Italian bronzes and marbles in the halls and galleries of the Alcazar. The duties of his new post, which alone would have been considered by many men as sufficient occupation, likewise engrossed a great portion of his time. It brought him into constant contact with the King, with whom he spent

much time alone, and who consulted him on the most important affairs, and honoured him with an almost perilous degree of confidence and favour. The consideration in which his influence in the royal closet was held at Court was so high that a certain great lord, says Palomino, was seriously displeased with his son, because he had used some warm language towards the Aposentador-mayor for refusing to relax a point of etiquette in his favour. "Have you been so foolish," said the old courtier to the young one, "as to behave thus towards a man for whom the King has so great a regard, and who converses for whole hours with his Majesty? Go instantly and apologise; and do not let me see your face again till you have conciliated his friendship."

In 1656 Velasquez produced his last great work, a work which artists, struck by the difficulties encountered and overcome, have generally considered his masterpiece. It is the large picture well known in Spain as "*Las Meniñas*," the "Maids of Honour."[1] The scene is a long room in a quarter of the old palace, which was called the Prince's quarter, and the subject Velasquez at work on a large picture of the royal family. To the extreme right of the composition is seen the back of the easel and the canvas on which he is engaged; and beyond it stands the painter with his pencils and palette, pausing to converse,

[1] Prado, No. 1062.

or to observe the effect of his performance. In the centre stands the little Infanta Maria Margarita, taking a cup of water from the salver which Doña Maria Augustina Sarmiento, maid of honour to the Queen, presents kneeling. To the left Doña Isabel de Velasco, another Meniña, seems to be dropping a curtsy; and the dwarfs, Maria Barbola and Nicolas Pertusano, stand in the foreground, the little man putting his foot on the quarters of a great tawny hound, which despises the aggression, and continues in a state of solemn repose. Some paces behind these figures Doña Marcela de Ulloa, a lady of honour in nun-like weeds, and a "guardadamas" are seen in conversation; at the far end of the room an open door gives a view of a staircase, up which Don Joseph Nieto, Queen's Aposentador, is returning; and near this door there hangs on the wall a mirror which, reflecting the countenances of the King and Queen, shows that they form part of the principal group, although placed beyond the bounds of the picture. The room is hung with paintings, which Palomino assures us are works of Rubens; and it is lighted by three windows in the left wall and by the open door at the end, an arrangement of which an artist will at once comprehend the difficulties. The perfection of art which conceals art was never better attained than in this picture. Velasquez seems to have anticipated the discovery of Daguerre, and taking

a real room and real chance-grouped people, to have fixed them, as it were, by magic for all time on his canvas. The little fair-haired Infanta is a pleasing study of childhood; with the hanging lip and full cheek of the Austrian family, she has a fresh complexion and lovely blue eyes, and gives a promise of beauty which, as Empress, she never fulfilled. Her young attendants, girls of thirteen or fourteen, contrast agreeably with the ill-favoured dwarf beside them: they are very pretty, especially Doña Isabel de Velasco, who died a reigning beauty; and their hands are painted with peculiar delicacy. Their dresses are highly absurd, their figures being concealed by long, stiff corsets and prodigious hoops, for these were the days when the mode was

> "Supporters, pooters, fardingales,
> Above the loynes to weare;"

the "guardainfante" was in full blow; the robes of a dowager might have contained the tun of Heidelberg; and the powers of Velasquez were baffled by the perverse fancy of "Feeble, the woman's tailor." The gentle and majestic hound, stretching himself and winking drowsily, is admirably painted, and seems a descendant of the royal breed, immortalised by Titian in portraits of the Emperor Charles and his son. The painter wears at his girdle the omnipotent key of his office, and on his breast the red cross of Santiago. It is said

that Philip IV, who came every day with his Queen to see the picture, remarked, when it was finished, that one thing was yet wanting; and taking up a brush, painted the knightly insignia with his own royal fingers, thus conferring the accolade with a weapon not recognised in chivalry. This pleasing tradition is not altogether overthrown by the fact that Velasquez was not invested with the order till three years afterwards; for the production of a pedigree and other formalities were necessary to the creation of a knight, obstacles which might be overlooked by the King, enraptured with his new picture, and yet stagger a College of Arms for several years. When Charles II showed the "Meniñas" to Luca Giordano, that master, in the fulness of his delight and admiration, declared that it was the Theology of Painting—a far-fetched and not very intelligible expression,[1] which, however, hit the taste of the conceit-loving age, and is still often used as a name for the picture. The precious sketch of this celebrated work was, at the beginning of this century, in the possession of the poet and statesman Jovellanos.[2]

Velasquez, of course, painted several portraits of Queen Mariana. The lips and cheeks of that princess have the true Austrian fulness; she bears

[1] *Cf.* Palomino, vol. iii. p. 510.

[2] Now in possession of Ralf Bankes, Esq., Kingston Lacy, Wimborne.

a considerable resemblance to her husband-cousin, and her eyes, like his, are somewhat dull, although she was of a joyous disposition, and laughed without measure at the sallies of the Court fool. When told at such times, by the King, that the act of cachination was below the dignity of a Queen of Spain, she would artlessly reply that she could not help it, and that the fellow must be removed if she might not laugh at him. Velasquez has not ventured to paint her in these merry moments; and his pencil has even recorded her expression as somewhat sullen. She was also sadly addicted to the rouge-pot, which she did not manage with the artistic science of Isabella. Her chief beauty was her rich fair hair, which she bedizened with red ribbons and feathers, and plaited and dressed, after the most fantastic modes of the day, until her giddy young head rivalled her unwieldy hoop in its tumid extravagance. Of her absurdities in costume, one of her portraits by Velasquez, in the Royal Gallery at Madrid, affords sufficient evidence.[1] Another represents her kneeling at prayer in her oratory,[2] the most dressy of devotees, robed, rouged, and curled, as if for a Court ball, and serves as a companion piece to a similar praying portrait of the King. Velasquez likewise painted this Queen on a small round plate of silver, about the size of a dollar piece, showing that he could use the pencil of a miniature-painter as dexter-

[1] No. 1079. [2] No. 1082.

ously as the coarse brush of Herrera. The Infanta Maria Margarita, the heroine of the "Meniñas," was one of his most frequent sitters. Of his many portraits of her, the full-length in the Prado Gallery, and the smiling sparkling head in the *salon carré* of the Louvre, are amongst the most excellent.[1] His last recorded works were full-length pictures of this Infanta and her short-lived brother Don Philip Prosper, executed for their grandfather the Emperor. In that of the Infanta, he introduced an ebony clock, ornamented with figures of bronze; and in that of the baby-prince, a favourite little dog of his own.[2]

From 1656 to the end of his life the occupations of Velasquez seldom allowed him to enjoy the tranquillity of his studio. In that year he was employed to superintend the arrangement of a quantity of pictures in the Escorial. This collection consisted of forty-one pieces purchased from the Whitehall Gallery, some of which he had himself brought from Italy, and of others presented to the King by the Count of Castrillo, an ex-Viceroy of Naples. Having placed them to the best advantage in the palace-convent, he drew up a catalogue of the whole, noting the position, painter, history, and merits of each picture, a paper which probably guided Fray Francisco de las Santos in his description of the Escorial, and may perhaps still exist in the royal archives. In 1658 he began to design

[1] 1731 Louvre.

[2] In the gallery of Vienna.

works for Colonna and Mitelli, and direct their execution; a commission in which he was assisted, or perhaps hindered, by the Duke of Terranova, intendant of royal works. The year following he was again at the Escorial, watching the consignment of Tacca's Crucifixion to its place over the altar of the Pantheon. He also contemplated another trip to Italy, but the King could not be induced to part with him.[1]

In the same year, 1659, the Marechal Duke of Grammont appeared at Madrid, as Ambassador from France, to negotiate the marriage of Louis XIV and the Infanta Maria Teresa; he and his suite, at their solemn entrance, galloping into the very vestibule of the palace, dressed as couriers, to signify the impatience of the royal lover. On the 29th of October Velasquez was ordered to attend on this French magnate and his sons during a morning visit to the Alcazar, for the purpose of seeing the pictures and marbles. It is probable that he may likewise have been their guide to the galleries of the grandees, which they explored, and amongst which was that of the Count of Oñate, who had lately returned from Naples, laden with artistic purchases or plunder. The Marechal, at his departure, presented Velasquez with a gold watch.[2]

He soon afterwards obtained leave to wear his well-earned cross of Santiago. By a rescript, dated the 12th of June 1658, the King had already

[1] Palomino, vol. iii. p. 511. [2] Ibid., vol. iii. p. 581.

conferred on him the habit of the order; and Velasquez soon after laid his pedigree before the Marquess of Tabara, president of the order. A flaw in this document, or some other circumstances, made it necessary to apply to Pope Alexander VII for a bull, which was not obtained till the 7th October 1659. It is related that the King, growing impatient, sent for Tabara and the documents which he held, and said, "Place it on record that the evidence satisfies me." On the 28th of November the patent was made out; and on the 28th, being St. Prosper's Day, which was held as a festival in honour of the birth of the Prince of Asturias, Velasquez was installed as a knight of Santiago. The ceremony took place in the church of the Carbonera; when the new companion was introduced by the Marquess of Malpica, as sponsor, and was invested with the insignia by Don Gaspar Perez de Guzman, Count of Niebla, heir of Medina-Sidonia.

The peace and projected alliance between the crowns of France and Spain doubled the official fatigues and shortened the life of Velasquez. A meeting of the two Courts, to celebrate the nuptials of Louis XIV and the Infanta Maria Teresa, was fixed to take place in the summer of 1660 on the Isle of Pheasants, in the river Bidassoa. This celebrated spot was reckoned neutral ground by the French, whilst the Spaniards claimed it for their own, alleging that a change

Velasquez *Photo. Neurdein*

THE REUNION

(Louvre)

in the stream's channel had cut it off from the realms of Pelayo. The river, eating it slowly away, has now left little ground for argument or for conference. Let the traveller, therefore, as he rolls along the bridge that unites France with Spain, glance down the stream at the reedy patch that yet remains of the most interesting river-islet in Europe. Here Louis XI, with a good store of pistoles in the pockets of his frieze coat, adjudicated on the affairs and bribed the courtiers of Henry IV of Castile, who came glittering in cloth of gold. Here, or at least in an adjacent barge, Francis I, leaving the land of bondage, embraced his sons, who were going thither as hostages for his observance of a treaty which he had already determined to break, and here he proposed to meet Charles V in personal duello. Here Isabella of Valois received the first homage of her Castilian lieges, and a few years later wept her last farewell to her brothers and to France. Here Anne of Austria and Isabella of Bourbon crossed on the road to their foreign thrones; and here, but a few months before, Jules de Mazarin and Luis de Haro had mingled their crocodile tears and practised every pass of diplomatic fence over the famous Treaty of the Pyrenees. For the conferences of those statesmen there had been erected a pavilion of timber, furnished with two doors and two chairs of the most exact and scrupulous equality.

But the meeting of their Catholic and Christian

masters demanded greater preparation, and in March 1660 Velasquez was sent forward to the frontier to superintend the construction of a suitable edifice. His orders were to take the Burgos road and to leave Josef de Villareal, one of his deputies, in that city, whilst he himself hastened to the Bidassoa to erect the pavilion and to prepare the castle of Fuentarabia for the reception of royalty. These tasks accomplished, he was to await the King's arrival at San Sebastian. In that city he appears to have resided during these busy days, and he was sometimes accompanied by the governor, Baron de Batevilla,[1] in his visits of inspection to his works.

The Pheasants' Isle was at this time about 500 feet long by 70 broad. The Aposentador's new building, extending from west to east, consisted of a range of pavilions one storey high and upwards of 300 feet in length. In the centre rose the hall of conference, flanked by wings, each containing a suite of four chambers, in which equal measure of accommodation was meted with the nicest justice to France and Spain. Along each front of the edifice ran an entrance portico, communicating, by means of a covered gallery, with a bridge of boats, whereby the monarchs were to make their approach each from his own territory. Within, the apartments were as gorgeous as gilding and rich arras could make them.

[1] Palomino, vol. iii. p. 522.

Velasquez, it appears, superintended the decorations on the Spanish side only, as far as the centre of the hall of conference. The same style of adornment, however, prevailed throughout, the walls being covered with tissue of silk and gold and with fine tapestries, representing histories sacred and profane, the building of the ark of Noah and the city of Romulus, or the adventures of Orpheus and St. Paul. The French decorators had a leaning to the lays and legends of Greece and Rome, and the tapestries on their side of the great hall recorded the feats of Scipio and Hannibal and the Metamorphoses of Ovid, while the hangings of the graver Spaniards revealed the mysteries of the Apocalypse.

The upholstery work, better suited to the capacities of a carpenter or of a lord-in-waiting, was not the most fatiguing part of the task imposed on Velasquez. As Aposentador it was his business to find lodging for the King and Court along the whole road from Madrid. Even with the assistance of Villareal and of Mazo Martinez, who also accompanied him, this must have been an undertaking that required time and labour, for Philip IV travelled with a train of Oriental magnitude. On the 15th of April, having made his will and commended himself to Our Lady of Atocha, that monarch set out from the capital, accompanied by the Infanta and followed by three thousand five hundred mules, eighty-two horses,

seventy coaches, and seventy baggage waggons. The baggage of the royal bride alone would have served for a small army. Her dresses were packed in twelve large trunks covered with crimson velvet and mounted with silver, twenty morocco trunks contained her linen, and fifty mules were laden with her toilette plate and perfumes. Besides these personal equipments she carried a vast provision of presents, amongst which were two chests filled with purses, amber gloves, and whisker cases for Monsieur, her future brother-in-law. The grandees of the household vied with each other in the size and splendour of their retinues. The cavalcade extended six leagues in length, and the trumpets of the van were sounding at the gate of Alcala de Henares, the first day's halting-place, ere the last files had issued from the gate of Madrid. The whole journey through Burgos and Vittoria was a triumph and a revel. At Guadalaxara the royal travellers lodged in the noble palace of the Mendozas; at Lerma, in that of the Sandovals; at Bribiesca, in that of the Velascos. Grandees and municipal bodies lavished vast sums on bull feasts and fireworks for their entertainment; prelates did the honours of their noble cathedrals; abbots came forth with their most holy reliques; bonfires blazed on the savage crags of Pancorvo; the burghers of Mondragon turned out under arms which their forefathers had borne against Pedro the Cruel; peasants of

Guipuzcoa danced their strange sword-dances with loyal vigour before their King; and the Roncesvalles, hugest of galleons, floated for his inspection, and stunned his ears with salutes in the waters of Passages. After three weeks of repose at St. Sebastian, the Court repaired on the 2nd of June to Fuentarabia, the King of France and the Queen-Mother having already arrived at their frontier town of St. Jean de Luz.

The next day the Infanta solemnly adjured those rights to the Spanish crown, which were so successfully asserted by her grandson; and on the 3rd she was married to Haro, as proxy of the French King, by the Bishop of Pamplona, in the old Church of Our Lady. On the 5th of June the Pavilion of Velasquez was inaugurated by the private interview between the Queen-Mother of France and her brother and niece, the King of Spain and the Infanta. On this occasion Louis insisted, to the great admiration of the Spaniards, on looking on unseen, and thus first beheld his bride. The day following took place the formal conference of all the royal personages, when the two kings signed and swore to the treaty, and afterwards held a joint Court, where Mazarin presented the French nobles to Philip and Haro introduced the Castilians to Louis. The parting gifts sent by the latter to his father-in-law —a diamond badge of the golden fleece, a watch encrusted with brilliants, and other kingly toys—

were conveyed to him by the hands of Velasquez.[1] On the 7th of June the royal personages again met to take leave, and Philip bade farewell for ever to his sister and his child.

During the week which the Courts of Spain and France passed on the frontier of the kingdoms, the banks of the Bidassoa furnished scenes worthy of the pencil of Titian and the pen of Scott, and its island pavilion historical groups such as romance has rarely assembled. There was Philip IV, forty years a king, with his proud and regal port, which neither infirmity, nor grief, nor misfortune had been able to subdue, and Louis XIV in the dawn of his fame and the flower of his beauty. There were two queens, both daughters of Austria, in whom also grey experience was contrasted with the innocence of youth, and whose lives exemplify the vicissitudes of high place; Anne, by turns a neglected consort, an imperious regent, and a forgotten exile; and Maria Teresa, the most amiable of Austrian princesses, who, though eclipsed in her own Court and in her husband's affections, aspired in an age of universal gallantry to no higher praise than the name of a loving mother and a true and gentle wife. The Italian Cardinal was there, upon whom the mantle of Richelieu had fallen, with his broken form but keen eye, that read in the new alliance the future glory of France and Mazarin; the cool, wily

[1] Palomino, vol. iii. p. 522.

Haro, in his new honours as Prince of the Peace, a title which so well became the ablest minister and worst captain of Castile; Turenne, fresh from his great victory at the Dunes; the old Marechal de Villeroy and the young Duke of Crequi; Medina de las Torres, the model and mirror of grandees; young Guiche, with his romantic air, the future hero of a hundred amours and of the passage of the Rhine; Monterey and Heliche; and a noble throng of des Noailles and d'Harcourts, Guzmans, and Toledos. There, too, was the Aposentador and painter of the King of Spain, Diego Velasquez. Although no longer young, he was distinguished, even in that proud assemblage, by his fine person and tasteful attire. Over a dress richly laced with silver, he wore the usual Castilian ruff and a short cloak embroidered with the red cross of Santiago; the badge of the order, sparkling with brilliants, was suspended from his neck by a gold chain; and the scabbard and hilt of his sword were of silver, exquisitely chased, and of Italian workmanship.

The rejoicings which celebrated the royal marriage were worthy of the two most sumptuous Courts of Europe, now vying with each other in pomp and magnificence.

> "To tell the glory of the feast each day,
> The goodly service, the deviceful sights,
> The bridegroom's state, the bride's most rich array,
> The royal banquets and the rare delights—
> Were work fit for an herald."

The mornings were dedicated to the exchange of visits and compliments; the evenings to brilliant revelry. The hills re-echoed the roar of cannon from Fuentarabia and St. Jean de Luz; gay cavalcades swept along the green meadows beneath the poplar-crowned brow of Irun; and gilded barges and bands of music floated all day on the bosom of the Bidassoa. The Spaniards marvelled at the vivid attire of the French gallants and at the short tails of their horses. The Frenchmen, on their side, shrugged their shoulders at the sad-coloured suits of the Spaniards, and envied the profusion and splendour of their jewels. But if the grandees were outdone by the seigneurs in brilliancy of costume, the lackeys of Madrid outblazed their brethren of Paris; on each of the three great days they appeared in fresh liveries; and the servants of Medina de las Torres wore the value of 40,000 ducats on their backs.

At daybreak on the 8th of June the King sent the Count of Puñorostro for the last tidings of the young Queen of France. On the same morning he and his train set forth from the castle of Fuentarabia. In this journey he was attended by Velasquez, who sent forward his deputy Villareal to prepare quarters on the road. On the 15th of June they reached Burgos, where they attended a solemn service in the superb cathedral, and witnessed a grand procession of the clergy. From thence they struck into a new road, and meeting

by the way with the usual honours and acclamations, entered the city of Valladolid on the 18th, and reposed there for four days in the spacious palace of the Crown, the birthplace of Philip IV. Here the King visited his pleasant gardens on the banks of the Pisuerga; was entertained with fireworks on the water; saw the nobles of the city display their prowess at the cane-play and in the slaughter of bulls, and their wit and magnificence at a masquerade; paid his adorations at the shrine of Our Lady of San Llorente; attended a comedy; and looked down from a balcony of the palace on a "Mogiganga"—a game in which the performers came disguised as Gogs and Magogs, wild beasts, and fabulous monsters. He likewise went on foot to hear mass in the conventual Church of St. Paul, his place of baptism, a splendid temple, rich with memorials of the artists of Valladolid. Here, doubtless, Velasquez did not fail to examine the fine works, with which the city then teemed, of Becerra, Juni, and Hernandez. On the 26th of June his Majesty embraced the Queen and the young Infanta at the Casa del Campo, and gave thanks for his safe return to his capital at the shrine of Our Lady of Atocha.

The restoration of Velasquez to his family and friends was to them a matter of no less surprise than joy. A report of his death had preceded him to Madrid, and he found them bewailing his untimely end. He returned in tolerable health,

although much fatigued with his journey; but the tongue of rumour had spoken in the spirit of prophecy; his worldly work was done; and fate forbade the pageant of the Pheasants' Isle to be recorded by his inimitable pencil. He continued, however, to go about his daily business and to perform his official functions at the palace; and it was probably at this time that he drew the notice of the King to the clever models in clay, sent from Valencia for his inspection, by the sculptor Morelli.

On the 31st of July, on the Feast of St. Ignatius Loyola, having been in attendance from early morning on his Majesty, he felt feverish and unwell; and retiring to his apartments in the palace, laid himself on the bed from whence he was to rise no more. The symptoms of his malady, spasmodic affections in the stomach and the region of the heart, accompanied by raging thirst, so alarmed his physician, Vicencio Moles, that he called in the Court doctors, Alva and Chavarri. Those learned persons discovered the name of the disease, which they called a syncopal tertian fever; but they were less successful in devising a remedy. No improvement appearing in the state of their patient, the King sent to his bedside, as spiritual adviser, Don Alfonso Perez de Guzman, Patriarch of the Indies, who but a few weeks before had shared with the dying artist in the pomps of the Isle of Pheasants. Velasquez now saw that his end was come. He

signed his will, and appointed as his sole executors, his wife, Donna Juana Pacheco, and his friend, Don Gaspar de Fuensalida, Keeper of the Royal Records, and, having received the last sacraments of the Church, he breathed his last at two o'clock in the afternoon on Friday, 6th of August 1660, in the sixty-first year of his age.

CHAPTER X

RIBERA

(1588–1656)

A FAIR field of art awaits us at Valencia. Xativa, an ancient town of that delicious region hung amongst cypresses and palms on a hill overlooking the vale of the Guadamar, the cradle of the Borgias, and so faithful in the war of the succession to the house of Austria that the victorious Bourbon changed its name to San Felipe, is also notable as the birthplace of the painter José de Ribera. Neapolitan writers have claimed him as a native of Gallipoli on the Gulf of Otranto, and they assert that he was the son of a Spanish officer of its fortress by a wife of that place, and that his practice of writing himself on his pictures, Spaniard of Xativa, arose from mere vainglory, and a desire to show that by blood, at least, he belonged to the ruling nation. Cean Bermudez, however, has set the question at rest by discovering the register of his baptism, by which it appears that he was born at Xativa on the 12th of January 1588, and that his parents were named Luis Ribera and Margarita Gil. They sent him, in his boyhood, to be educated for a learned profession at the University of Valencia, which, however, the

bent of his inclination led him to forsake for the school of Francisco Ribalta. His youthful talents there obtained for him some distinction, and some of his works of this period were said, although on doubtful authority, to hang in the library of the convent of the Temple.

By what means he found his way to Italy history does not inform us; but it is certain that he was at Rome at a very early age and in a very destitute condition, subsisting on crusts and clad in rags, and endeavouring to improve himself in art by copying the frescoes on the façades of palaces or at the shrines at the corners of streets. His indigence and his industry attracting the notice of a compassionate cardinal, who from his coach window happened to see him at work, that dignitary provided him with clothes and with food and lodging in his own palace. Ribera, however, needed the spur of want to arouse him to exertion; he found that to be clad in decent raiment and to fare plentifully every day weakened his powers of application, and therefore, after a short trial of a life in clover, beneath the shelter of the purple, he returned to his poverty and to his studies in the streets. The benevolent cardinal was at first highly incensed at his departure, and when he next saw him rated him soundly as an ungrateful little Spaniard; but being informed of his motives and observing his diligence, he admired his stoical resolution

and renewed his offers of protection, which, however, Ribera thankfully declined. This adventure and his abilities soon distinguished him amongst the crowd of young artists; he became known by the name which still belongs to him, Il Spagnoletto, and as an imitator of Michael Angelo Caravaggio, the bold handling of whose works, and their powerful effects of light and shade, pleased his strong but somewhat coarse mind. But he also copied several works of Raphael, and carefully studied the works of the Caracci in the Farnese palace with much benefit, as he himself confessed, to his style. Having scraped a little money together, he likewise visited Parma and Modena to examine the masterpieces of Correggio, with which those cities abounded; and some of the Spaniard's subsequent works, those in the chapel of Sta. Maria Bianca, in the Church of the Incurables at Naples, were considered by the critics as admirable imitations of the soft Correggiesque style.

Finding Rome overstocked with artists and having had a quarrel with Domenichino, which, perhaps, rendered it unpleasant for him to remain in the same city, he determined to remove to Naples. His purse at this time was so low that he was obliged to leave his cloak in pawn at his inn in order to clear his score or to obtain money for the journey. It was probably in the southern capital that he became the scholar of Caravaggio,

a ruffianly painter of ruffians, who had fled thither to escape punishment for a homicide which he had perpetrated at Rome. He cannot, however, have been very long benefited by the instruction or depraved by the example of this master, who spent the latter portion of his turbulent life at Malta, and escaped from deserved durance in that island only to die of a sunstroke in 1609. Fortune now began to smile upon him and threw him in the way of a rich picture-dealer, who gave him some employment, and was so charmed with his genius that he offered him his beautiful and well-dowered daughter in marriage. The Valencian, being no less proud than poor, at first resented the proposal as an unseasonable pleasantry upon his forlorn condition; but at last, finding that it was made in good faith, he took the good the gods provided, and at once stepped out of solitary indigence into the possession of a fair wife, a comfortable home, a present field of profitable labour, and a prospect of future opulence.

Ease and prosperity now rather stimulated than relaxed his exertions. Choosing for his subject the "Flaying of St. Bartholomew," he painted that horrible martyrdom, in a composition with figures of life-size, with a fidelity to nature so accurate and frightful that when exposed to the public in the street—perhaps at the door of the picture-dealer—it immediately attracted a crowd of shud-

dering gazers. The place of exhibition being within view of the royal palace, the eccentric Viceroy, Don Pedro Giron, Duke of Osuna, who chanced to be taking the air on his balcony, inquired the cause of the unusual concourse, and ordered the picture and the artist to be brought into his presence. Being well pleased with both, he bought the one for his own gallery and appointed the other his Court painter, with a monthly salary of sixty doubloons, and the superintendence of all decorations in the palace.

The Neapolitans were equally astonished and chagrined at the promotion of their Spagnoletto, and began to stand in awe of his well-known arrogance and malice, which they had formerly derided or resented. Looking upon him as the possessor of the Viceroy's ear, they immediately began to ply him with gifts and adulation. He was soon at the head of a faction of painters, that endeavoured, by intrigue and violence, and for a while with signal success, to command a monopoly of public favour. Amongst these, Belisario Corenzio, by birth a Greek and a scholar of the Cavaliere d'Arpino, was pre-eminent in audacity and address. His impudent deprecations of a Madonna, painted by Annibale Caracci for a new church of the Jesuits, induced those tasteless fathers to transfer a large commission for pictures from that artist to himself; and his persecutions finally drove the great Bolognese from Naples, and caused him to

undertake the fatal journey to Rome in the dog-days, which ended in his death. By fawning on Ribera and by giving him sumptuous dinners, he obtained the place of painter to the Viceroy, an honour which he might have honourably attained by means of his pencil. Gianbattista Caracciolo, a native Neapolitan and a tolerable imitator of the style of Annibale Caracci, relying on his favour with the nobility, at first withstood the Valencian and Greek usurpers, but, finding himself overborne by their superior interest, at length consented to join their villanies.

The conspiracy of these three miscreants to get themselves employed to paint the great chapel of St. Januarius is one of the most curious and disgraceful passages in the history of Italian art. Like warring priests, they conceived that a pious end justified the use of the basest means. They hesitated not at fraud, violence, or murder in order to obtain an occasion of preaching, by the silent eloquence of the pencil, the truths and the charities of the Christian faith. The chapel is that sumptuous portion of the cathedral of Naples known as the Treasury, rich in marble and gold, and, in the opinion of the faithful, yet richer in its two celebrated flasks of the congealed blood of St. Januarius. The commissioners to whom the selection of the artists was left seem to have been men of some taste, but still greater timidity. They first en-

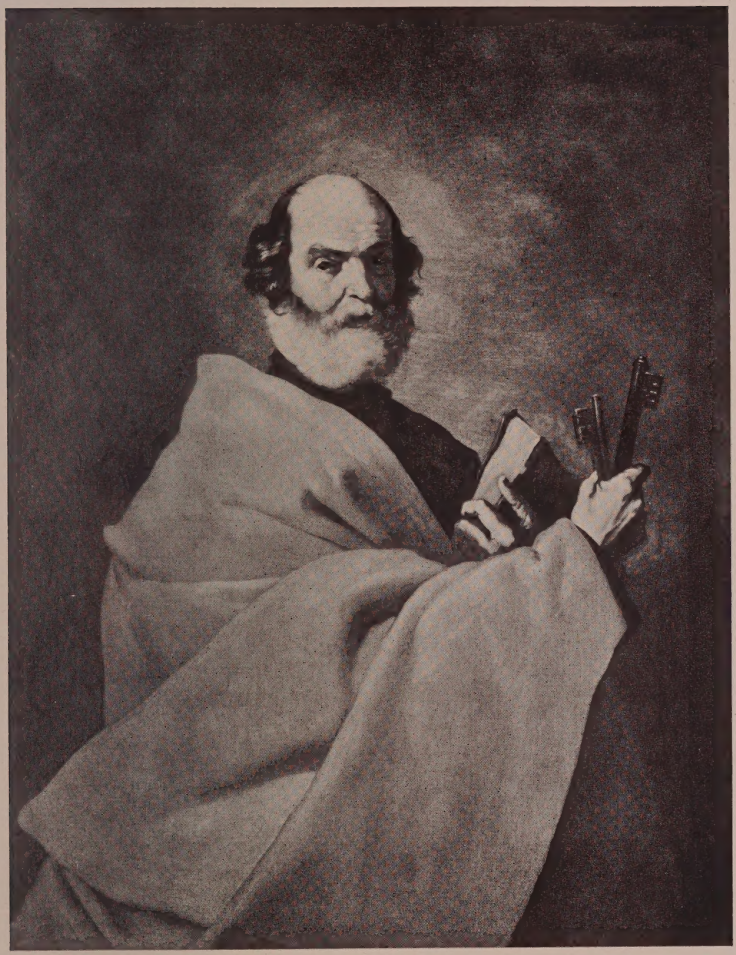
trusted the task to the Cavaliere d'Arpino, then at work at the Certosa of Naples. Him Ribera and his crew immediately assailed with all kinds of persecution, and at last drove him to take shelter with the Benedictines of Monte Cassino. Guido was next chosen. His servant was, soon after, soundly thrashed by two hired bravos, and ordered to tell his master that the same treatment was in store for himself if he laid a brush upon the walls of St. Januarius; a hint which drove him also from the city. The dangerous honour was then accepted by Gessi, an able scholar of Guido. He arrived at Naples with two assistants, named Ruggieri and Menini, who were soon afterwards inveigled on board a galley in the bay and were never more heard of. The commissioners now gave in; they allotted the frescoes of the chapel to the Greek and Neapolitan ruffians, Corenzio and Caracciolo, and the altar-pieces to the Spaniard, who actually commenced their labours. But, either because they had discovered the guilt of these wretches, or because they repented of the choice from motives of taste, or from mere caprice, the commissioners again changed their minds, and, with a levity worthy of their former pusillanimity, ordered the faction to desist and to make way for Domenichino. Foreseeing the danger to which he would be exposed, his employers offered him a handsome remuneration, and they obtained from the Viceroy

an idle menace against any one who should molest him. The triumvirate, enraged at their discomfiture, were now more inveterate and more active than ever. No sooner had the unfortunate Domenichino taken possession of the field than they commenced their offensive operations. They harassed him with anonymous letters full of dark hints and threats; they slandered his character; they bribed the plasterers to mix ashes with the mortar on which his frescoes were to be painted. Ribera persuaded the Viceroy to order certain pictures of the poor artist, and treacherously carried them off before his slow and fastidious hand had brought them to perfection, or retouched and ruined them before they met the great man's eye. Growing desperate, the victim, who was now somewhat old and corpulent, retired from the contest and nearly killed himself by a gallop to Rome; but in an evil hour, being persuaded to return, he resumed his labours and his miseries, and soon after died of a broken heart, not without suspicion of poison, in 1641. It is a satisfaction to know that the conspirators did not, after all, gain possession of the chapel, for which they had fought with so much wicked energy. The Neapolitan died in the same year as Domenichino; the Greek, already an old man, two years later. The Valencian painted only a single altar-piece, a grand composition, on a subject well suited to his gloomy genius, and representing

St. Januarius led by the tormentors to the furnace, whence he came out unscathed, like a second Daniel, at Nola, in the days of Diocletian. Lanfranco executed the fine frescoes of the dome and finished the chapel; and thus an artist, who, although a friend, does not seem to have been an accomplice of the faction, reaped the chief benefit of its crime.

The Neapolitans, who hated Ribera for his country and for his arrogance with true Italian hatred, have a tradition which brings his story to a close with somewhat of poetical justice. When Don Juan of Austria came to Naples in 1648, they say that the Valencian entertained him at an ostentatious musical party, and that he became enamoured of Maria Rosa, the painter's eldest daughter, who was remarkable for her beauty and grace. Dancing with her at balls and visiting her under pretence of admiring her father's pictures, the prince sighed and the maiden yielded; he carried her to Sicily, and when his passion was cloyed, he placed her in a convent at Palermo. Stung with shame, the father sank into profound melancholy; he retired to a house at Posilipo, where he and his wife spent the time in conjugal strife and recrimination on the subject of their disaster; and, finally, he forsook his family and disappeared from Naples, leaving his end a mystery.

The story is treated as a mere fable by Cean



Ribera *Photo. Anderson*

ST. PETER
(Prado)

Bermudez, who, departing from his usual candour, is silent as to the misdeeds of his countryman. According to him, the life of the Valencian at Naples glided on in an uninterrupted flow of prosperity. The unknown adventurer, who had stolen into the city without a cloak to his back or a real in his pocket, occupied sumptuous apartments in the Viceregal palace; he maintained a large retinue of liveried lackeys; and his wife took the air in her coach with a waiting gentleman to attend upon her, like the proudest dame that glittered in the Strada di Toledo. Six hours each morning he devoted to the labours of the pencil; the rest of the day was given to the pleasures of life, to visiting or receiving the best company of Naples. Whatever were his quarrels with Italian artists, he was always on excellent terms with the Spanish Viceroys. Each successor of Osuna—Alba, the art-loving Monterey, Arcos, sumptuous Medina de las Torres, stern Oñate—was, in turn, his friend and munificent patron. In 1630 the Roman Academy of St. Luke enrolled him amongst its members. In 1644 Innocent X sent the cross of the Order of Christ to the perpetrator or instigator of crimes which merited the galleys. And in 1656 he died at Naples, in the enjoyment of riches, honours, and fame.

Ribera seems to have been a man of considerable social talent, lively in conversation, and deal-

ing in playful wit and amusing sarcasm. His Neapolitan biographer relates that two Spanish officers, visiting at his house one day, entered upon a serious discussion upon alchemy. The host, finding their talk somewhat tedious, gravely informed them that he himself happened to be in possession of the philosopher's stone, and that they might, if they pleased, see his way of using it next morning at his studio. The military adepts were punctual at the appointment, and found their friend at work, not in a mysterious laboratory, but at his easel on a half-length picture of St. Jerome. Entreating them to restrain their eagerness, he painted steadily on, finished his picture, sent it out by his servant, and received a small rouleau in return. This he broke open in the presence of his visitors, and throwing ten golden doubloons on the table, said, "Learn of me how gold is to be made; I do it by painting, you by serving His Majesty: diligence in business is the true alchemy." The officers departed somewhat crestfallen, neither relishing the jest nor reaping much benefit from the enunciation of a precept which, doubtless, had ever been the rule of their predatory practice at Naples.

Although the Spagnoletto was diminutive in stature — whence his popular appellation — he possessed considerable personal advantages; his complexion was dark, his features well-formed

and pleasing, and his air and presence befitted the great name which he bore. His portrait—tolerably engraved by Alegre, in which he has depicted himself with flowing cavalier-like locks, and holding in his hand a sketch of a grotesque head—is widely known by prints. The name of his rich wife was Leonora Cortese, or Cortes; she loved to display her charms and her finery at the gala and the revel; and she bore her husband five children, two of whom died in infancy. Their son, Antonio, lived the easy life of a private gentleman, in the enjoyment of his father's gains; their two daughters, Maria Rosa and Annicca, were both remarkable for their beauty, and the latter became the wife of Don Tommaso Manzano, who held an appointment in the War Office. Ribera did not remain contented all his life with his apartments in the viceregal palace; and his last house was a spacious and sumptuous mansion in front of the Church of St. Francis Xavier, and at the corner of the Strada di Nardo, which afterwards became the residence of his fortunate scholar, Luca Giordano. Of the disciples of the Valencian, none more successfully imitated his style than Giovanni Dó, whose works were frequently confounded with his; and Aniello Falcone, the battle-painter, and the great Salvator Rosa himself, likewise received instruction in his school.

Few Italian artists are better known in Italy than Ribera. At Naples no new church with any

pretensions to splendour, no convent with any character for taste, was thought complete without some of his gloomy studies. The Jesuits employed him largely in their stately temples dedicated to Jesus and St. Francis Xavier; for the Carthusians he painted a celebrated "Descent from the Cross"; noble votaries of St. Januarius adorned their palaces with his pictures of that holy and incombustible being; and his scraggy, sackcloth-girt St. Jeromes and red-eyed St. Peters were scattered over the whole wilderness of Neapolitan shrines. In Spain he was held in almost equal honour, and his works were more widely diffused than those of Velasquez himself. Philip IV being one of his most constant patrons, his works abounded at the Escorial and the Alcazar, and were also fashionable in the churches and convents of Madrid. The nuns of Sta. Isabel hung over their high altar one of his Virgins of the Conception, in which they caused Claudio Coello to re-paint the head, because they had heard the scandal about Don Juan of Austria, and believed their Immaculate Lady to be a portrait of the peccant Maria Rosa. Salamanca possessed a number of his pictures in the fine nunnery built out of the spoils of provinces by Monterey, for whom they were painted. Specimens of his pencil were likewise to be found at Vittoria and Granada, Cordova, Valladolid and Zaragoza.

His ordinary style is familiar to all Europe.

At St. Petersburg, as well as at Madrid, it is proverbial how

"Spagnoletto tainted
His brush with all the blood of all the sainted."

No Van Huysum ever lingered over the dewy breast of a rose or the downy wing of a tiger-moth, no Vanderwerf ever dwelt on the ivory limbs of Ariadne, with more fondness than was displayed by Ribera in elaborating the wrinkles of St. Anthony the Hermit, or the blood-stained bosom of the martyr Sebastian, bristling with the shafts of Diocletian's archers. His strength lay in the delineation of anatomy, his pleasure in seizing the exact expression of the most hideous pain. "St. Bartholomew Flayed Alive," now in the Prado Gallery,[1] is a masterpiece of horror, too frightful to be remembered without a shudder. Of "Ixion on the Wheel," in the Royal Gallery of Madrid,[2] the tale is told, that being bought for a large price by Burgomaster Uffel of Amsterdam, it so wrought on the imagination of his good dame in her pregnancy, that she brought forth a babe with hands incurably clenched, like those of Juno's lover in the picture. The shocked parents immediately got rid of their Ixion; it was carried back to Italy, and, in time, found its way to the royal collection in Spain.[3] It is a curious example of the perversity of the human mind, that sub-

[1] No. 991. [2] No. 1005.
[3] Palomino, vol. iii. p. 464. No. 1005.

jects like these should have been the chosen recreations of an eye that opened in infancy on the palms and the fair women of Valencia, and rested for half a lifetime on the splendours of the Bay of Naples. The jealous, implacable Spaniard was indeed cursed with the evil eye, seeing frightful visions in the midst of sunshine and beauty—

"Omnia suffuscans mortis nigrore."

He did not, however, always paint in this savage and revolting style. At the Escorial there is a large picture by him of Jacob watering the flock of Laban, in which the figure of the Shepherd-patriarch is remarkable for its dignity and grace. The Cathedral of Valencia has an "Adoration of the Shepherds," a subject which he often painted, wherein the dark-eyed mother of God is a model of calm and stately beauty.[1] But perhaps the picture which best displays the vigour of his pencil is that of "Jacob's Dream" in the Prado Gallery.[2] The composition consists of nothing more than a way-worn monk, in his brown frock, lying asleep beneath a stump of a tree with his head pillowed on a stone; whilst the phantom-ladder and a few angel shapes are dimly indicated afar off in the clouds, merely to give a name to the picture. The deep slumber of weariness was never more exactly represented; you pause instinctively in approaching the sleeper, and tread

[1] Now in the Louvre, No. 1721. [2] No. 912.

Ribera *Photo. Anderson*

ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST IN THE DESERT

Madrid)

softly; you think you see his bosom heave, and hear his measured respiration.

Ribera painted portraits in a style which few artists have excelled. In the National Museum at Madrid there is a full-length picture of the Duke of Modena, doubtless the friend and sitter of Velasquez—a handsome, olive-complexioned prince, in a suit of black velvet and an ample black cloak; and a half-length of a military commander, in a buff coat, and with spectacles of the most modish magnitude on his nose; both ascribed to his pencil, and executed with a force and spirit which is worthy of the great master of Castile, and renders his atrabilious jealousy of other artists quite unaccountable and inexcusable. His sketches, executed with the pen or with red chalk, were finished with great care, and highly esteemed by collectors. He etched twenty-six plates, from his own pictures or designs, with much neatness. Of this series Cean Bermudez esteemed "Silenus with Satyrs and Bacchantes" as the best and rarest; and there is also a spirited portrait of Don Juan of Austria on horseback, with a view of Naples in the background, signed "Jusepe de Rivera, f. 1648," in which the head was afterwards changed by another hand to that of the bastard's half-brother Charles II, and the date to 1670. Several of these etchings bear the painter's monogram.

CHAPTER XI

ZURBARAN

(1598–1662)

WHILST Andalusia, fertile in genius, furnished a great chief to the school of Castile, the principal cities of the province still possessed some of the ablest painters that ever shed a lustre upon Spanish art.

Francisco de Zurbaran was born at Fuente de Cantos, a small town of Estremadura, situated amongst the hills of the Sierra which divides that province from Andalusia, and was baptized there on the 7th of November 1598. His first instructions in art were drawn, says Palomino,[1] from some forgotten painter of that secluded district, who had perhaps been the scholar of Morales during that great master's sojourn at the neighbouring town of Frexenal. The elder Zurbaran had intended to bring up his son to his calling of husbandry, but, observing his abilities and inclination for painting, he released him from the plough and sent him to the school of the licentiate Juan de Roelas at Seville. There his talents and his application being equally extraordinary

[1] Palomino, vol. iii. p. 527.

soon gained him considerable reputation. Like Velasquez, he early formed the resolution that everything which he placed on his canvas should be copied directly from nature, and he would not paint even a piece of drapery without having it before him on the lay figure. As in the case of Velasquez, the effects of this patient diligence were soon observed in his works, and his delineations of men and things were faithful and forcible facsimiles of their faces and forms. In the management of his lights and shadows he loved breadth and strong contrast; he appears to have imitated the style of Caravaggio, to whom many of his works might be readily attributed; and, on account of this resemblance, he has been called the Caravaggio of Spain.

In 1625 he painted for the cathedral a series of excellent pictures on the life of the Apostle Peter, a gift to the dim unworthy chapel of that saint from the Marquess of Malagon. The centre-pieces in the retablo represent the first bearer of the keys sitting in pontifical vestments, and his deliverance from prison by the angel; and these are flanked by other passages of his history, such as his want of faith in walking the water, and the vision of unclean beasts let down in the mysterious sheet. About the same time he also executed the grand allegorical picture known as St. Thomas Aquinas, as an altar-piece for the college of that saint, justly esteemed his

finest work, and one of the highest achievements of the Spanish pencil. It now hangs over what was once the high altar of the Friars of Mercy, in the Museum of Seville. The picture is divided into three parts, and the figures are somewhat larger than life. Aloft, in the opening heaven, appear the Blessed Trinity, the Virgin, St. Paul, and St. Dominic, and the angelic doctor St. Thomas Aquinas ascending to join their glorious company; lower down, in middle air, sit the four doctors of the Church, grand and venerable figures, on cloudy thrones; and on the ground kneel, on the right hand, the Archbishop Diego de Deza, founder of the college, and on the left the Emperor Charles V, attended by a train of ecclesiastics. The head of St. Thomas is said to be a portrait of Don Agustin Abreu Nuñez de Escobar, prebendary of Seville, and from the close adherence to Titian's pictures, observable in the grave countenance of the imperial adorer, it is reasonable to suppose that in the other historical personages the likeness has been preserved wherever it was practicable. The dark mild face immediately behind Charles is traditionally held to be the portrait of Zurbaran himself. In spite of its blemishes as a composition—which are, perhaps, chargeable less against the painter than against his Dominican patrons of the college—and in spite of a certain harshness of outline, this picture is one of the grandest of altar-pieces.

Zurbaran *Photo. Anderson*

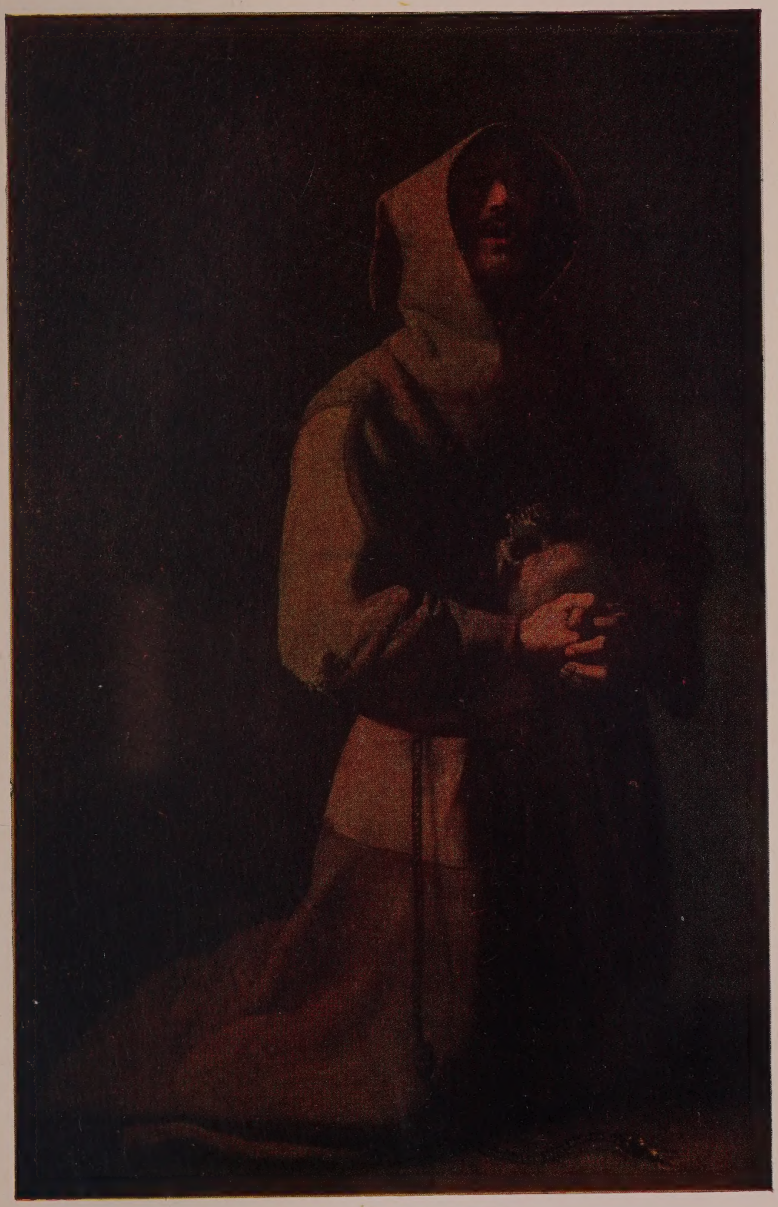
CORONATION OF ST. JOSEPH

(Seville)

The colouring throughout is rich and effective and worthy the school of Roelas; the heads are all of them admirable studies; the draperies of the doctors and ecclesiastics are magnificent in breadth and amplitude of fold; the imperial mantle is painted with Venetian splendour; and the street-view, receding in the centre of the canvas, is admirable for its atmospheric depth and distance.

Zurbaran was afterwards called to the great monastery of Guadalupe, to paint for the Jerony-mite friars eleven pictures on the life of the holy doctor, their patron saint, and two altar-pieces representing St. Ildefonso and St. Nicolas Bari, which he executed with brilliancy and success. Returning to Seville, he was employed at the Chartreuse of Santa Maria de las Cuevas, one of the fairest mansions of St. Bruno, notable as having held for a while the bones of Columbus, rich in Gothic and plateresque architecture, in sumptuous tombs, plate and jewels, carvings, books and pictures, and celebrated by Navagiero a century before for its groves of orange and lemon-trees, on the banks of the Guadalquivir. For these well-lodged Carthusians he painted the three remarkable works now in the Museum at Seville, representing St. Bruno conversing with Pope Urban II; St. Hugo visiting a refectory, where the monks were unlawfully dining upon flesh-meat; and the Virgin extending her mantle

over a company of Carthusian worthies. In the first of these pictures the Pontiff, in a velvet robe, and the recluse, in white with a black cloak, sit opposite to each other, with a table between them covered with books; their heads are full of dignity, and all the accessories finely coloured. In the third, the strangeness of the subject detracts from the pleasure afforded by the excellence of the painting. The second is the best of the three, and is curious as a scene of the old monastic life of Spain, whence the cowled friar has passed away like the mailed knight. At a table, spread with what seems a frugal meal, sit seven Carthusians in white, some of them with their high-peaked hoods drawn over their heads; the aged Bishop Hugo, in purple vestments and attended by a page, stands in the foreground; over the heads of the monks there hangs a picture of the Virgin; and an open door affords a glimpse of a distant church. These venerable friars seem portraits; each differs in feature from the other, yet all bear the impress of long years of solitary and silent penance; their white draperies chill the eye, as their cold hopeless faces chill the heart; and the whole scene is brought before us with a vivid fidelity, which shows that Zurbaran studied the Carthusian in his native cloisters, with the like close and fruitful attention that Velasquez bestowed on the courtier, strutting it in the corridors of the Alcazar or the alleys of



A MONK AT PRAYER

(From the painting by Zurbaran in the National Gallery)

Aranjuez. He likewise painted, for the shod and barefooted friars of the Order of Mercy, a number of pictures on the life of San Pedro Nolasco, and other subjects; a variety of works for the Capuchins, Trinitarians, and the parish churches of San Roman, San Estéban, and San Buenaventura; and for the church of San Pablo a Crucifixion, signed "*Franciscus de Zurbarian*, f. 1627," and highly extolled for the relief and roundness of the figure, which rivalled the effect of carving.[1]

Before Zurbaran reached the age of thirty-five he was appointed painter to the King. The exact time of his promotion, the works or the interest by which he obtained it, and the date of his first visit to Madrid remain unknown. But the great number of his works in Andalusia, and their rare occurrence in the capital and in Castile, prove that his life was principally spent in his native province. In 1633 he finished a series of pictures of the life of our Lord, and of the Evangelists and other Saints for the high altar of the fine Chartreuse of Xeres de la Frontera, of which the vast decaying cloister may still be seen on the sherry-growing banks of the Guadalete. One of these pictures bore his signature, in which he wrote himself painter to the King.

He was called to court, says Palomino,[2] in 1650 by Velasquez, at the desire of Philip IV,

[1] All now in the Seville Museum.
[2] Palomino, vol. iii. p. 528.

who employed him to execute for a saloon at Buenretiro ten works, representing the labours of Hercules, now in the Queen of Spain's gallery. The King, according to his favourite custom, used to visit him whilst engaged on these pictures, and on one occasion expressed his admiration of his powers by laying his hand on his shoulder and calling him "painter of the King, and king of the painters." Diaz de Valle mentions that he conversed with him at Madrid in 1662, and Palomino asserts that his death took place there in that year. By his wife, Doña Leonor de Jordera, whom he married in early life at Seville, he left several children, and to one of their daughters the chapter of that city granted, in 1657, the life-rent of a house in the Calle de Abades. In proof of the esteem in which the painter was held at Seville, Palomino relates that, having retired to his native town of Fuente de Cantos, he was followed thither by a deputation from the corporation of the city, entreating, not in vain, his return—a story which Cean Bermudez considers doubtful and not very probable.

Zurbaran was one of the most diligent of painters, and his works have found their way into most of the great galleries of Europe. The legends of the Carthusians and monks of the Order of Mercy were his staple subjects, and as he was called upon to execute them in large quantities to clothe the vast walls of convents,

they are often very coarsely and carelessly painted. The pictures in the Museum at Seville, already noticed, are, without doubt, his finest works. In that city the spacious church, also, of the Hospital del Sangre possesses eight small pictures by him, each representing a sainted woman. Of these, Sta. Matilda, in a crimson robe, embroidered with gold and pearls, Sta. Dorotea, in lilac, and Sta. Ines, in purple, carrying a lamb in her arms, are the best, and they seem memorials of some of the reigning beauties of Seville. The cathedral of Cadiz has a fine specimen of Zurbaran's larger works in the "Adoration of the Kings," a grand picture, rich in gorgeous draperies, which hangs on the south side of the great door, and perhaps came from the Chartreuse of Xeres. Besides his labours of Hercules, the Royal Gallery at Madrid contains two well-painted passages from the life of his favourite San Pedro Nolasco, and a delightful picture of the Infant Jesus lying asleep on a cross, and wrapped in royal purple,[1] a subject frequently painted by Guido and Murillo, but never with more delicacy and grace. Of his gloomy monastic studies, that in the National Gallery of a kneeling Franciscan holding a skull is one of the ablest[2]; the face, dimly seen beneath the brown hood, is turned to heaven; no trace of earthly expression is left on its pale features, but the wild eyes seem fixed on

[1] Nos. 1120, 1121, 1133. [2] No. 230.

some dismal vision, and a single glance at the canvas imprints the figure on the memory for ever. Unrivalled in such subjects of dark fanaticism, he could also do ample justice to the purest and most lovely of sacred themes. His Virgin, with the Infant Saviour and his playmate St. John, signed *Fran. de Zurbaran*, 1653, in the Duke of Sutherland's gallery at Stafford House, is one of the most delicious creations of the Spanish pencil. By the mellow splendour of its colouring, the eye is "won as it wanders" over those sumptuous walls, gemmed with the works of far greater renown. The head of the Virgin unites much of the soft ideal grace of Guido's Madonnas, with the warm life that glows and mantles in the cheek of Titian's Violante, and her hair is of that rich chestnut brown, Rosalind's colour, so beautiful and so rare both in nature and in art. The children recall the graceful cherubs of Correggio; the goldfinch in the hand of the Baptist seems to live and flutter, and the dish of apples might have been newly gathered from the canvas of Van Heem, or from the orchards of the Guadalvin or the Severn.

Zurbaran undoubtedly stands in the front rank of Spanish painters. He painted heads with admirable skill, but he had not that wonderful power, which belonged to Velasquez, of producing an exact facsimile of a group of figures at various distances; none of his large compositions equal

Zurbaran *Photo. Anderson*

MIRACLE OF ST. HUGH

(Seville)

the "Meniñas" in airy ease and truth of effect, nor have his figures the rounded and undefined, yet truly lifelike, outlines which charm in the works of Murillo. But in colouring he is not inferior to these great masters; and his tints, although always sober and subdued, have sometimes much of the brilliancy and depth of Rembrandt's style, as is the case in his excellent small picture of "Judith and her Handmaid," in the collection of the Earl of Clarendon. He is the peculiar painter of monks, as Raphael is of Madonnas and Ribera of martyrdoms; he studied the Spanish friar, and painted him with as high a relish as Titian painted the Venetian noble and Vandyck the gentleman of England. His Virgins are rare and in general not very pleasing, but he frequently painted female saints, apparently preserving in their persons the portraits of beauties of the day, for the rouge of good society may often be detected on their cheeks. In the delineation of animals he was likewise successful, and Palomino[1] mentions with approbation his pictures of an enraged dog, from which chance observers used to run away, and of a yearling lamb, deemed by the possessor of more value than a hecatomb of full-grown sheep.

[1] Palomino, vol. iii. p. 528.

CHAPTER XII

ALONSO CANO

(1601–1667)

Alonso Cano was the last of the great artists of Spain who followed the practice of Berreguete and obtained distinction in the three arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture. He was born, on the 19th of March 1601, in the city of Granada, and was baptized in the parish church of San Ildefonso. His parents were Miguel Cano, a native of Almodovar del Campo, and Maria de Almansa, a native of Villarobledo, in the province of La Mancha, both of gentle blood. Miguel Cano, being a carver of retablos, brought his son up to his own calling; and the talents of the lad having attracted the notice of Juan de Castillo, that master recommended the removal of the family to Seville, for the sake of the better instruction which that city afforded. This advice being followed, Alonso was placed in the school of the painter Pacheco,[1] from which he was, eight months afterwards, removed to that of Castillo himself. He is also said to have partaken of the rough training of the elder Herrera. In sculpture he became the disciple of Martinez

[1] Palomino, vol. iii. p. 575.

Montañes; and the classical dignity of his style led Cean Bermudez to conjecture that he must have bestowed much careful study on the antique marbles which then graced the galleries and gardens of the Duke of Alcala's palace.

Amongst the earliest known works of Cano were three retablos, designed, carved, and painted by him, for the college of San Alberto, and two for the conventual church of Sta. Paula, the pictures and statues of which, in the opinion of Cean Bermudez, surpassed the works of his instructors. Pacheco and Zurbaran were employed at the same time with him in the college; but his productions were so esteemed that the Provincial of the order of Mercy invited him to execute a series of paintings for the cloister of the convent under that rule, a task which, however, he declined from diffidence, says Palomino, of his own powers, but, more probably, because he was dissatisfied with the pay proposed by the friars.

In 1628 Miguel Cano was engaged to erect a new high altar in the parish church of Lebrija, a small town with a ruined Moorish castle and a tall Moorish belfry, which tower above the olive-covered slopes that skirt the southern marshes of the Guadalquivir. The year following he presented his plan, estimated to cost 3000 ducats, which was approved by the authorities, and the work was begun. But, the artist dying in 1630, the execution of the design fell upon his son

Alonso, who completed it in 1636, and was paid 250 ducats over and above the stipulated price. The painting and gilding and the indifferent pictures were executed by Pablo Legote at the price of 35,373 reals. This altar-piece still maintains its place in the huge Greco-Romano church of Lebrija; it seems to have undergone neither alteration nor repair since the original artists removed their tools and scaffolding from the chapel, but stands, with its wealth of tarnished gilding, a monument of the sumptuous devotion of a former age. It consists of two storeys, supported on four spirally-fluted columns, rich with cornices elaborately carved. Four pieces of sculpture display the genius of Alonso Cano—a Crucifixion, which crowns the edifice; a pair of colossal statues of St. Peter and St. Paul, in the second storey; and a lovely image of the Blessed Virgin, enshrined in a curtained niche over the slab of the altar. These carvings were long famous in Andalusia, and Palomino asserts that artists have been known to come from Flanders in order to copy them for Flemish churches.[1] Although hardly of sufficient importance as works of art to repay a journey from the Scheldt to the Guadalquivir, they are executed with skill and spirit; the crucifix and the Apostles are not inferior to works of Montañés; and the head of the Madonna, with its deep blue eyes and mild, melancholy grace, is

[1] Palomino, vol. iii. p. 576.

one of the most beautiful pieces of the coloured carving of Spain.

Amongst the convents of Seville, in which Cano was largely employed, was that of the Carthusians, whose refectory he adorned with eight pictures, representing Adam and Eve driven from Paradise, Joseph escaping from Potiphar's wife, and other biblical subjects; their sacristy with a fine copy of a Madonna, Christ, and St. John, by Raphael; and their church with other works. For the church of Monte Sion he executed a large picture of Purgatory; for the nuns of the Immaculate Conception, which adorned the portal of their chapel, and for the nuns of St. Anne, a figure, carved in wood, of the beloved Evangelist.

His versatile genius soon obtained for him the first place amongst the artists of Seville, a position which his somewhat arrogant temper disposed him to maintain at all risks against all comers. In 1637 a quarrel, on some forgotten subject of dispute, produced a duel between him and Sebastian de Llanos y Valdés, a painter of amiable character and considerable talent, in which Cano, who was an expert swordsman, severely wounded his adversary. Evading the arm of the law, he escaped to Madrid, where he renewed his acquaintance with his fellow-scholar Velasquez, and by the kindness of that generous friend obtained the protection and the favour of Olivarez. In 1639 the minister appointed

him to superintend certain works in the royal palaces.

He was likewise engaged in painting various pictures for the churches and convents, amongst which some of the best were an altar-piece in the church of Santiago, representing an angel showing a flask of water to St. Francis, as a symbol of the purity requisite to the priestly office; and pictures of the Patriarch Joseph and our Lord at Calvary, in the church of San Gines. The latter of these pictures still hangs in its original chapel, on the epistle side of the church; it is a work of great brilliancy and power, and it commemorates a scene in the Passion which the pencil has not very commonly approached. Seated on a stone, with his hands bound, the Saviour awaits the completion of the cross with holy resignation; his figure and noble countenance contrast strikingly with the brawny ruffian who hews the timber at his side; and, further off, the Virgin and her weeping company are dimly seen in the shadow of the descending darkness. For the church of Sta. Maria he also painted a large picture of "St. Isidoro Miraculously Rescuing a drowning Child from a Well." The praises bestowed upon this work by the painter Mayno having excited the curiosity of Philip IV, that royal amateur proceeded to the church to judge of the powers of Cano, under pretext of adoring Our Lady of the Granary, a celebrated brown

image carved by Nicodemus, coloured by St. Luke, and brought to Spain by the blessed St. James. The abilities of the artist were soon rewarded with the place of painter to the King; and he was also appointed drawing-master to the Infant Don Balthazar Carlos, who, like the Scottish Solomon under George Buchanan, found him altogether wanting in the deference which usually belongs to the preceptor of a prince, and was wont to complain to the King of his asperities. In 1643 he was an unsuccessful candidate for the office of Master of the Works to the Chapter of Toledo, which was conferred, on the 13th of August, on Felipe Lazaro de Goiti. He was employed, however, soon after to paint the monument for the Holy Week in the conventual church of San Gil at Madrid.

The year 1644 was marked in the history of Cano by a tragical event, which embittered his life, checked the prosperous course of his labours, and fixed upon his character a charge, which it is now impossible either to substantiate or clear away. Returning home on the night of the 10th of June, he found, according to his own version of the story, his wife lying on her bed, a bleeding corpse, pierced with fifteen wounds, apparently inflicted by a small knife, and grasping a lock of hair, indicative of a desperate struggle. Her jewels were missing from the house; and an Italian servant, whom Cano used as a model, having like-

wise disappeared, the murder and robbery was at once attributed to him. But, in the hands of the lawyers, the case assumed a new aspect. It was proved that Cano had been jealous of this man, that he had lived upon bad terms with the deceased, and that he was notoriously engaged in an intrigue with another woman. Alarmed for his safety, the suspected artist fled from Madrid, and, causing it to be reported that he had taken the road to Portugal, sought refuge first in a Franciscan convent of the city of Valencia, and then in the Chartreuse of Portacœli, a monastery situated amongst the woodlands of the neighbouring Sierra. There he painted pictures of Our Lord bearing his cross, of the Crucifixion, and of a holy woman named Inez de Moncada, who dwelt in those solitudes; and he remained for some time exercising his pencil on various subjects, for the embellishment of the sheltering cloister, until he deemed it safe to venture back to the capital. Although received into the house of his friend, Don Rafael Sanguineto, the eye of the law was still upon him, and he fell into the grip of the alguazils; who, according to the barbarous usage of the time, sought to wring from his own lips by means of torture evidence sufficient to convict him. Under this infliction, pleading excellence in art—a plea in certain cases admitted by the law—he claimed exemption for his right hand from the ligatures, a boon con-

ceded, says Palomino, by the order of the King;[1] and having passed through the ordeal without uttering a cry, he was set at liberty with a character judicially spotless. From the scanty records of this transaction which remain to us, it is impossible to decide whether Alonso Cano was a brave man fallen on evil days and evil tongues, or a remorseless villain saved from an assassin's death by the iron strength of his nerves. The suspicion against him must have been very strong, otherwise his friend Velasquez would probably have interfered on his behalf. On the other hand, the Regidor Sanguineto must have believed him innocent, otherwise he would not have afforded him the shelter of his roof. It is also fair to give Cano's character the benefit of the doubts which are suggested by the contradictory nature of the evidence. Palomino asserts that he fled to Valencia to escape apprehension, but an old document, cited by Pellicer y Tovar, makes it appear that he was put to the question within a few days after the murder. Both these authorities agree in making Madrid the scene of the tragedy, whereas Bosarte relates that they still show at Valladolid the house wherein it was enacted.

The calamitous episode in Cano's life does not appear to have inflicted any very permanent injury on his reputation or on his subsequent fortunes. The black charge brought against him cannot

[1] Palomino, vol. iii. p. 579.

have obtained much general credit, since his patrons of the Church and the Court continued to employ and caress him. He retained his place about the Prince of Asturias, and his habits of plain-spoken censure of the Infant's youthful scrawlings. In 1647 the Brotherhood of Our Lady of Sorrows appointed him their *mayor-domo* or chamberlain; and in the same year he was fined in that capacity 100 ducats for absenting himself from a procession: a fine which gave rise to a lawsuit of fifty years' duration, in which the painters and goldsmiths of the guild seemed to have maintained that the burden of the solemnity ought to fall upon the alguazils of the Court. When Queen Mariana arrived in her new kingdom in 1648, he was architect of a great triumphal arch, a work of a novel and fantastic character, erected at the gate of Guadalajara, in honour of the royal bride's entry into the capital of the Spains. And in 1650 we find him at Toledo, called thither by the Chapter, for the purpose of inspecting and giving his opinion on the works in progress in the octagon chapel of the cathedral.

He soon afterwards determined to take priest's orders, and, leaving Madrid, he fixed his abode in his native city of Granada. The stall of a minor canon in the cathedral falling vacant, he suggested to his friends in the Chapter that it would be for the advantage of that body were an artist

appointed, and permitted to exchange the choral duties of the preferment for the superintendence of the architecture and decorations of the church, and, on these terms, obtained a recommendation in his own behalf to the Crown. Philip IV, always ready to befriend a good artist, at once conferred the benefice upon Cano, with the Nuncio's dispensation from certain of its duties, upon condition that he received ordination within a year. Part of the Chapter murmured at the choice, and even sent deputies to Madrid to petition against the induction of an unlearned layman into their reverend society; but the reasonings of these churchmen only drew forth from their master a reply, already recorded, less flattering to their order than to their new colleague.

Thus backed by royal favour, he took peaceable possession of his stall on the 20th of February 1652, and soon justified his election, and conciliated the canons, by the diligent exercise of his pencil and his chisel for the embellishment of the stately cathedral. A chamber on the first floor of the great bell-tower was assigned to him as his studio. For the high altar he sculptured an image of Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception, which was so highly esteemed that a Genoese gentleman several times offered to purchase it at the price of 4000 doubloons; of which offer, says Palomino, evidence was preserved in the archives. He designed and superintended the execution of

two silver lamps for the principal chapel, and of the elaborate lectern of the choir, formed of fine wood, bronze, and precious stones. The top of this lectern he also adorned with an exquisite carving of Our Lady of the Rosary, about eighteen inches high, which was so greatly prized that it was afterwards removed to the sacristy and kept amongst the reliques and rich jewels of the church. And for the sacristy he gave the plan of a new portal, and painted eleven pictures, nine of them representing passages from the life of the Blessed Virgin, and two the heads of Adam and Eve.

The cathedral did not, however, monopolise the time and genius of its artist-canon. He gave the design of a magnificent altar-piece, carved for the nuns of the Convent of the Angel by his disciple Pedro de Mena, and executed several of its statues with his own chisel; and he also painted for the same sisterhood a fine picture of our Lord parting with the Blessed Virgin in the Via Dolorosa. For the Capuchins of the Convent of San Diego, without the city walls, he painted many works; and he enriched the church of the Dominican nuns of Sta. Catalina with a series of half-length Apostles.

The Bishop of Malaga,[1] being engaged in im-

[1] Called by Palomino Fray Luis de Santo Tomas; but it may have been Bishop Antonio Henriquez, whose portrait by Cano long hung in the church of the Dominicans at Malaga.

proving his cathedral church, invited Cano to that city for the purpose of designing a new tabernacle for the high altar and new stalls for the choir. He had finished his plans very much to the prelate's satisfaction, when he was privately informed that the intendant of the works proposed to allow him a very trifling remuneration. "These drawings," said he, "are either to be given away for nothing or to fetch two thousand ducats"; and packing them up, he mounted his mule and took the road to Granada. The niggardly intendant, learning the cause of his departure, became alarmed, and sending after him, agreed to pay him his own price for the plans. During his stay at Malaga the city was visited by a dreadful inundation of the sea, of which Palomino tells a ridiculous story at the expense of the Bishop. The waters were rising rapidly. Whilst the clergy were assembled in the cathedral praying for their decrease the terrified prelate left his throne and took refuge in the organ, telling Cano, who ventured to ask why, that it was better to be crushed to death in the mighty instrument than to undergo the slower process of drowning. "My Lord," replied the canon, "if we are to perish like eggs it matters little whether we be poached or boiled"—a pleasant conceit,[1] which, uttered in such a conjuncture, says the historian, displayed

[1] The point of the speech lies in a pun which cannot be rendered in English. *See* Palomino, vol. iii. p. 582.

great magnanimity. The flood happily subsided, leaving the organ unshaken, and the Bishop in the enjoyment of his mitre and the canon of his jest.

On his return to Granada, Cano made sketches for a series of pictures on the life of St. Dominic, for the Dominican friars of the royal monastery of Sta. Cruz. Paintings from these designs were afterwards executed in the cloister by one Castillo, but they were in a very weather-beaten condition so early as the beginning of the last century; the original sketches of Cano were in the possession of Palomino. The canon was employed as a painter and sculptor, as well by private persons as by religious bodies. Of the former class of patrons was an auditor of the Royal Chancery, who ordered the canon to model for him a statue, about a yard in height, of St. Anthony of Padua, desiring him to put forth all his skill. The work being finished, he went to see it, and, after expressing his satisfaction, he carelessly asked the price. Cano demanded one hundred doubloons. Greatly astonished and after a long pause, the auditor next inquired how many days' labour it had cost. "Twenty-five," remarked Cano. "Then it appears," said the patron, "that you esteem your labour at four doubloons a day?" "You are but a bad accountant," retorted the artist, "for I have been fifty years learning to make such a statue as this in twenty-five days." "And I," rejoined the auditor, "have spent my youth and my patrimony

Alonso Cano *Photo. Hanfstaengl*

ST. AGNES

(Berlin)

on my university studies, and now, being auditor of Granada—a far nobler profession than yours—I earn each day a bare doubloon." The old lay leaven began to work in the canon, and he remembered the words of Philip IV: "Yours a nobler profession than mine!" cried he; "know that the King can make auditors of the dust of the earth, but that God reserves to Himself the creation of such as Alonso Cano!" And without waiting for further argument he laid hold of St. Anthony and dashed him to pieces on the floor, to the dismay of his devotee, who immediately fled, boiling with rage. To put such an affront upon a man in authority, says the sagacious Palomino, was highly imprudent, especially upon an auditor of Granada, who is a little god upon earth, and still more when the matter might have been brought before the Holy Office, where small allowance would be made for the natural irritability of an artist and for his sacristan-like irreverence, engendered by daily familiarity with saintly effigies.[1] The outraged functionary, however, took another sort of revenge. By his influence in the Chapter, Cano's stall was declared vacant, because he had not qualified himself to hold it by taking orders within the given time, a neglect of which his brethren had already frequently complained.

The deprived canon was therefore obliged to

[1] Palomino, vol. iii. p. 582.

repair to Madrid, where he appealed to the King, and alleged, as the cause of the delay, the pressure of work on which he was engaged for the cathedral. Philip, with his usual good nature, allowed his excuse, and obtained for him, from the Bishop of Salamanca, a chaplaincy, which entitled him to full orders, and from the Nuncio a dispensation from the duties of saying Mass. But the affair coming to the knowledge of Queen Mariana, she insisted that Cano, before the royal favour was exerted in his behalf, should execute for her a crucifix of life-size—bespoken long before, but hitherto neglected. The work being finished to her Majesty's satisfaction, she presented it to the Convent of Monserrate at Madrid; and the artist, returning to Granada, re-entered upon his benefice in triumph in 1659. But he never forgave the Chapter for the attempt to depose him, nor resumed his pencil or chisel in the service of the cathedral.

The remainder of his life was chiefly devoted to pious exercises and to works of charity. Poverty and wretchedness never appealed to him in vain, and his gains, as soon as won, were divided amongst widows and orphans. His purse was, therefore, often empty, and on these occasions, if he met a beggar in the street whose story touched him, he would go into the next shop, and, asking for pen and paper, sketch a head, a figure, or an architectural design, and give it as

his alms, with directions for finding a purchaser at a price which he affixed to it.[1] His benevolence of heart being equalled by his readiness of hand, these eleemosynary drawings were rapidly multiplied, and a large collection of them came into the possession of Palomino.

With that inconsistency which so often dims the glory of genius and the beauty of virtue, Cano, whose heart overflowed with the milk of human kindness towards his Christian brethren, poured forth nothing but gall and bitterness towards the Jew. No saint or soldier of the Middle Ages ever held the race of Israel in more holy abhorrence. In his walks through the narrow Moorish streets of Granada, if he met any poor Jew hawker in his *sanbenito*—the garb ordained by the Inquisition for the tribe—he crossed over the way or sheltered himself in the nearest porch, lest he should brush the misbeliever with the hem of his cassock or cloak and be defiled. If such an accident befell him he would immediately strip off the unlucky garment and send home for another. Sometimes, in cases of doubtful contact, he would appeal to his servant, when the rogue, says Palomino, was wont to reply that it was a mere touch which mattered nothing, well knowing that the unclean thing would be immediately thrown in his face. He was, however, subject to dismissal if he ever ventured to put on any part of

[1] Palomino, vol. iii. p. 584.

the condemned apparel. It happened one day that the canon, returning from his walk, found his housekeeper, who had but lately entered his service, higgling within his very house with one of the circumcised. He immediately raised a prodigious outcry, and hastened about in search of a stick or poker, whereat the Hebrew gathered up his wares and fled; and the housekeeper escaped a beating only by taking refuge in a neighbour's house, whence her master would not receive her back until he had assured himself that she had no Jewish kin or connections and until she had performed quarantine. He likewise purified his dwelling by repaving the spot which the Israelite had polluted with his feet, and the shoes in which he himself had followed his track swelled the spoil of his serving-man.

In the summer or autumn of 1667 he was attacked by his last illness, in his house in the Albaicin in the parish of Santiago. His finances were, at this time, very low; for the records of the Chapter contain two entries, of which the first, dated on the 11th of August, preserves a vote of 500 reals to "the canon Cano, being sick and very poor, and without means to pay the doctor"; and the second, dated the 19th of August, records a further grant of 200 reals, made at the suggestion of the archdeacon, to buy him "poultry and sweetmeats." The curate of that parish, coming to see him, begged to be informed whenever he desired

to confess or receive the sacrament, that he himself might attend him. To this friendly request the dying man replied by asking if he ever administered the sacrament to Jews condemned by the Inquisition? Finding that the clergyman was in the habit of performing that duty, he said, "Then Señor Licentiate, I must bid you farewell in God's name, for he who communicates with them shall never communicate with me;" and he obtained leave to be attended by the curate of the adjacent parish of San Andres. Like the Florentine Verrocchio two centuries and a half before, who could not die peaceably in the hospital at Venice without a crucifix carved by Donatello, Cano put aside the rudely sculptured cross which was placed in his hand by the priest. "My son," said the good man, somewhat shocked by the action, "what are you doing? This is the image of our Lord the Redeemer, by whom alone you can be saved." "So do I believe, father," replied the dying man; "yet vex me not with this thing, but give me a simple cross, that I may adore it, both as it is in itself and as I can figure it in my mind." His request being granted, "he died," says Palomino, "in a manner highly exemplary and edifying to those about him,"[1] on the 3rd of October 1667, in the sixty-sixth year of his age. On the day following, his body, attended by the Chapter, in all its pomp, was carried to its niche in the

[1] Palomino, vol. iii. p. 585.

Pantheon of the canons, beneath the choir of the cathedral.

Cano seems to have been a man of a hot impetuous temperament, a strong will, strong prejudices, and kindly feelings. Hence his character wore a different complexion at different times, and the story of his life is filled with strangely inconsistent passages. Driven from Seville by a quarrel with one of the gentlest of his fellow-artists, he seems to have lived on good terms with many more formidable rivals at Madrid; his regular scholars found him kind and friendly, whilst towards his royal pupil he comported himself like another Herrera; he was stigmatised as the murderer of his wife; and he died, reduced to indigence by charities to the Christian, and breathing out hatred against the Jew. In person he appears to have been under the middle size; his countenance, full of quick intelligence, also bears traces of his irritable disposition. His portrait, if indeed it be his, by Velasquez represents him as grey-haired but still in the full vigour of life; those by his own hand, which still exist, belong to a later period. From one of these the engraving by Basquez is probably taken; two other supposed portraits are in the Louvre. The sickly emaciated features afford evidence that it was painted not many months before the artist went down to the Pantheon of the canons. The wasp buzzing near his ear is, perhaps, a contemptuous emblem of

some troublesome rival in art, or in the Chapter, the solitary record of some forgotten feud.

Alonso Cano has been called, on account rather of his various skill than of the style of his works, the Michael Angelo of Spain.[1] As a painter, he was excelled by few of his brethren of Andalusia, and his name is deservedly great in Seville and in Granada. Although a ready draughtsman, he frequently condescended to appropriate the ideas of others, borrowing largely from prints, picking up a hint, says Palomino,[2] even from the coarse wood-cut at the top of a ballad, and avowing and defending the practice. "Do the same thing with the same effect," he would say to those who censured it, "and I will forgive you." Not gifted with Zurbaran's facility in handling the palette and brush, and frequently engaged in the other branches of his threefold art, he has not left many large pictures behind him. Some of these, however, are amongst the most beautiful creations of the Spanish pencil, unaided by study in Italy. His eye for form was exceedingly fine, and therefore his drawing is more correct than that of many of his rivals; his compositions are simple and pleasing, and in richness and variety of colour he has not often been surpassed. The Prado Gallery possesses eight of his works. Amongst these the full-length picture of the Blessed Virgin, seated

[1] Cumberland, "Anecdotes," vol. ii. p. 72.
[2] Palomino, vol. iii. p. 578.

with the Infant Saviour asleep on her knees, at once arrests the eye, and long haunts the memory.[1] A circlet of stars surrounds the head of this dark-haired Madonna, apparently a portrait of some fair young mother of Granada, wrapped in happy contemplation of her new-born babe. Her robe and mantle of crimson and dark blue fall in majestic folds around her; a slender tree, a river, and a range of low hills fill up the background.

[1] No. 670.

CHAPTER XIII

MURILLO

(1618–1682)

Bartolomé Estevan Murillo was born at Seville, near the close of the year 1617. He was baptized on New Year's Day, 1618, by the curate Francisco de Heredia, in the parish church of La Magdalena, destroyed in 1809 by the French. The names of his parents were Gaspar Estévan and Maria Perez; but he also assumed, according to the frequent usage of Andalusia, the surname of his maternal grandmother, Elvira Murillo. These facts of his history were brought to light by the Count of Aguila, who, towards the close of last century, examined the registers of several parish churches and the archives of the Cathedral, where a son of Murillo had held a canonry. By the researches of that ill-fated nobleman, Cean Bermudez was enabled to disprove Palomino's assertion, that the great painter was born in 1613, at Pilas, a village five leagues from Seville, and restore the honour of giving him birth to the year and the place to which it properly belonged.

Like Velasquez, Murillo displayed his inclination for art, when yet a boy, by scrawling on his school-books and covering the walls of the school

with precocious pencillings. His parents, observing the bent of his disposition, wisely determined to humour it, and therefore placed him as soon as he had learned to read and write, under the care of the painter Juan del Castillo, who was related to their family. His gentle nature, and his desire to learn, soon made him a favourite with his fellow-scholars, and with his master, who bestowed particular care on his instruction, and taught him all the mechanical parts of his calling by causing him to grind the colours, prepare the canvases, and manage the palette and brushes of the school.

The great artists of Seville, whose genius has given to that city the rank of a metropolis in art, did not live in the days of royal or national academies, nor did they acquire their skill in galleries, furnished forth at the public expense, with copies of the finest statuary of Greece and Rome, and other expensive appliances of study. The dwelling of each master was a school of design, where the pupils or amateurs who resorted thither defrayed the cost of coal and candle, and other moderate expenses, out of a common fund. There, around the awning in summer, they copied the heads or limbs sketched by the master for their use, or the fine casts or fragments of sculpture which he had inherited or collected, such as Torrigiano's *mano de la teta*, or the anatomical models of Becerra. There was always a lay figure to be

covered, as need required, with various draperies, for which the national cloak and the monkish frock afforded ready and excellent materials. Sometimes a living model was obtained, especially if the master were engaged upon any work of importance; or if this were an expense beyond the means of the school, the disciples would strip in turn, and lend an arm, or leg, or a shoulder, to be copied and studied by their fellows. The practice, followed by Velasquez, of painting fruit and vegetables, game and fish, pots and pans, for the sake of gaining experience in the use of colours, obtained in all the schools of Seville. The ambition of the scholars was fired, and their industry spurred, by the emulation which existed between school and school—those of Roelas and Pacheco, Herrera and Castillo; by the hope of winning the favour of the Chapter or the Chartreuse, or of nobles like the Duke of Alcala; and by exhibitions of their works, at windows and balconies, during the procession of Corpus; or at other festivals, on the steps (*las gradas*) surrounding the Cathedral, when any piece of distinguished merit became the magnet of the throng, the theme of poets, and the talk of the town.

Availing himself of all the means of improvement within his reach, Murillo, in a few years, painted as well as Castillo himself. While still in the school of that master, he executed two pictures of Our Lady, attended in the one by St.

Francis and another monk; in the other, by Santo Domingo, which displayed a close adherence to the stiff style of his instructor. The first of these pictures hung in the convent of Regina Angelorum, the second in the College of St. Thomas. The removal of Castillo to Cadiz, in 1639–40, deprived Murillo of his instructions and his friendship, the latter of which, at least, may have been of considerable importance. For it seems, that Estevan and his wife were either dead or too poor to afford their son the means of pursuing his studies under another master. Certain it is, that instead of enrolling himself in the fine school of Zurbaran, whose merits he cannot have failed to appreciate, he was reduced to earn his daily bread by painting coarse and hasty pictures for the Feria.

Held in a broad street, branching from the northern end of the Old Alameda, and in front of the Church of All Saints, remarkable for its picturesque semi-Moorish belfry, this venerable market presents every Thursday an aspect which has changed but little since the days of Murillo. Indifferent meat, ill-savoured fish, fruit, vegetables, and coarse pottery, old clothes, old mats, and old iron, still cover the ground or load the stalls, as they did on the Thursdays three centuries ago, when the unknown youth stood there amongst gypsies, muleteers, and mendicant friars, selling for a few reals those productions of his early pencil, for which royal collectors are now ready

to contend. Few painters are now to be found there, the demand for religious daubs having declined both in the Feria of Seville and in the streets of Santiago at Valladolid, and the Catalans at Naples, once flourishing marts for wares of that kind. In Murillo's time, these street-artists mustered in great numbers. Like the apprentice of Portugal, a Castilian emblem of presumption, who would cut out before he knew how to stitch, they gradually taught themselves the rudiments by boldly entering the highest walks of painting. Their works were sometimes executed in the open air, and they always kept brushes and colours at hand ready to make any alteration on the spot that customers might suggest, such as changing a St. Onophrius, briskly as the fretful porcupine, into St. Christopher the ferryman, or Our Lady of Carmel into St. Anthony of Padua. Vast quantities of this trash, as well as works of a better class, were bought up by the colonial merchants, and shipped off, with great stores of relics and indulgences, to adorn and enrich the thousand churches and convents, the gold and silver altars and jewelled shrines, of Transatlantic Spain. The artists who practised this extempore kind of painting, and grappled with the difficulties of the palette before they had learned to draw, are compared by Cean Bermudez to those intrepid students who seek to acquire a foreign language by speaking it, regardless of blunders, and afterwards, if oppor-

tunity serves, improve their knowledge of the idiom by means of books. Of the success of this system, which has produced both able painters and excellent linguists, Murillo can hardly be cited as an example; but he doubtless learned to apply the precepts of Castillo, and improved his manual skill by the rough offhand practice of the market-place. A picture of the Blessed Virgin, with the Infant Saviour on her knee, now hanging in the precious Murillo Room in the Museum at Seville, seems to belong to this early period. There is much promise of future excellence in the graceful ease of the heads; but the colouring is poor and flat, and the whole is but cold and feeble when compared with the masterpieces which glow on the adjacent walls.

Early in 1642, Pedro de Moya, returning from England and the school of Vandyck, resided for a while and painted some pictures at Seville. Murillo, who may have known him in the school of Castillo, or at least had seen some of his early works, was so struck by the favourable change which travel had wrought upon his style, that he himself resolved upon a pilgrimage to Flanders or Italy in search of improvement. Money, however, to meet the expenses of such a journey, was first to be obtained by his own unaided exertions; for his parents were now dead, leaving little behind them, and his genius had not yet recommended him to the good offices of any wealthy

THE SHEPHERD BOY

(From the painting by Murillo in the National Gallery)

or powerful patron. His resolution and energy overcame this obstacle. Buying a large quantity of canvas, he divided it into squares of various sizes, which he primed and prepared with his own hands for the pencil, and then converted into pictures of the more popular saints, landscapes, and flower-pieces. These he sold to the American traders for exportation, and thus obtained a sum sufficient for his purpose. He then placed his sister under the protection of some uncles and aunts, and, without communicating his plans or destination to any one, took the road to Madrid.

Finding himself in the capital without friends or letters, he waited on his fellow-townsman Velasquez, then at the zenith of his fortune, and, telling him his story, begged for some introductions to his friends at Rome. The King's painter asked him various questions about his family and connections, his master, and his motive for undertaking so long a journey, and, being pleased with his replies and demeanour, offered him lodging, which was thankfully accepted, in his own house, and procured him admission to the Alcazar, Escorial, and other royal galleries. There a new world of art opened to the young Andalusian; he saw large instalments of all that he most wished to see, and conversed with the great masters of Italy and the Netherlands without crossing the Gulf of Lyons or the Pyrenees. During the absence of the Court in Aragon, he

spent the summer of 1642 in diligently copying the works of Ribera, Vandyck, and his new patron. Returning from Zaragoza in the autumn, Velasquez was so much pleased with his labours, that he advised him to restrict his attention to the works of the three artists whom he had taken for his models; and, submitting the copies to the eye of the King, he likewise introduced the stranger to the favourable notice of the Count-Duke of Olivarez and the other courtiers of taste. The year following, Murillo shared in Velasquez's grief at the fall of the friendly minister. Continuing to pursue his studies in retirement, and with unabated industry, at the return of the Court from the triumph of Lerida in 1644, he surprised Velasquez with some works of so high a merit, that that judicious critic pronounced him ripe for Rome, and offered him letters to facilitate his journey. But, whether recalled by his sister, or deeming that he had already reaped at Madrid all the advantages which Rome could offer, Murillo declined to quit his native soil, and, in spite of the earnest remonstrances of his friend, returned early in 1645 to Seville.

When he paused, as all travellers pause, at the Cruz del Campo, to say a grateful *Ave* to the Virgin, or to look down on the domes and belfries of the noble city, there were few within its walls that had noted his absence, or even remembered the existence of the friendless painter who was

now returning to become the pride of Andalusia. Soon after his arrival, the friars of the fine Franciscan convent, behind the Casa del Ayuntamiento, had determined to expend a sum of money, collected by one of their begging brotherhood, upon a series of pictures for their small cloister. They wanted eleven large pieces, but the price which they proposed to give for these was too paltry to tempt any artist of name to undertake the task. Murillo, however, being needy and unknown, offered to fulfil the bargain, and the Franciscans, although doubting his competency, were happily induced by their parsimony or their poverty to close with the offer. They opened a field to the young energies of his genius, and he repaid the favour by rendering the walls of their convent famous throughout Spain.

Each picture of the series was inscribed with certain verses, having a reference, but not always affording a key, to the subject. The first, which met the eye on entering the cloister and turning to the right, represented St. Francis, reclining on his iron pallet with a crucifix in his hand, and listening to the melody of a violin played near his ear by an angelic visitor. The countenance of the saint, beaming with devout ecstasy, and the graceful figure of the angel were finely conceived and no less carefully executed; and in the colouring there was much of Ribera's strength, with a superadded softness and delicacy of tone. Next

came San Diego of Alcala, kneeling in the act of blessing a copper pot of broth, which he was about to dispense to the poor at the convent door. A poor woman and her children, and a knot of ragged beggars and urchins, a group which might be studied in every street, and in which the artist may himself have figured as an expectant when he wrought for the Feria, were painted with all the life-like truth and accuracy of detail which distinguish the early studies of Velasquez. Of the third and fourth pictures, Cean Bermudez does not name, and, perhaps, could not divine the subjects; but both, he says, contained some excellent heads and draperies, and in one a distant landscape was flooded with light from a globe of fire, in which the soul of Philip II was supposed to be ascending to heaven. The fifth, one of the finest of the series, represented the death of Santa Clara, an Italian nun, whose locks were shorn and whose veil was given by the hand of the Blessed St. Francis himself. Amongst a sorrowing group of sisters and friars, she lay with her dying eyes fixed on a vision of glory, wherein appeared the Saviour and Our Lady, attended by a train of virgins, bearing the radiant robe of her coming immortality. Vandyck himself might have painted the lovely head of Santa Clara; and the beauty of the heavenly host contrasted finely with the wan nuns and coarse-featured friars beneath. Of the remaining six, Cean Bermudez only informs us that

one was a composition of two figures, and that another, in size a companion-piece to the Santa Clara, represented a Franciscan, seized with a holy rapture, when engaged in cooking for his convent, and kneeling in the air, whilst a flight of ministering angels performed his culinary functions. The latter bore the signature of the artist, *B^mæus Steph^s de Murillo, anno* 1646 *me. f.* Another, mentioned with high praise by Ponz, was a composition of six figures representing San Gil, patron of the greenwood, standing in a religious ecstasy in the presence of Pope Gregory IX. It found its way into the gallery of the late Marquess Aguado, and is now in England. Soult gutted the convent, and carried off all Murillo's pictures with the exception of one, which being too stiff to be rolled up was left behind, and once adorned the collection of Mr. Ford. It represents a holy Franciscan praying over the body of a dead greyfriar, as if about to restore him to life; and it is painted in a strong Ribera-like style. For once we may forgive the military robber, for great part of the stripped convent was destroyed by fire in 1810, nothing being left standing but the church, and some of the arches and three hundred marble columns that supported the cloisters.

The fame of these pictures getting abroad, the Franciscan convent was soon thronged with artists and critics. A new star had arisen amongst them; a painter had appeared, dropping as it were from

the clouds, armed with a pencil that could assume at will the beauties of Ribera, Vandyck, and Velasquez. From the squalid stalls of the Feria, a poor and friendless youth had stepped, at once, into the foremost ranks of the artists of skilful and opulent Seville. From the moment that his works were placed in the Franciscan cloister, the name of Murillo began to rise in popular esteem, and to eclipse the time-honoured names of Herrera, Pacheco, and Zurbaran. The public was loud in his praise; and priors and noble patrons overwhelmed him with commissions. One of the first fruits of his sudden burst of reputation was a picture of the Flight into Egypt, executed for the fine Convent of Mercy, a house rich in the productions of the best pencils and chisels of Seville.

In 1648, his worldly circumstances were sufficiently thriving to enable him not only to marry, but to obtain a rich and noble wife, Doña Beatriz de Cabrera y Sotomayor, born and possessing property at Pilas, a village five leagues south-west from Seville. Of this lady's life no fact or even date has been recorded; nor have her features and person survived in any known portrait. But the fortunes of her husband and children afford fair evidence that her domestic duties were faithfully and ably fulfilled.

By this alliance the social position of the successful artist was improved and determined, his

means of hospitality were enlarged, and his house became the resort of the brethren of his craft and of the best society of the city. As the name of Murillo is not to be found in the gossiping treatise of Pacheco, it is probable that his success may have been regarded with some secret uneasiness by that busy veteran, jealous not only of his own fame, but of that of his son-in-law Velasquez. There can be no doubt, however, that the young painter appeared in the literary and artistic circle which assembled under the roof of Pacheco, at whose death he seems to have reigned in his stead as the judicious and courteous leader of his order.

Soon after his marriage, Murillo changed his style of painting, forsaking that which the connoisseurs have called his first or cold (*frio*) manner, for that which they designate his warm (*calido*) or second style. His outlines became softer and his figures rounder, his backgrounds gained in depth of atmospheric effect, and his whole colouring in transparency. Reynolds, borrowing the ancient criticism passed by Euphranor on the Theseus of Parrhasius, remarked that the nymphs of Barroccio and Rubens appear to have fed on roses. So a Spanish critic less elegantly, perhaps, but not less justly, said of Murillo that his flesh tints now seemed to be painted *con sangre y leche*, with blood and milk. The earliest work in this second style, noticed by Cean Bermudez,

hung in the Franciscan convent, among the masterpieces of the first manner. It was a picture of Our Lady of the Conception, with a friar seated and writing at her feet, and it was painted, in 1652, for the Brotherhood of the True Cross, who placed it in the convent, and paid the artist 2500 reals.

Three years afterwards, in 1655, by order of Juan Federigui, archdeacon of Carmona, he executed the two famous pictures of St. Leander and St. Isidore, now in the great sacristy of the Cathedral. These saintly brethren, natives of Carthagena, flourished in the sixth and seventh centuries; each in turn filled the archiepiscopal throne of Seville, and they had a third brother who was Bishop of Ecija, and now enjoys a place in the calendar as San Fulgencio. Murillo has painted them in their mitres and white robes, and seated in great chairs. In Leander the elder he has portrayed the features of Alonso de Herrera, marker of the choir. The mild and venerable countenance, full of blended dignity, meekness, and intelligence, agrees well with the character ascribed by ecclesiastical history to the good archbishop, who gained over King Leovigild and his Arian Goths to the Catholic faith by his gentleness and patience. It bespeaks a life moulded on the precepts of St. Paul, and might pass for the true likeness of some holy Borromeo or Bedell.

The learned Isidore, a busy prelate, and an unwearied student, is represented as a younger man, with a noble but less benignant countenance; he is yet in the vigour of life, and not troubled with any thought of his transit, so finely painted by Roelas; the book in his hand bears an inscription announcing one of his favourite doctrines, "Credite o godi consubstantionem Dei," and he has the threatening eye of the keen controversialist, ready to slay or be slain for any jot or tittle of his dogmatical creed. The real owner of this fine and highly intellectual, though somewhat stern, face was the licentiate Juan Lopez Talaban. As if to mark more distinctly the difference between the two men, it is executed in a harder manner than its companion. The heads, hands, and all the accessories of these two noble portraits are all finished with admirable effect, but each figure is somewhat short, an error into which Murillo sometimes fell.

About the same time, or soon after, he painted for the Chapter another large picture, "The Nativity of the Blessed Virgin," which hung behind the high altar of the Cathedral, until in due time it became the prey of Soult. It was one of the most pleasing specimens of his second style, and the skill of the composition left nothing to be desired. In the foreground a graceful group of women and angels were engaged in dressing the new-born babe, and the bare left arm of one of the

ministering maidens was the envy of the ladies of Seville for its roundness of form and beauty of colour, and rivalled in public admiration the leg of Adam in the famous picture by Vargas. Beyond, St. Anne was seen in bed, with St. Joachim leaning over her; above, in the air, joyful cherubs hovered near the auspicious scene; and the distance was closed by a pleasant landscape.

Appreciating the genius of the great artist, the Chapter gave him another order in the following year, 1656, in compliance with which he painted, for the price of 10,000 reals, a large picture of St. Anthony of Padua, one of the most celebrated works, and still a gem of the Cathedral, hanging in the chapel of the baptistery. Kneeling near a table, the shaven brown-frocked saint is surprised by a visit from the Infant Jesus, a charming naked babe, who descends in a golden flood of glory, walking the bright air as if it were the earth, while around Him floats and hovers a company of cherubs, most of them children, forming a garland of graceful forms and lovely faces. Gazing up in rapture at this dazzling vision, the saint kneels, with arms outstretched, to receive the approaching Saviour. On the table at his side there is a vase containing white lilies, painted with such Zeuxis-like skill that birds, wandering amongst the aisles, have been seen attempting to perch on it and peck the flowers; and to the left of the picture an arch discloses the

Murillo *Photo. Anderson*

THE INFANT CHRIST

(Detail from St. Anthony with the Infant Christ. Seville)

architectural perspective of the cloister. Palomino has an improbable story that the table and other accessories were put in by Valdés Leal.[1] In 1833 this noble work was repaired, which in Spain means repainted, so that many a delicate touch of Murillo's pencil has disappeared. Enough, however, is left to show the genius of the original design and the splendour of the original colours. Over it hangs a smaller picture by the same hand, representing the Baptism of our Lord, a work fresh and pleasing in tone, but somewhat defective both in composition and drawing.

The same year saw the renovation of the small but ornate Church of Sta. Maria la Blanca, once a Jewish synagogue, and now a chapel-of-ease to the Sagrario of the Cathedral. The canon, Don Justino Neve y Yevenes, a great friend and patron of Murillo, employed him to paint for this church four large pictures of a semi-circular form, two for the nave, and one for each of the lateral aisles. The two first were to illustrate the history of the festival of Our Lady of the Snow, or the dedication of the Church of Sta. Maria Maggiore at Rome. In the days of Pope Liberius, says the legend, there dwelt at Rome a certain senator named John, whose wife, a rich and noble lady, bore him no offspring. Resigned to the will of Heaven, and being no less pious than opulent, the childless pair determined to adopt the Blessed

[1] *Cf.* Palomino, vol. iii. p. 625.

Virgin as their heir, and for that purpose they daily besought her to declare her pleasure as to the investment of their wealth. Moved by their supplications, the Queen of Heaven at last appeared to each of them in a dream on the night of the 4th of August, and accepted the inheritance, on condition of their repairing next day to the Esquiline Hill, and there, on a piece of ground which they should find covered with snow, erecting a church in her honour. When day broke, the sleepers having compared their dreams, went to submit the case to the Pope, whom they found, however, already informed of the matter by a revelation from the Virgin. Having received the pontifical benediction, and attended by a retinue of priests, and a great throng of people, they next proceeded to the Esquiline, found a portion of it white, beneath the August sun, with miraculous snow, and marked out thereon the site of a church, which, when finished, they endowed with all their substance, and called by the name of their celestial legatee. Thither was brought, after many ages, the adored manger-cradle of our Lord; and there arose the meretricious temple of Rainaldi and Fuga, which, however, records in its proud title the piety of the senator and his spouse, who first dedicated a church to the Mother of the Saviour within the walls of the Eternal City. In his delineation of the first part of the story, Murillo has represented

the Roman lord dreaming in his chair over a great book and leaning his head on a table, with deep sleep written in every line of his noble countenance and figure. His dress of black velvet is, like that of Pareja's St. Matthew, the costume of a Spanish hidalgo. The lady lies asleep on the ground; above them appears, seated on a cloud and surrounded by a glory, the Virgin, one of the loveliest of Murillo's Madonnas. In the next picture the devout pair relate their dream to the Pope Liberius, a grand old ecclesiastic, like one of Titian's pontiffs. Near the throne stands a white-robed friar applying a pair of spectacles to his nose and scrutinising the not very interesting dame in a manner more usual with his cloth than proper to his calling. Far in the distance the procession is seen approaching the snow-patch on the Esquiline. In "The Dream," the finer of the two pictures, is noticed the commencement of his third or vapoury (vaporous) style, in which the outlines are lost in the light and shade, as they are in the rounded forms of nature. Both were carried off by the French, and placed in the Louvre, but they were happily rescued at the peace. They now hang in the Academy of San Fernando, at Madrid, in tawdry Parisian frames, absurdly decorated at the upper corners with plans and elevations of the ancient basilica and of the present Church of Sta. Maria Maggiore. The remaining pictures, a "Virgin of the Con-

ception" adored by churchmen, and a figure of Faith holding the elements of the Eucharist and likewise worshipped by various saintly personages, were not recovered from the grip of the Gaul. To the Church of Sta. Maria la Blanca, which at one time possessed, besides these pictures, an excellent Mater Dolorosa and a St. John by Murillo, there now remains but a single work of his, a "Last Supper," painted in his early style, but at what period is not known.

In 1658, Murillo was in some degree diverted from the labours of his studio by a scheme which he had conceived, of establishing a public Academy of Art. The design was a bold one and encompassed with difficulties, which, at Madrid, had baffled not only the artists in the last reign, but even Philip IV, whom the interests of art, beyond all other objects, were likely to arouse from his magnificent indolence on the throne. The Sevillian painter, however, succeeded in effecting what the absolute monarch had found impracticable. By his address and good temper he obtained the concurrence of Valdés Leal, who believed himself the first of painters, and of the younger Herrera, who had lately returned from Italy, with his natural Andalusian presumption, greatly improved by travel. The conflicting jealousies of his rivals being thus reconciled or quieted, the Academy was first opened for the purposes of instruction, in one of the apartments

of the Exchange, on the evening of the 1st of January 1660. On the eleventh of the same month, twenty-three of the leading artists met to draw up a constitution for a new society. It was then agreed that its affairs should be managed by two presidents, of whom Murillo was the first, and Herrera the second; by two consuls, Sebastian de Llanos y Valdés and Pedro Honorio de Palencia; a fiscal, Cornelius Schut; a secretary, Ignacio Iriarte; and a deputy, Juan de Valdés Leal. The duties of the presidents, who were to act on alternate weeks, were to direct the progress of the pupils, resolve their doubts and settle their disputes, impose fines and preserve order in the school, and select those whose skill entitled them to the rank of academician. The consuls, fiscal, secretary, and deputy formed the council of the president; the consul seems to have been his assistant or substitute; and the business of the other three officers was to collect the subscriptions and fines, and to keep the accounts. The expenses of coal, candle, models and other necessaries were defrayed by a monthly subscription of six reals, paid by each of the twenty members; while scholars were liberally admitted for the purpose of study, on the payment of whatever fee they could afford. The rules were few and simple. Each disciple on admission was to profess his orthodoxy in these words:— "Praised be the most Holy Sacrament, and the

pure Conception of Our Lady," *Alabado sea el Santisimo Sacramento y la limpia Concepcion de Nuestra Señora.* Conversation on subjects not belonging to the business of the school was prohibited, and the offender was fined if he persevered in it after the president had rung his bell twice. A fine was likewise exacted for swearing, profane language, and offences against good manners.

These particulars are derived from the original records of the Academy, formerly in the library of Don Francisco de Bruna y Ahumada, at Seville, and, in great part, printed by Cean Bermudez. In the first list of subscribing members, dated on the 11th of January 1660, the name of Francisco de Herrera stands first, and that of Bartolomé Murillo second. In February, the society gained one new member, and in March four more. Two, however, fell off in April, and on the first of November sixteen only remained, President Herrera being amongst the deserters. Some little change had meanwhile taken place in the offices and office-bearers; for in the minutes of the meeting held on the last-mentioned day, Valdés appears, not as deputy but as *alcalde* or chief of the art of painting, with Matias de Carbajal for a coadjutor, and Palencia, not as consul, but as *alcalde* of the gilders. At this meeting Pedro de Medina Valbuena was appointed *mayor-domo* or steward,

to manage the money matters of the Academy. And as the expenses were now to be divided amongst a smaller number of members, the monthly subscription payable by each was raised to eight reals; and it was voted that each pupil should pay sixteen maravedis for every night that he attended the school.

During the second year of its existence, 1661, the Academy seems to have been directed by Murillo; but some leaves of the Bruna manuscript being lost, it does not appear who succeeded him as a president in 1662. Llanos y Valdés became president in 1663, with Carbajal as steward; and in 1664, Juan de Valdés, having ingratiated himself with his brethren, was elected for four years to the first office, and Cornelius Schut to the second. Some dispute, however, arising, Valdés retired from the chair and the Academy on the 3rd of October 1666, and was succeeded by Llanos, Martinez de Gradilla being made steward. Medina Valbuena was president in 1667–8, and Llanos, for the third time, the year following. Juan Chamorro was chosen in 1670; Medina was re-elected in 1671; and in the two next years the chair was filled by Schut. The Academy was now fairly launched, and sailing before prosperous breezes. Its members had greatly increased in number, and several men of rank were enrolled amongst them. The meeting of the 5th of November 1673, the last of which

a minute is found in the Bruna manuscript, was attended by forty-three academicians, and by Don Manuel de Guzman Manrique de Zuñiga, Marquess of Villamanrique, who had succeeded the deceased Count of Arenales as their "most noble protector."

Although Murillo may be considered the founder of the Academy, it is evident that the jealousy of envious rivals or the call of his own studio soon prevented him from taking any active part in the conduct of its affairs. But the constitution laid down during his rule underwent but little change. The president and mayor-domo were the only officers elected by the whole body; each president being free to choose his own consuls and assistants; and the practice of having two presidents at the same time appears to have been discontinued. The course of instruction pursued was intended not for mere beginners, but for those who had already acquired some knowledge of art; there being no drawings to copy, the studies were made entirely from the living model or from the lay-figure; and colours were largely used by the scholars, a practice laid aside, says Cean Bermudez, in the later academies. It cannot be said that this institution exerted any great influence on Sevillian painting. Like other, and even royal academies, it never produced any painters of first-rate merit; nor did it arrest the decay of taste in the next

reign. But without it, perhaps, that decay might have been more fatal and final; it at least afforded an asylum for traditions of the great masters, and to Murillo himself there must have been a virtuous satisfaction in the thought that he had provided for the young artists around him some of the advantages of which he had himself felt the want twenty years before.

In 1668, the Cathedral chapter-room being under repair, Murillo was employed to retouch the allegorical designs of Cespedes, and to execute eight oval half-length pictures of saints, and a full-length Virgin of the Conception. The saints are pleasing, but not of very high merit. Those on the right side are Hermengild, Isidore, Archbishop Pius, and Justa; those on the left, Rufina, King Ferdinand, Leander, and Archbishop Laureano, whose head, being cut off, retained the faculty of speech. The Virgin is a magnificent dark-haired Madonna, with the usual accompaniment of cherubs bearing palms and flowers. For the sacristy of the Chapel de la Antigua he also painted, about this time, the Infants Christ and St. John, and the "Repose of the Virgin," works which have disappeared, probably by French agency.

We now approach the most glorious period of Murillo's career. There existed at Seville a pious corporation of considerable antiquity, known as the Brotherhood of the Holy Charity, and pos-

sessing the Hospital of San Jorge. About the middle of the seventeenth century, however, this hospital had fallen into great poverty and decay. By the negligence or knavery of the guardian-guild, its property had dwindled to nothing, the fabric was a mouldering ruin, and the church a roosting-place for pigeons. Its forlorn condition attracted about 1661 the attention of Don Miguel Mañara Vicentelo de Leca, Knight of Calatrava, whose life and fortune were dedicated to works of piety and devotion. As a member of the guild, this pious gentleman took upon himself the task of raising the funds necessary to restore the hospital to a state of prosperity. At the outset his scheme did not find much favour with the nobles and rich traders of Seville, and the first contribution which he received was from a mendicant named Luis, who gave fifty crowns, the savings of his life, to the service of God and the poor. But his perseverance and his own generous example finally overcame all obstacles; donations and bequests flowed in, and, before the close of his useful life in 1679, he had completed his pious work at the expense of more than half-a-million of ducats. On the slender foundation laid by the noble-hearted beggar he reared the present beautiful Church of San Jorge, with its rich altars and matchless pictures, and the Hospital (La Caridad) with its marble cloisters and spacious halls, and the train of priests, domestics, and sisters of mercy

maintained to minister to the necessities, in the words of the annual report of the guild, of "their masters and lords the poor."

The hospital was rebuilt in the Greco-Romano style by the architect Bernardo Simon de Pineda. The front has little beauty, but the cloister is graceful and finely proportioned. The interior of the church is one of the most elegant in Seville. It consists of a single aisle, widening beneath the lofty and richly-decorated dome, and terminated by the high altar, a vast fabric of twisted columns and massive cornices, entirely gilt and raised several steps above the rest of the pavement. For this sumptuous structure Mañara provided lamps and candelabra, plate and other ornaments of fitting splendour, and he commissioned his friend Murillo to paint no less than eleven pictures. Three of these pieces, representing the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin, the Infant Saviour, and the Infant St. John, still adorn the lateral altars, and elsewhere would be considered as gems. The remaining eight, treating of scriptural subjects proper to the place, are the finest works of that master. Ere the coming of the French spoiler, four hung on either side of the church—"Moses Striking the Rock," "The Return of the Prodigal Son," "Abraham Receiving the Three Angels," and the "Charity of San Juan de Dios," on the left or Gospel side; and the "Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes," "Our Lord Healing the Paralytic at the

Pool of Bethesda," "St. Peter Released from Prison by the Angel," and "St. Elizabeth of Hungary Tending the Sick," on that of the Epistle. On these works Murillo seems to have been employed during four years, and in 1674 he received the following prices: for the Moses, 13,300 reals; for the Loaves and Fishes, 15,975; for San Juan de Dios and its companion-picture St. Elizabeth, 16,840; and for the four others, Abraham, the Prodigal, the Healing the Paralytic, and St. Peter, 32,000; making in all the sum of 78,115 reals, or about £800. Five were carried off by Soult, who gave one to the Imperial Louvre and retained four for his own salerooms.

Happily for the hospital and for Seville, the two colossal compositions of "Moses" and "The Loaves and Fishes" still hang beneath the cornices whence springs the dome of the church, "like ripe oranges on the bough where they originally budded." Long may they cover their native walls, and enrich, as well as adorn, the institution of Mañara! Both are painted in a light, sketchy manner, and with less than Murillo's usual brilliancy of colour. In the picture of the great miracle of the Jewish dispensation, the Hebrew prophet stands beside the rock in Horeb, with hands pressed together and uplifted eyes, thanking the Almighty for the stream which has just gushed forth at the stroke of his mysterious rod. His head turning slightly to the right, with

its horn-shaped halo and full silver beard, is noble and expressive; and his figure, robed in flowing violet drapery, majestic and commanding. Aaron appears behind his brother, but in the countenance of the high priest the gratitude seems not unmingled with surprise. Immediately around them are grouped fifteen figures, men, women, and children, absorbed in the business of quenching their thirst, whence the picture has been called "*La Sed.*" Amongst them there is one introduced with great dramatic effect, a mother drinking eagerly from a jug, and, "forgetful of sucking child," turning aside her head to avoid the outstretched hand of the clamorous infant in her arms. The water, falling from the rock, forms a stream, to the left of which there is a smaller group of nine figures, of which the most striking feature is the woman who, with one hand holds a cup to the lips of the youngest boy, and with the other restrains the eagerness of his elder brother. Here rises the head of a camel, patiently awaiting his turn; there a white mule, laden with jars, applies his nose to an iron pot newly filled from the fountain; and sundry dogs and sheep, mingled with the people, lend variety to the composition. The sunburnt boy on the mule, and the girl, somewhat older, near him, holding up her pitcher to be filled, are traditionally called portraits of the painter's children. In the background another com-

pany of people, with their beasts, are seen descending a rugged path to the spring, and rocky hills close the distance. As a composition this wonderful picture can hardly be surpassed. The rock, a huge, isolated, brown crag, much resembles in form, size, and colour that which is still pointed out as the rock of Moses by the Greek monks of the convent of St. Catherine, in the real wilderness of Horeb. It forms the central object, rising to the top of the canvas, and dividing it into two unequal portions. In front of the rock the eye at once singles out the erect figure of the prophet standing forward from the throng; and the lofty emotion of that great leader, looking with gratitude to Heaven, is finely contrasted with the downward regards of the multitude, forgetful of the giver in the anticipation of the enjoyment of the gift. Each head and figure is an elaborate study, each countenance has a distinctive character, and even of the sixteen vessels brought to the spring no two are alike in form. A duplicate or large sketch of this picture, stolen from some other collection, hangs, or once hung, in the staircase of Soult's receiving house at Paris. Its authenticity, however, is questionable, as it is not mentioned by Cean Bermudez, who notices a study of the woman giving her child drink, which once hung in the convent of Barefooted Carmelites at Seville.

The "Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes" is not

equal to its twin picture. The principal figures in the foreground are arranged in two independent groups, leaving a great open space between disclosing the multitudes clustered on the distant uplands. Our Lord and his disciples on the one hand, and the knot of spectators on the other, form, therefore, two distinct pictures, which might be separated without much injury to their significance. The head of the Saviour is inferior in dignity to that of Moses; His position is not sufficiently prominent; nor are any of the apostles remarkable for elevation of character. The young woman with her child in her arms, and the old hag who looks on with incredulous wonder at the proceedings of the Master of the miraculous feast, are full of life and finely contrasted; and the lad with the loaves and fishes is an admirable study of a Sevillian urchin. Of this picture, as well as of its companion, Soult has, or once had, a large repetition of considerable merit. The small original sketch is in the rich collection of Mr. Munro.

The "Charity of San Juan de Dios" is the only other piece of this noble series that remains to the hospital. It hangs in its original place on the left wall of the church, near the great portal. The Good Samaritan of Granada is represented carrying a sick man on his shoulders by night and sinking under the weight, of which he is relieved by the opportune aid of an angel. Perceiving his divine

assistant, he looks back towards him with an expression of grateful awe. This picture is coloured with great power. The dark form of the burden and the sober grey frock of the bearer are dimly seen in the darkness, on which the glorious countenance of the seraph and his rich yellow drapery tells like a burst of sunshine.

"St. Elizabeth," the appropriate companion-piece, although lost to Seville, happily is still preserved to Spain. Rescued from the Louvre, it was detained on some frivolous pretext at Madrid, where it now embellishes the Academy of San Fernando. Elizabeth, daughter of King Andrew and Queen Gertrude of Hungary, is one of the most amiable personages of mediæval hagiology. Born early in the fourteenth century, her humility, piety, and almsdeeds were the wonder of her father's Court before she became the wife of Duke Ludwig of Thuringia. As sovereign princess her whole life was consecrated to religion and charity. She fasted rigidly, rose at midnight to pray, walked in processions barefoot and clad in sack-cloth, and maintained a daily table for nine hundred poor, and an hospital where, in spite of the scorn and murmurs of her ladies, she performed the most revolting duties of sick-nurse. But her lord dying in Sicily of wounds received in the Holy Land, she was despoiled in a few years of her wealth and dignities, and, compelled to seek for that charity which she had so munifi-

Murillo *Photo. Mansell*

PEASANT BOYS

(Dulwich)

cently bestowed, it was sometimes her lot to endure the insults of wretches who had partaken of her bounties. All these slings and arrows of her fortune the good Duchess suffered with angelic meekness. Entering, it is said, the third order of St. Francis, prayer and tending the sick continued to be her daily employ and communion in visions with our Lord and Blessed Virgin her only solace, till her death in her twenty-fourth year. The miracles wrought at her tomb at Marburg obtained her canonisation by Gregory IX. Murillo's composition in honour of this royal lady consists of nine figures assembled in one of the halls of her hospital. In the centre stands "the king's daughter of Hungary," arrayed in the dark robe and white headgear of a nun, surmounted by a small coronet, and she is engaged in washing at a silver basin the scald head of a beggar boy, which, being painted with revolting adherence to nature, has obtained for the picture the Spanish name of *Tinoso*. Two of her ladies, bearing a silver ewer and a tray with cups and a napkin, stand at her right hand, and from behind there peers a spectacled duenna; to her left hand there is a second boy, likewise a *tinoso*, removing, with great caution and a wry face, the plaster which covers his head, a cripple resting on his crutches, and an old woman seated on the step of the daïs. More in the foreground, to the right of the group, a half-naked beggar, with his head

bound up, leisurely removes the bandage from an ulcer on his leg, painted with a reality so curious and so disgusting that the eye is both arrested and sickened. In the distance, through a window or opening, is seen a group of poor people seated at table and waited on by their gentle hostess. In this picture, although it has suffered somewhat from rash restoration, the management of the composition and the lights, the brilliancy of the colouring, and the manual skill of the execution are above all praise. Some objection may, perhaps, be made to the exhibition of so much that is sickening in the details; but this, while it is justified by the legend, also heightens the moral effect of the picture. The disgust felt by the spectator is evidently shared by the attendant ladies; yet the high-born dame continues her self-imposed task, her pale and pensive countenance betraying no inward repugnance, and her dainty fingers shrinking from no service that can alleviate the human misery and exemplify her devotion to her master. The old hag, whose brown, scraggy neck and lean arms enhance by contrast the delicate beauty of the saint, alone seems to have leisure or inclination to repay her with a look of grateful admiration. The distant alcove in which the table is spread, with its arches and Doric pillars, forms a graceful background, displaying the purity of Murillo's architectural taste.

The four pictures, irretrievably carried off by

Soult, long waited for purchasers in the hotel of that plundering picture-dealer. "Abraham receiving the Angels" and "The Prodigal's Return," being sold some years since to the Duke of Sutherland, now enrich the gallery of Stafford House. In the first the Patriarch advances from the door of his tent, which resembles the corner of a ruinous Spanish venta, to greet the three strangers approaching with uplifted staves. His turbaned head and his figure clothed in dark drapery are grave and venerable; but the angels are deficient in dignity and grace, as is justly remarked by Cean Bermudez, who likewise objects to the want of that family likeness in their faces which he commends in El Mudo's picture on the same subject at the Escorial. In "The Prodigal's Return," a composition of nine figures, the repentant youth, locked in the embrace of his father, is, of course, the principal figure; his pale, emaciated countenance bespeaks the hardships of his husk-coveting time, and the embroidery of his tattered robe the splendour of his riotous living. A little white dog leaping up to caress him aids in telling the story. On one side of the group a man and boy lead in the fatted calf; on the other appear three servants bearing a light blue silk dress of Spanish fashion and the gold ring, and one of them seems to be murmuring at the honours in preparation for the lost one.

"The Healing of the Paralytic," purchased by

Mr. Tomline, consists of five principal figures—our Lord, three apostles, and the subject of the miracle. The head of the Saviour is one of the finest delineations of manly beauty ever executed by Murillo; and the shoulder of the sick man, although too youthful and healthy, as Cean Bermudez justly remarks, for a paralytic of thirty-eight years standing, is a wonderful anatomical study. Above in the sky hovers, in a blaze of glory, the angel that "troubled the water"; and the distance is closed by an elegant architectural perspective with small figures, the porch and expectant patients of Bethesda. In richness of colour this fine work is not inferior even to the St. Elizabeth. Our Lord's robe is of that soft violet hue which Joanés and the painters of Valencia loved; while the mantle of St. Peter, who stands at his right, is of the deep Sevillian brown known as the *negro de hueso*, because made by Murillo, as by the Andalusian artists of the present time, from the beef-bones of the daily *olla*. The arcades in the background may have been suggested by the beautiful cloisters of the convent of Mercy, now the Museum.

The companion-picture, the "Release of St. Peter," is the only piece of the series which remained unsold on the hands of the plunderer.[1] Seated on the floor of the dungeon, the apostle seems newly awakened from slumber; and his

[1] Now at St. Petersburg.

venerable countenance, full of glad amazement, is lit up by the glory which radiates from the graceful form of the angel, and pales the ineffectual glimmer of the prison-lamp behind.

In these eight celebrated pictures, Murillo evidently determined to leave to posterity an example of the variety of his style and of the full compass and vigour of his genius. Of the relative merits of each it is very difficult to judge, as only two of them, the Moses and the St. Elizabeth, have been engraved. The most faulty is full of beauties that would do honour to any painter. Considered as an effort of mind, the Moses deserves the first place, being the subject which presented the greatest difficulties to the artist and the widest scope for his invention. Both "The Prodigal's Return," however, and the St. Elizabeth are more perfect as works of art, being composed with equal skill, and finished with greater care and higher technical excellence. Cean Bermudez, who enjoyed the advantage of seeing them altogether, each in the light and place for which Murillo painted it, seems to prefer these two to all the rest. Soult, the robber of churches and hospitals, has not only deprived the critic of all opportunity of comparing one with the others, but has infinitely marred the moral significance of each of the exiled and scattered pictures. On the walls of the Prado or of mansions in Paris or London, they have lost the voice with which they

spoke to the heart from the altars of their native church. No poor patient, ere returning to the busy haunts of men, kneels now before "The Healing of the Paralytic," in gratitude to Him who stood by the pool of Bethesda; no pale sister of charity, on her way to her labours of love in the hospital, implores the protection, or is cheered by the example, of the gentle St. Elizabeth. At Seville these pictures of charity were powerful and eloquent homilies, in which the piety of Miguel Mañara yet spake through the pencil of his friend. In the unfamiliar halls of the stranger they are now mere works of art, specimens of Murillo, articles of costly furniture, less esteemed, perhaps, and less appropriate than some Idalian glade imagined by Albano, some voluptuous Pompadour garden-scene, the offspring of Watteau.

It was not only the interior of the hospital of Charity that was indebted to the pencil of Murillo. In the florid front of the church are inserted five large designs, wrought in blue glazed tiles, or *azulejos*, and said to have been executed from his drawings. The centre and largest piece, of which the annexed woodcut will convey some idea, represents Charity; those on either side are Faith and Hope; and the knightly saints below, Santiago and San Jorge. They are amongst the best existing specimens of a style of architectural decoration originally borrowed from the Moors and long very common at Seville. On towers, belfries,

VIRGIN AND CHILD

(From the painting by Murillo in the Wallace Collection)

and gateways the effect of these tile-pictures, or bands of gay-coloured tiles, is bright and cheerful, and the material is enduring and inaccessible to injury from weather. Had the saints of Vargus been painted upon this baked clay, instead of perishable plaster, they might still have frowned or smiled from their Moorish niches in the Giralda.

Murillo was the chosen painter of the Franciscan order. In a Franciscan convent he first achieved his fame, and the brown-frocked Franciscan was ever a favourite subject of his pencil. He was probably yet working for Mañara and the hospital of Charity, when he undertook to furnish with paintings the church of another convent of St. Francis, known as the convent of Capuchins, without the city walls. Founded near the Carmona gate, on a piece of ground once occupied by the monastery of St. Leander, and the church of Sta. Rufina and Sta. Justa, this religious house was begun so early as 1627; but the building being carried on with more than Spanish slowness, the chapel was not completed till after 1670. The Capuchins, however, had no cause to regret the delay, which gave them Murillo for a painter, instead of Herrera or Zurbaran. Silver and gold they had none, but they had a large library of ecclesiastical folios, and, in the works of the great master of Seville, they were richer than any brotherhood in Spain.

Upwards of twenty pictures were executed, in

his best time, expressly for these fortunate Capuchins, and placed under his own direction in their otherwise unimportant little church. The retablo of the high altar was enriched with nine of these, the Virgin granting to St. Francis the Jubilee of the Porciuncula—the largest, says Cean Bermudez, but not the best of the whole; Sta. Rufina and Sta. Justa; St. Leander and St. Bonaventure; St. John Baptist in the Desert; St. Joseph with the Infant Jesus; St. Anthony of Padua; St. Felix of Cantalicio (these two half-length figures); a charming Virgin and Child (likewise half-length), on the door of the tabernacle of the Host, and the holy kerchief of Sta. Veronica. A Crucifixion, painted on a wooden cross, stood on its own stand on the altar. Eight grand historical subjects adorned the lateral altars: the Annunciation of the Blessed Mary; the Virgin with the dead Saviour in her arms; St. Anthony of Padua and the Infant Christ; the Virgin of the Conception; St. Francis embracing the Crucified Redeemer; the Nativity of Our Lord; the Vision of St. Felix, and the Charity of St. Thomas of Villanueva. Besides these, there was another Virgin of the Conception of remarkable beauty; two pictures of the Archangel Michael, a Guardian-angel, and some smaller pictures in various situations. The dingy and decayed chapel, stripped of these splendid works, now serves as a parish church. The bearded Capuchins, who

used to linger in the cloisters and display their treasures to the stranger, relating the legends of each picture, and themselves looking like figures that had walked out of Murillo's canvas, are gone, never to return. One poor old friar, the last of the brotherhood, keeps the keys of the church, and points out to the unfrequent visitor where the master altar-pieces once hung, and a few monkish portraits that yet moulder in the sacristy.

The immense altar-piece of the Porciuncula, exchanged by the foolish monks for some modern daubs for their cloister, sometime before the dissolution of the convents, after passing through the hands of several picture-dealers and the Infant Don Sebastian, is now in the National Museum at Madrid. The design is pleasing; the Saviour and the Virgin appear to St. Francis, who kneels at the floor of his cavern, whilst a flight of lovely cherubim, thirty-three of whom are distinctly visible, shower down upon his holy head red and white roses, the blossoms of the briars wherewith he scourged himself; thus indicating the moral, that as the roses of mundane delights have their thorns, so the thorns of pious austerity are not without their roses. But as each possessor of the picture that intervened betwixt the friars and the Infant has done his part in restoring and repainting it, the colouring belongs to the moderns, and nothing remains of Murillo but the outline.

Happily, however, not all the Capuchin pictures are lost to Seville. In the Museum seventeen of them, gathered into one chamber, form a matchless collection of the works of the great Sevillian painter. Amongst these the Sta. Rufina and Sta. Justa, with their usual palm-branches, pots, and Giralda, deserve notice as the fairest delineation which the city possesses of its favourite saintly sisters. St. John Baptist in the Desert, and St. Joseph with the Infant Christ are noble studies, taken from majestic models in the prime of manly vigour. In the Nativity, so highly extolled both by Ponz and Cean Bermudez, the Virgin, with her sweet face illuminated by light streaming, in the manner of Correggio, from the new-born Saviour on her lap, is one of Murillo's loveliest Madonnas; around are grouped St. Joseph and the shepherds, standing or kneeling, and in the dim space above hover two exquisite cherubs. In the picture of St. Leander and St. Bonaventure, the former holds in his hands the model of a church, probably that of his nuns who had given place to the Capuchin Fathers. They are two rather commonplace priests, but their white draperies are grandly disposed; and a lovely infant, bearing a mitre and peeping archly from behind the folds of the archbishop's robe, gives relief and a charm to the picture. The St. Francis at the foot of the Cross seems to commemorate a remarkable passage in the life of that seraphic

father, when the crucified Redeemer appeared to him in his cavern on Mount Alvernus, and sealed his palms, his feet, and his sides with the stigmata of his own wounds. Fastened by one hand to the cross, the Saviour, leaning, places the other on the shoulder of the holy man, who supports him in his arms, and looks up into his face with ecstasy. The foot of the saint rests on a globe, probably to signify that he contemned the world and its snares, and two pretty celestial choristers flutter overhead, holding open a music-book. There are two fine pictures of St. Anthony with the Infant Jesus, in one of which the Divine visitor stands, and in the other sits, on the open folio which the kneeling recluse appears to have been perusing. A similar picture represents the Blessed Virgin revealing herself to St. Felix of Cantalisi, an Italian Capuchin of singular holiness and austerity in the sixteenth century; an event which, we are informed by the legend, took place only a few hours before his death. Having embraced the Infant Saviour, the good friar upon his knees is replacing him in the maternal arms, well pleased and ready to depart in peace.

"The Charity of St. Thomas of Villanueva" is, however, the pearl of the collection, being more important than any of the others as a composition and more interesting in subject. Murillo himself esteemed it above all his works, and was wont to call it, says Palomino, "su

lienzo,"[1] his own picture. The good Archbishop of Valencia was one of the saints who found especial favour with his pencil. A picture, formerly at Seville and probably in the Augustine convent, representing him as a boy dividing his clothes amongst some poor children, is in the collection of Lord Ashburton. Amongst the best works of Murillo at the Louvre is the picture of the same worthy in sacerdotal vestments distributing alms at a church door;[2] and Mr. Wells has another excellent work similar in subject, although somewhat different in treatment, once in a Capuchin convent at Genoa. But for his friends, the Capuchins of Seville, Murillo put forth all his powers, and produced his most elaborate and most successful composition on his favourite theme. Robed in black and wearing a white mitre, St. Thomas the Almoner stands at the door of his Cathedral relieving the wants of a lame half-naked beggar who kneels at his feet. His pale venerable countenance, expressive of severities inflicted upon himself and of habitual kindness and goodwill to all mankind, is not inferior in intellectual dignity and beauty to that of St. Leander in the Cathedral; it is a face that at once inspires love and confidence, and befits the office of a shepherd and bishop of souls. A group of expectant poor surround the holy prelate; and in the foreground a lively little ragged

[1] Palomino, vol. iii. p. 624. [2] No. 1717.

Murillo *Photo. Giraudon*

THE ASSUMPTION OF THE VIRGIN

(Louvre)

urchin gleefully exhibits to his mother the maravedis which has fallen to his share.

The two pictures which represent the Mystery of the Immaculate Conception[1] are of unequal merit. In the best of the two the Blessed Mary is portrayed in the bloom of girlhood, with long fair hair and blue up-gazing eyes, and standing on a throne of clouds upheld by a group of sportive cherubs, each of them a model of infantine loveliness. The other is similar in design, with the addition of the Eternal Father, who is dimly seen in the clouds above, and the Evil One, who grovels beneath the feet of the Virgin in the likeness of an ill-favoured dragon.

The small picture which once adorned the tabernacle of the Capuchin high altar is interesting on account of its legend, as well as of its extraordinary merits as a work of art. Representing the Virgin and the infant Saviour, it is popularly known in Spain as *La Virgen de la Servilleta*, the Virgin of the Napkin, and the size of the small square canvas lends some credulity to the story on which the name is founded. Murillo, whilst employed at the convent, had formed a friendship, it is said, with a lay brother, the cook of the fraternity, who attended to his wants and waited upon him with peculiar assiduity. At the conclusion of his labours, this Capuchin of the kitchen begged for some trifling memorial

[1] Nos. 1708, 1709.

of his pencil. The painter was willing to comply, but he had exhausted his stock of canvas. "Never mind," said the ready cook, "take this napkin," offering him that which he had used at dinner. The good-natured artist accordingly went to work, and before evening he had converted the piece of coarse linen into a picture, compared to which cloth of gold or the finest tissue of the East would be accounted as "filthy dowlas." The Virgin has a face in which thought is happily blended with maidenly innocence; and the Divine Infant, with its deep earnest eyes, leans forward in her arms, struggling, as it were, almost out of the frame, as if to welcome the saintly carpenter home from his daily toil. The picture is coloured with a brilliancy which Murillo never excelled; it glows with a golden light, as if the sun were always shining on the canvas.

The picture of the Guardian Angel is now in the Cathedral at Seville. Presented by the Capuchin friars to the Chapter in 1814, it was placed, in 1818, over the altar of the small chapel which bears its name. To each man, says Dr. Alonso Cano, one angel, at least, is given as a protector, although, as it was revealed to Sta. Brigida, ten might be allowed, so far do the heavenly hosts outnumber the sons of Adam. This doctrine has been beautifully illustrated by Murillo. The angel, in a rich yellow robe and purple mantle, points with his right hand to heaven, and with

the other leads a lovely child, the emblem of the soul passing through the pilgrimage of this world. Never was an allegory more sweetly told than in this picture, which is painted with great lightness of touch. The transparent texture of the child's garment deserves remark, for diaphanous draperies, although as old as the days of Polygnotus, and much affected by the early Italian and German painters, are seldom to be found in pictures of Spain. The engraving executed for the present work is the first attempt that has yet been made to make one of the gems of the Cathedral known beyond the walls of Seville.

Palomino has a story[1] that, about the year 1670, a picture of the Virgin of the Conception by Murillo, being exhibited on the Feast of Corpus Christi at Madrid, was received with transports of applause by the public of that "most ancient, noble, and crowned" capital. King Charles II having seen it, expressed a desire that the author should enter his service, a desire which was forthwith communicated to Murillo by his friend Don Francisco Eminente. The painter in reply expressed his high sense of his Majesty's favour, but excused himself from accepting the offered employment on the plea of old age. Eminente then commissioned him to paint a picture that he might present it to the King; but the artist requiring more time than was agreeable

[1] Palomino, vol. iii. p. 626.

to the impatience of the courtier, the latter purchased one of his finished works from Don Juan Antonio del Castillo as an offering to the royal gallery. The price of that picture was 2500 reals, the subject "St. John in the Desert." Perhaps this may be the pleasing representation of the boy Baptist now in the royal museum at Madrid. Palomino hints a doubt of the truth of this story, on the ground that the King was but nine years old in 1670, when he was supposed to have given this proof of his taste for art. But he declares that it was always said in his own days that Murillo had refused an invitation to Court on the score of old age; a refusal which, however, was generally ascribed to his modesty and love of retirement. Perhaps the invitation may have been given by the Queen-Mother, or by Don Juan of Austria in his love of art, a true son of Philip IV; or it may have come at a later period from Charles himself, when the prince was old enough to appreciate the painter and the painter to plead old age to the prince.

In 1678 Murillo was again employed by his friend, the Canon Justino Neve. That churchman having taken a leading part in building a new hospital for superannuated priests, known as the Hospital de los Venerables, wisely determined to entrust three of the pictures required for decoration to the pencil which had so gracefully embodied the legend of Sta. Maria la Blanca in the

church of that name. Two were placed in the chapel of the hospital; and they represented, the one, the Mystery of the Immaculate Conception, which for beauty of colouring Cean Bermudez preferred to all Murillo's pictures on that subject at Seville; and the other, St. Peter Weeping, in which Ribera was imitated and excelled. The third adorned the refectory, and presented to the gaze of the Venerables during their repasts the Blessed Virgin enthroned on clouds, with her Divine Babe, who, from a basket borne by angels, bestowed bread on three aged priests. This delightful picture was doubtless carried off in the baggage-waggons by Soult. In the museum of Cadiz may be seen an indifferent copy, which is sufficient to give some idea of the graces of the original, and to show that the fine wheaten loaves of Seville and Alcala have not undergone any change in shape since the days of Murillo.

As a token of gratitude and esteem, Murillo about the same time painted a full-length portrait of his friend Neve, which long hung in the same refectory to remind the Venerables of their benefactor. After various changes of place and ownership, it is now the property of Lord Lansdowne, and a worthy ornament of the drawing-room at Bowood. The clear, olive face of Don Justino is delicate and pleasing, and bespeaks the gentleman and the scholar; his eyes are dark and full of intelligence, and his chin and lip are clothed with

a small beard and slight moustachios. As old Alonso de Herrera, the St. Leander of the cathedral, is a model of the holy and somewhat superannuated prelate, so is Neve a model of the decorous, benevolent, and active priest in the full vigour of life. He is seated on a red velvet chair, and wears a black cassock; on his breast hangs a gold medal, and in his hand there is a small breviary, between the gilt leaves of which he has inserted a finger, by way of mark. Near him is a table on which stands a small timepiece. His armorial bearings are sculptured on the side of the stone portal behind him, and at his feet reposes a little liver and white spaniel with a scarlet collar, of that sleek, rotund form which befits the pet of a prebendary. The whole picture is finished with perfect clearness and care, Murillo having evidently put forth all his skill in portraying his well-looking friend and patron. The dog is so true to canine nature that, according to Palomino, living dogs have been known to snarl and bark as they approached it.[1]

About the same time, Pedro de Medina, being engaged in repairing and regilding the high altar of the conventual church of the Augustines, induced those friars to adorn it with pictures by his friend Murillo. These were chiefly taken from the life of the glorious doctor, their tutelar saint, and two of them are now in the museum of

[1] Palomino, vol. iii. p. 625.

Seville. In one the Virgin and Infant Saviour appear to the bishop of Hippo, and in the other he is represented sitting alone writing. Another of the series seems to have got into the Louvre. It is founded on the story that the good prelate, walking on the sea-shore, came upon a child who was endeavouring to fill a hole in the sand with water which he brought in a shell from the sea. To the bishop's inquiry as to what he wanted to do, the child replied that he intended to remove into that hole all the water of the ocean. "It is impossible," said the divine. "Not more impossible," said the little one, "than for you to explain the mystery of the Holy Trinity upon which you are at this moment meditating." This picture is not one of Murillo's most successful works; there is much dignity and good painting in the head of Augustine, but the figure is too short. Besides these passages from the life of the glorious doctor, the convent possessed, as specimens of the skill of Murillo, two alms-giving scenes, already noticed, from the history of his favourite St. Thomas of Villanueva.

The last work undertaken by Murillo was a large picture of the espousals of St. Catherine, as an altar-piece for the church of the Capuchin friars at Cadiz. For this and four smaller paintings to fill up the retablo, the price stipulated between the friars and the artist was 900 crowns. He commenced the St. Catherine, and nearly

finished the figures of the Virgin, the Infant Saviour, and the lovely mystical bride. Mounting a scaffolding one day to proceed with the higher parts of the picture, he stumbled so violently as to cause a rupture in the intestines; an injury which his modesty, says Palomino,[1] would not permit him to reveal, and of which he never recovered. The fatal picture, with its glory and hovering angels added by Meneses Osorio, and its principal group remaining as it was left by the master-hand, may still be seen over the high-altar in the chapel of the Capuchin convent, now an hospital, at Cadiz. There, too, according to tradition, the accident befel Murillo, and thence he returned to Seville to die.

Finding himself grown worse, the great painter sent for his notary, Juan Antonio Guerrero, and with his assistance drew up his will; but the last sands of life fled so rapidly that he was unable to reply to the lawyer's formal question as to the existence of any previous testament, or even to sign that which had just been made. At six o'clock on the evening of the same day, the 3rd of April 1682, he expired in the presence of his second son Gaspar Estevan Murillo, then a boy, and in the arms of his tried friend Don Justino Neve, and his scholar Pedro Nuñez de Villaviciencio.

Over an altar in the church of Santa Cruz,

[1] Palomino, vol. iii. p. 626.

Murillo's parish church, hung the famous picture of the "Descent from the Cross," by the old Flemish master Pedro Campaña. This picture he had always held in high admiration, and before it he was wont to perform his devotions. As he lingered day after day to gaze upon it, he would reply to the questions of the sacristan or others, "I am waiting till those men have brought the body of our Blessed Lord down the ladder." Beneath this favourite picture and in its chapel, in fulfilment of his own wish, his body was laid the day after his decease. His funeral was celebrated with great pomp, the bier being borne, says Joachim Sandrart, by two marquesses and four knights, and attended by a great concourse of people of all ranks, who admired and esteemed the great painter. By his own desire, his grave was covered with a stone slab, on which was carved his name, a skeleton, and these two words :—

VIVE MORITVRVS.

In the vandal reign of Soult at Seville the French pillaged this church and pulled it down, as they had before razed the church of San Juan at Madrid, which covered the ashes of Velasquez. Its site is now occupied by a weed-covered mound of rubbish.

CHAPTER XIV

GOYA

(1746–1828)

Francisco Goya y Lucientes was born at Fuente de Todos, in Aragon, in 1746, and at the age of thirteen began to study painting under Luxan Martinez at Zaragoza. He then passed many years in Rome, and finally returned to Spain a painter of greater genius and of a more national spirit than his century had yet produced. Fixing his abode at Madrid, he soon attracted the notice of Mengs by some designs which he executed for the royal manufactory of tapestry, and became a popular artist of that capital and a prime favourite with its fashionable society. Elected in 1780 a member of the Academy of San Fernando, he was made one of its directors in 1795. The Prince of Asturias honoured him with his notice, and when he succeeded to the throne as Charles IV appointed him in 1789 his painter-in-ordinary. The consort of that sovereign, the notorious Maria Louisa, a Bourbon princess of Parma, admitted him to her circle, and thus enabled his keen eye to observe the younger Godoy's rapid ascent of the political ladder and his long possession of its topmost round, as well as her Majesty's episodes

Goya *Photo. Anderson*

MOSCA CIECA

(Prado)

of affection for various ephemeral adventurers like Urquijo and Mallo. He was also the intimate friend of the Duchess of Alba, celebrated for her beauty and intrigues, and for having given one of the masterpieces of Raphael which gemmed the hereditary gallery as a fee to the family physician, who had cured her in a dangerous illness, and who was afterwards suspected of poisoning her. These distinctions threw open to him the doors of the other great houses, the Beneventes and Santiagos, the Villamayors and Arandas, as the doors of their earlier lord and ladies had been open to Velasquez. His pencil also was so largely employed that he was able to maintain a fine villa near Madrid, where he gave parties and carried on the business of his studio. When the crown descended to the unworthy head of Ferdinand VII he was continued in his post of painter-in-ordinary, but leave was given him to retire to Bordeaux, where his declining years were spent and where he died in 1828.

Had Goya painted all the subjects which he treated as happily as those in which his chief strength lay, he would have been one of the first artists of his age. Though chiefly employed to decorate the houses of nobles and laymen, he did not decline the patronage of the Church. At Toledo one of the chapter rooms has a picture by him representing the Betrayal of our Lord, a subject with which his love of gloom and horror

peculiarly fitted him to deal, and in which he has accordingly produced a work of considerable merit. He painted likewise a series of frescoes in the Church of San Antonio de la Florida, famous for its festival worship, about half a league distant from Madrid, and others at Valladolid, in the modern Church of Sta. Ana, and at Zaragoza on one of the domes of the Cathedral of Our Lady of the Pillar. But the exposition of sacred or legendary history was evidently a business for which he had no vocation, and therefore his religious pictures must not be taken as the measure of his powers. They are in general either commonplace or even feeble, or they are coarse and revolting. Of the former kind are his scenes from the life of St. Francis Borgia in the Cathedral of Valencia, although one of them represents an occurrence likely to have arrested his imagination—the soul of a dying sinner seized in its flight from the body by three hideous demons, who are discovered by a supernatural light flashing from the crucifix of the ministering Jesuit. An example of his more forcible, but perhaps more disagreeable, manner may be found in his Sta. Justa and Sta. Rufina in the sacristy of the Cathedral of Seville, a picture in which, so far from seeking to catch the poetical aspect of his subject, he has contented himself with meretriciously portraying in the virgin martyrs the not very refined courtesans who served him as

THE PARASOL

(From the painting by Goya in the Prado Gallery, Madrid)

models. But some of his avowed portraits are works of great merit, as, for instance, those of Charles IV and his Queen in the Royal Gallery at Madrid. The poor imbecile King, in the blue uniform and cocked hat of a colonel of the guards and mounted on a sober brown charger, is an example of the dignity which may be conferred by a skilful hand on the most ordinary features and expression without sacrificing the resemblance. It is worthy of note that her Majesty, likewise attired in uniform and mounted on a brown horse, bestrides her saddle like a dragoon of the usual sex, and wears the portion of male attire which, in private life, a lady is figuratively said to assume with the reins of domestic government. Her vulgar face, red as with rouge or rum and surmounted by a round beaver hat, justified and explains the severity of Godoy's audacious jest in talking of her to her own royal spouse, before the conscious Court, as "an ugly old woman whose name he had forgotten." The National Museum at Madrid has a fine specimen of Goya in a picture of two dark-eyed dames, with their fans and mantillas, enjoying the air and public admiration at a balcony; and the Louvre has a good full-length portrait of the famous Duchess of Alba, attired in a black-lace national dress of Andalusia, from whence we learn that the rouge of Castilian high life long survived the ridicule of Madame d'Aulnoy.

As a satirist with the pencil Goya stands unrivalled in Spain, of which he may be called the Hogarth. No lover of the Church, though he sometimes furnished a picture to her shrines, he assailed her weak points with a truthful force of humour which would have appalled Pacheco and Palomino, and would have aroused within their orthodox bosoms all the Familiars of the Holy Office. The *Autos-da-fe* of times past, or the processional pageants of his own days, he parodied without mercy, forcing men to laugh, even in spite of pious scruples, by his delineations of solemn ecclesiastics, mumming it in all their glory, in the forms of asses or apes. For the monks and friars, white, black, and grey, he had an especial and not unmerited contempt and aversion; and he was never weary of caricaturing the luxurious indolence of the Jeronymite in his stately cloisters and the ignorance and sensual indulgence of the filthy mendicant Franciscan. Of these last sallies a few may be seen in the Louvre and many more adorn the gallery of the Duke of Ossuna and other private collections at Madrid.

I possess four of his hasty sketches of children at play, in which are introduced some small urchins equipped as miniature friars, and pummelling one another with all the ardour of Dominicans and Capuchins bickering about the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception or the right of vending of Indulgences.

In his sacred pictures and in a few of his portraits Goya somewhat affects that hard, sculptural style in which David and his French followers painted their wearisome delineations of Greek and Roman story. Thus has he treated St. Francis Borgia at Valencia and the virgin guardians of Seville. But it was otherwise in those more congenial works in which his hand spoke as his fancy prompted, and in which he poured forth the gaiety of his wit or the gall of his sarcasm. There the dashing boldness of the execution rivals the coarseness of the idea or the rudeness of the jest. Herrera the elder himself never wrought with rougher and stranger materials. His colours were laid on as often with sticks, sponges, or dish-cloths as with the brush, and this, when he deigned to use it, was always of the coarsest texture. "Smearing his canvas with paint," says a French writer, "as a mason plasters a wall, he would add the delicate touches of sentiment with a dash of his thumb." Sometimes he would execute an entire piece with his palette-knife, and the surface of his pictures in general affords evidence that he frequently had recourse to that implement. So dexterous was he in turning all materials to artistic account that, during morning visits to his friends, he would take the sandbox from the inkstand, and, strewing the contents on the table, amuse them with caricatures traced in an instant by his ready finger. The

great subject, repeated with ever new variations in these sand-sketches, was Godoy, to whom he cherished an especial antipathy, and whose face he was never weary of depicting with every ludicrous exaggeration of its peculiarities that quick wit and ill-will could supply.

Being highly skilled in the use of the graver, as well as of those strange implements that served him instead of the pencil, he published a series of eighty illustrations of Spanish life and proverbial philosophy, which he called *Caprichos*, "whims," and which attained great celebrity. Mercenary matrimony, avarice, love affairs carried on at church, the process of plucking a goose as practised by the *amancebadas* of Madrid, law, physic, the pulpit, the cloister, the people and its leaders and law-givers, are amongst a few of the subjects touched, now with bitter satire, now with ghastly humour, in this curious collection of clever etchings. Here is a group of his friends the friars, represented as *duendecitos*, "little fairies," by which, doubtless, are meant "lubber-fiends," not of the family of Milton's "drudging goblin," but of a breed who drained the cream-bowl without threshing the corn, and lived a jovial life, in virtue of the standing miracle of St. Francis, the patron of tonsured vagabonds. Goya has a strong taste for the grotesque, and as an inventor of horrible monsters, cloudy shapes suggestive of deeper horrors, or malicious, frisking devilkins he rivals

SE REPULEN

QUE VALOR

(Etchings by Goya in the British Museum)

Martin de Vos, the painter of Last Judgments, and Teniers, who loved to enmesh St. Anthony in the snares of the Evil One. Many of his sketches would afford excellent studies for the hobgoblins, satyrs, and dragons of the pit that terrified Bunyan's pilgrim in the Valley of the Shadow of Death; and his female heads are often worthy of the witches in "Macbeth." In spite of Goya's position at Court, these *Caprichos* are supposed to contain much sharp political satire and to embalm much antiquated scandal, which it would be hardly worth while, if it were possible, to decipher. The Queen, the Messalina of Spain, is said to figure in his caustic pages; the foibles of Godoy and his colleagues in the *cortejoship* are here depicted in something more tenacious than sand; and due honour is done, in their turns, to the Countess of Benevente, "the most determined old hag of the rout-giving, card-playing species in Europe," and the chief personages who breathed the impure air of that vicious and contemptible Court. The collection opens with a profile portrait of the artist himself, whose coarse features, enlivened by sly drollery, are here presented in a slightly reduced size.

Goya was likewise author of a series of sketches of the French invasion executed in the same style, in which he depicts the horrors of war, convents sacked, citizens hung, prisoners shot, and women ravished with great effect indeed, but in so fierce

a spirit of exaggeration, says a Parisian tourist with admirable innocence, that one might suppose he was recording the events of a Tartar foray of the fourteenth century. An artist who was at Madrid on the famous *Dos de Mayo*, and was an eye-witness of the *dragonnades*, the *fusillades*, and the *mitraillades* of Murat, may be acquitted of exaggeration in delineating the atrocious doings of the Gaul.

He also published thirty-three prints of scenes in the bull-ring, being illustrations of the national sport of the Peninsula from the days of the Cid and Gazul, the "stout Alcayde" of the ancient ballads, to the death of Pepe Illo, the most dexterous of matadors, and a writer on the sport to which he fell a victim in the arena of Madrid. To these he added, during his residence at Bordeaux, and while deaf and nearly blind, some lithographic prints, of inferior merit, indeed, but not devoid of his ancient fire. Not the least valuable of the efforts of his graver are some of the earliest, his etchings of the five great equestrian portraits, the *Borrochas*, the *Meniñas*, and some of the dwarfs and single figures of Velasquez, which he executed in 1778.

CHAPTER XV

CEAN BERMUDEZ

THESE annals of the artists of Spain cannot be more fitly closed than with a notice of the able and indefatigable historian of Spanish art, Juan Agustin Cean Bermudez. He was born in 1749 at Gijon, a seaport of Asturias, and till the age of sixteen received his education at the Jesuits' College of the town. His parents being townsfolk and friends of the family of Jovellanos, he early obtained the notice of the patriot statesman of that name. On the appointment of that remarkable man, who was five years his senior, to a collegiate dignity at Alcala de Henares, he accompanied him thither, and prosecuted his studies for two years in that university. He afterwards spent a year at Seville, and then repaired to Madrid to seek his fortune. When Jovellanos was appointed criminal judge of the royal court at Seville, he again accompanied his friend to the seat of his jurisdiction, and witnessed his success in combating the prejudice in favour of wigs, and in winning the hearts of the bar and the public. It was in the city of Roelas, Herrera,

and Murillo that he acquired that love of art to which he owes his reputation. Devoting himself with great ardour to the study of architecture, drawing, and anatomy, under Juan de Espinal, he took an active part in establishing there, in 1769, a public academy, which was afterwards endowed by Charles III. By the advice of Jocellanos, whom he appears to have embued with his own tastes, he returned to Madrid to place himself in the school of Mengs, and during the few months which preceded that master's final return to Rome was his diligent and admiring pupil. He did not, however, pursue painting as a profession, for Jovellanos, exerting his influence in his behalf, obtained for him a situation in the bank of San Carlos. In this less congenial but more certain and profitable calling he continued for some years, enjoying the society of his friend and patron, for whose house, in the Calle de Juanelo, he amused his leisure by making purchases of pictures.

In 1790 he was sent by the Government to arrange the papers in the office of Indian affairs at Seville. This task engaged his attention for seven years, but it not only afforded him opportunities for pursuing his favourite studies, but also enabled him to display such high talents for business that Jovellanos, when made Minister of Grace and Justice, promoted him in 1797 to the post of Secretary in that department for the

affairs of the Indian colonies. This important office he held until the exile of Jovellanos, when he in some degree shared his disgrace, and was sent back to his former labours at Seville. In 1800 he completed his first literary undertaking, the "Dictionary of the Fine Arts in Spain," a work of great labour and many years. It was printed at the expense of the Royal Academy of San Fernando, and published, according to one of their most important privileges, without having been previously submitted to the public censors of the press. In 1804 appeared his accurate and lucid descriptions of the Cathedral and the Hospital de la Sangre at Seville, and two years afterwards his "Letter on the Sevillian School of Painting," which contains an enlarged and amended account of the life of Murillo. During the gloomy years which preceded the War of Independence, he pursued his peaceful labours in the Indian archives at Seville. Ferdinand VII, on ascending the throne in 1808, reinstated him in his office in the department of Grace and Justice; and finally, after the complete restoration of the Bourbons, he retired from the public service with a pension. In 1814 he gave to the world an interesting life of Jovellanos, written with affectionate zeal for his friend's memory, though with that guarded reserve which his position and the jealousy of the government rendered prudent and necessary. Thirteen years

later, in 1827, he published a translation of Francesco de Milizia's Italian book entitled "The Art of Seeing Works of Art," which he had meditated thirty years before at Seville, soon after the appearance of the second edition of the original. His last work was the "Notices of the Architects of Spain," an undertaking begun and brought down to 1734 by Don Eugenio Llaguno. The editor becoming possessed of the manuscript at the author's death, furnished a continuation to 1825, and enriched it throughout with so many notes that he may justly claim the lion's share of the credit due to a very valuable contribution to the history of art. His literary labours were interrupted in September 1827 by a stroke of apoplexy, and he died on the 3rd of December 1829. Besides his published writings he left behind him in manuscript an excellent summary of the Roman antiquities of Spain, which were given to the world in 1832, a general history of painting, a catalogue of his curious collection of engravings, a discourse on the name, nature, and reign of Churrigueresque architecture, and a number of essays on artistic subjects.

His admirable "Dictionary of the Professors of the Fine Arts in Spain" is a model work of its class, and is superior to any book of the same kind within the compass of European literature. "In plain execution and language," says a Spanish critic, "it

evinces the most careful polish, and that minute and laborious observation which a work of this kind requires." The notice of each artist is followed by a catalogue of his works, existing when the author wrote, and ranged under the names of the churches or the convents where they were to be found. While facility of reference is secured by the adoption of the alphabetical order, the advantages of other possible arrangements of the matter are gained by chronological and topographical tables of the artists and their works. The diligent author has found his materials not only in the published writings of his predecessors, but in cathedral archives, conventual records, and parish registers, in the manuscript journals and notes of defunct artists, and in many a hole and corner where little could be expected to reward his unwearied researches. The Letter on the Sevillian School of Painting, with its life of Murillo, the descriptions of the Cathedral and Hospital de la Sangre at Seville, may be considered as postscripts to the "Dictionary," and ought always to be found on the same shelf with that work. His style is clear and simple, sensible and concise. Although a countryman of Pacheco and Palomino, he was addicted neither to drown a commonplace idea in a flood of words, nor to discover the bird of Apollo in every meaner fowl of a similar shape that cackled in Castile. His one defect, venial

in itself and, considering the age in which he lived, perhaps unavoidable, is that he entertains an undue respect for the artists of his own time and their immediate predecessors, the pompous and unprofitable academicians of St. Ferdinand. He does not assert, nor does he hint, that Velasquez painted better portraits or histories than Titian, or that the landscapes of Iriarte excel the landscapes of Claude. But he would lead his readers to suppose, what is hardly less false, that Castro was as good a sculptor as Martinez Montañes, and that Bayeu could have held his ground with Pereda or Carreño, or any of the leading Castilian painters of the second order in the seventeenth century. This slight blemish, however, while it argues a generous feeling towards his contemporaries, is confined to his notices of a race of artists so little important in themselves that it hardly deserves observation.

If his labours were brought to maturity just in time to stimulate and guide the rapacity of Soult and Sebastiani, and their brother speculators in pictures, his book is invaluable as an authentic record, enabling the historian at once to track the course of their rapine, and to ascertain the value of their plunder. The ignorance of these men being equal to their avarice, but for this timely "Dictionary" the history of their acquisitions would have been utterly lost, and the affiliation of Spanish pictures on this side the

Pyrenees would have been even more erroneous and arbitrary than it now is. They have probably realised a large pecuniary profit out of the increased value accruing to their stolen wares from the notice of Cean Bermudez, but it is gained by means which also perpetuate the best evidence of their infamy. After the War of Independence, and still more after the dissolution of the convents, the work, in its present complete form, would have been impossible. On the whole, then, it may be considered that Cean Bermudez, like most of the good workmen of the world, appeared to fulfil his appointed task at the very time when the interest of art and literature especially demanded its performance. The labours of many writers in that remarkable age were better calculated to captivate the imagination, were, perhaps, directed to nobler ends, were certainly graced with richer rewards; but few demanded more industry and zeal, and none were more ably and faithfully accomplished.

A LIST OF THE CHIEF WORKS

OF THE

PRINCIPAL SPANISH PAINTERS

LUIS DE MORALES

(1509?–1586).

Alcantara. S. BENITO, S. Miguel, S. John, The Pentecost, An Apostle reading, The Transfiguration.

Arroyo del Puerco (Estremadura). PARISH CHURCH, Annunciation, Nativity, Adoration of Magi, Circumcision, Christ at the Pillar, Christ Mocked, Agony in the Garden, Bearing the Cross, Descent from the Cross, Entombment, Christ and Joseph of Arimathea, Christ in Hades, Ascension, Pentecost, S. John, S. Jerome.

Badajoz. CATHEDRAL, Crucifixion.
CONCEPCION, Christ with Cross, Virgin and Child (1546), injured.

Higuera de Fregenal. PARISH CHURCH, Six scenes of the Passion.

Madrid. PRADO GALLERY, 847. Ecce Homo.
848. Virgin of Sorrows.
849. Circumcision.
850. Virgin and Infant Jesus.
851. Saviour (head, life-size).
217. Christ with Two Thieves.
MUSEO SAN FERNANDO, Pietà.
S. ISIDORO EL REAL, Christ at the Column.

Osuna. COLEGIATA, SACRISTY, Christ.

Salamanca. CATHEDRAL, Virgin with Infant Christ and S. Giovanino.

Seville.	CATHEDRAL, SACRISTY OF THE CHALICES, Triptych with Ecce Homo.
	S. MARIA LA BLANCA, Dead Christ.
	PALAZZO DE S. TELMO, Pietà.
Toledo.	MUSEUM, Christ, Virgin of Solitude.
Valencia.	COLEGIO DE CORPUS, Christ bearing the Cross.
Evora (Portugal).	ST. CATHERINE, Crucifixion.
London.	NATIONAL GALLERY, 1299. Virgin and Child.
Dublin.	NATIONAL GALLERY, S. Jerome in the Wilderness.
Paris.	LOUVRE, 1707. Christ bearing the Cross.
Dresden.	MUSEUM, Ecce Homo.

SANCHEZ COELLO

(1515?–1590).

Madrid.	PRADO, 1032. Portrait of Don Carlos.
	1033. Portrait of Infanta Isabel.
	1034. Isabel and Clara, daughters of Philip II.
	1035. Portrait of Princess Catherine Michaela.
	1036. Portrait of Queen Ann of Austria.
	1037. Portrait of a Princess of Austrian House.
	1038. Portrait of a Lady.
	1039. Portrait of a Knight of S. Jago (? Antonio Perez).
	1041. Marriage of S. Catherine (1578).
Genoa.	S. GIORGO, Pietà.
Vienna.	MUSEUM BELVEDERE, Portrait of a Lady.

NAVARRETE

(1526–1579).

Escorial.	Adoration of Shepherds.
	Nativity.
	S. Jerome.
	Christ appearing to the Virgin.
	CLAUSTRO PRINCIPAL, Martyrdom of S. Jago.
	SALAS CAPITULARES, S. Peter, S. Andrew.
	CORO ALTO, Eight Studies of Saints.

Madrid. PRADO, 905. Baptism of Christ, with four Angels.
906. S. Paul, } Studies for pictures at Escorial.
907. S. Peter, }

EL GRECO.

Escorial. Martyrdom of S. Maurice.
Dream of Philip II.

Madrid. PRADO, 238. Portrait of a Man.
240. Portrait of a Doctor.
241. Portrait of Rodrigo Vazquez.
242. Portrait of a Man.
243. Portrait of a Man.
244. Portrait of a Man.
245. Portrait of a Man.
246. Portrait of a Man.
239. The Dead Christ in the arms of the Eternal.
The Crucifixion.
The Annunciation.
The Holy Family.
The Baptism of Christ.
247. S. Paul.

Seville. MUSEO, Portrait of Himself.
CATHEDRAL, SACRISTY OF THE CHALICES, Trinity.
PALAZZO S. TELMO, The Death of Laocoon.

Toledo. MUSEO, View of Toledo.
Crucifixion.
Portrait of Covurrubias.
Portrait of Juan Alava.
CATHEDRAL, Mocking of Jesus.
CATHEDRAL, SACRISTY, S. John Evangelist.
S. TOMÉ, Burial of Count Orgaz.
S. JOSÉ, S. Martin and the Beggar.
Virgin and Child, with Saints.
Holy Family.
S. Francis.
S. VICENTE, Assumption.
S. DOMINGO EL ANTIGUO, Assumption (replica).
S. Paul, S. John Baptist, S. Benedict, S. Bernard (studies).

	HOSPITAL DE AFUERA, Portrait of Cardinal Tavera.
	S. John Baptist.
Illescas (Castile).	CARIDAD, Altarpiece S. Ildefonso.
Bayono (Segovia).	Paintings of Life of S. Mary Magdalen.
London.	NATIONAL GALLERY, 1122. A Cardinal.
	1457. Christ and the Money-changers.
Paris.	LOUVRE, 1730. S. Francis.?
	King Ferdinand of Aragon.
Vienna.	MUSEUM, Portrait of a Man.
St. Petersburg.	HERMITAGE, Portrait.

A very full list of Greco's works is given by Sr. Cossio in his book on El Greco.

TRISTAN.

Toledo.	CATHEDRAL, Portrait of Bishop Sandoval.
	CONVENT OF LA SILVA (JERONOMYTE), Last Supper.
Yepes.	Six Scenes Life of Our Lord and Eight Saints.

JUAN DE LAS ROELAS

(*ca.* 1558–1625).

Madrid.	PRADO, 1021. Moses striking the Rock.
Olivares (near Seville).	COLLEGIATE CHURCH, Adoration of Magi.
	Nativity (injured), Annunciation, Marriage of Virgin, Death of S. Joseph, } 1603.
Seville.	MUSEUM, The Martyrdom of S. Andrew.
	S. Anna teaching the Virgin to read.
	CATHEDRAL, CHAPEL OF SANTIAGO, Santiago destroying the Moors in the battle of Clavijo (1609).
	UNIVERSITY CHURCH, Adoration of the Magi.
	Holy Family.
	Presentation in the Temple.

S. PEDRO, S. Peter freed from Prison.
S. ISIDORO, Death of S. Isidoro.
Liberation of S. Peter.
HOSPITAL DE LA SANGRE, Apotheosis of S. Hermengild.
Pentecost.

Sanlucar de Barrameda. S. FRANCISCO, Baptist.
S. Lawrence.
Dead Christ and Angels.
Madonna.
Martyrdom of S. Catherine.
S. Agnes and Six other Saints.

HERRERA (EL VIEJO)

(*ca.* 1576–1656).

Cadiz. ACADEMIA, Two Studies: S. Peter, S. Paul.
Seville. MUSEUM, Vision of S. Basil.
Triumph of S. Hermengild.
Four Studies of Saints.
CATHEDRAL, S. Peter Penitent.
S. BERNARDO, Last Judgment.
S. BUENAVENTURA, Frescoes.
CONVENT OF MERCY, Frescoes.
UNIVERSITY, S. Ignatius.
COLL. LOPEZ CEPERO, Pentecost (1617).
ARCHIEPISCOPAL PALACE, Israelites gathering Manna.
Moses Striking Rock.
Marriage in Cana.
Miracle of Loaves.
Paris. LOUVRE, 1706. S. Basil dictating his Doctrine.
Dresden. GALLERY, S. Matthew (bust).
Vienna. COLL. COUNT CZERNIN, Blind Musician.

PACHECO

(1571–1654).

Alcala de Guadaira. PARISH CHURCH, S. Sebastian tended by Irene. E.
Barcelona. MUSEUM, The Return of Captives rescued by S. Ramón. E.

Madrid. PRADO, 916. S. Agnes.
917. S. Catherine.
918. S. John Evangelist.
919. S. John Baptist.

Seville. MUSEUM, S. Pedro Nelasco redeeming Captives.
S. Pedro Nelasco redeeming Captives.
Virgin appearing to S. Ramón Nonnatus. E.
Embarkation of S. Ramón. E.
Several Studies of Saints.
UNIVERSITY CHURCH, Annunciation.
COLL. DON LOPEZ CEPERO, Four Portraits, predella pieces to the Death of S. Albert (1612).
S. HERMENGILD, Full-length Portrait of S. Ignatius.
CONVENT OF S. ISABEL, Baptism of our Lord.
Banquet served by Angels.
Last Judgment.
CARTUJA DE S. MARIA DE LA CUEVAS, S. John Baptist.
FRANCISCAN CONVENT OF CARTELLAJA DE LA CUESTA (near Seville), Our Lady of Expectation.
Christ at the Column.
Portraits, 150 in all, especially of his wife.

VELASQUEZ

(1599–1660).

Escorial. Joseph's Coat.

Madrid. PRADO, 1054. Adoration of Magi. E.
1055. Crucifixion.
1056. Coronation of Virgin. L.
1057. S. Antony Abbot visiting S. Paul. L.
1058. Meeting of Tipplers. E.
1059. Forge of Vulcan.
1060. Surrender of Breda.
1061. Las Hilanderas.
1062. Las Meniñas. L.
1063. Mercury and Argus.
1064. Equestrian Portrait of Philip III.

1065. Equestrian Portrait of Queen Margarita.
1066. Equestrian Portrait of Philip IV.
1067. Equestrian Portrait of Queen Isabel.
1068. Equestrian Portrait of Don Balthazar Carlos.
1069. Equestrian Portrait of Duke of Olivarez.
1070. Portrait of Infante Don Carlos.
1071. Portrait of Philip IV. E.
1072. Portrait of Infantes of Spain.
1073. Portrait of Infante Don Carlos.
1074. Portrait of Philip IV in hunting costume.
1075. Portrait of Don Fernando of Austria.
1076. Portrait of Don Balthazar Carlos.
1077. Portrait of Philip IV (old). L.
1078. Portrait of Doña Maria of Austria. L.
1079. Portrait of Doña Mariana of Austria.
1080. Portrait of Philip IV (old). L.
1081. Portrait of Philip IV in prayer. L.
1082. Doña Mariana of Austria in prayer. L.
1083. Portrait of Don Balthazar Carlos.
1084. Portrait of Infanta Maria Teresa of Austria.
1085. Portrait of Don Luis de Gongora. E.
1086. Portrait of Juana Pacheco, his wife. E.
1087. Portrait of a Girl Infant.
1088. Portrait of an Infant Girl.
1089. Portrait of an Elderly Lady?
1090. Portrait of Don Antonia Alonso Pimentel.
1091. Portrait of the sculptor Montañes. L.
1092. Portrait of a Buffoon. L.
1093. Portrait of Pernia, Buffoon. L.
1094. Portrait of a Juggler. L.
1095. Portrait of a Dwarf, El Pinno.
1096. Portrait of a Dwarf.
1097. Portrait of a Dwarf. L.
1098. El Niño de Vallecas.
1099. El Bobo de Coria.
1100. Æsop. L.
1101. Menipus. L.
1102. Mars. L.
1103. Portrait of a Man. E.
1104. Portrait of a Man.
1105. Portrait of Alonso Martinez de Espinar.

1106. View in Garden of Villa Medici, Rome.
1107. View in Garden of Villa Medici, Rome.
1108. View of Arch of Titus, Rome.
1109. View of Garden of Aranjuez.
1110. View of Calle de la Reina in Aranjuez.
1111. View of The Buen Retiro.
1112. View of old Alcázar Palace.
1113. Landscape.
1114. Landscape.
COLL. AVEAR, The Grape Gatherer.
COLL. DE BERUETE, S. Peter.
COLL. DUKE OF MEDINA CELLI, a Woman.
COLL. DUKE OF VILLA HERMOSA, Portrait of Don Diego del Cerral y Arellano.
COLL. DUKE OF ALBA, Portrait of Doña Antonia, daughter of Don Luis de Hars; Portrait of Infanta Margarita Teresa.

Seville. PALACE OF ARCHBISHOP, Virgin presenting a Chasuble to S. Ildefonso.
COLL. DOÑA MARIA DEL VALLE GONZALEZ, Christ and the Disciples of Emmaus.

Valencia. MUSEUM, Portrait of Himself.

London. NATIONAL GALLERY, 197. Philip IV of Spain Hunting.
232. Adoration of Shepherds. E.
741. Dead Warrior.
745. Philip IV (bust).
1129. Philip IV (full length).
1148. Christ at the Column.
1315. Admiral Puledo Pareja.
1375. Christ in the House of Martha.
1376. Sketch of the "Duel" in the Prado.
1434. A Betrothal.
2057. Venus and Cupid.
WALLACE COLLECTION, 4. Portrait of Don Balthazar Carlos.
6. Don Balthazar Carlos in the Riding School.
12. Don Balthazar Carlos in infancy.
70. A Boar Hunt.
88. The Lady with the Fan.
COLL. OF H.M. THE KING, BUCKINGHAM PALACE, Portrait of Infante Don Balthazar Carlos.

England. VARIOUS PRIVATE COLLECTIONS:

COLL. OF F. M. ALLEYNE, Portrait of Don Giovanni Trivulzi.

COLL. DUKE OF BEDFORD (Woburn Abbey, Beds.), Portrait of Don Adrian Puledo Pareja.

Portrait of a Man.

COLL. C. F. A. BRANT, Portrait of the Duke of Medina.

COLL. R. BANKES (Kingston Lacy, Wimborne), Sketch for Las Meniñas.

Portrait of Cardinal Gasper de Borja.

Portrait of Philip IV.

COLL. LORD BERWICK, Portrait of a Spanish Infante.

COLL. H. B. BRABAZON, Portrait of Mariana of Austria.

COLL. MARQUIS OF BRISTOL (Ickworth Park), Portrait of Don Balthazar Carlos.

COLL. CHARLES BUTLER (London), Portrait of Pope Innocent X.

COLL. EARL OF CARLISLE (Castle Howard, York), Portrait of Don Balthazar Carlos.

Portrait of Juan de Pareja.

Portrait of Doña Mariana of Austria.

COLL. MISS COHEN (Brighton), Portrait of a Man.

COLL. SIR F. COOK (Richmond), Two Peasants.

Portrait of Himself.

Portrait of Doña Mariana of Austria.

COLL. DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE (London), Portrait of a Lady.

COLL. C. DONALDSON, A Chorister.

COLL. EARL OF ELLESMERE (Bridgewater House), Portrait of a Natural Son of Olivarez.

Portrait of Philip IV.

Portrait of Himself.

COLL. EARL OF ELGIN (Fife), Portrait of Olivarez.

Portrait of Innocent X.

A Dog with a Bone.

COLL. SIR W. FARRER, View of the Alameda, Seville.

Coll. Lady Gregory, A Peasant Boy Feeding Fowls.
Coll. Lord Heytesbury, A Sketch for "Los Barroches."
Coll. Captain Holford, A Field-Marshal in Armour.
Portrait of Philip IV.
Coll. Holman Hunt, S. Sebastian.
Coll. Edward Huth, Portrait of Philip IV.
Portrait of Doña Isabel de Bourbon.
Portrait of Olivarez.
Coll. Lord Lansdowne, Portrait of Olivarez.
Portrait of Innocent X.
A Child in Bed.
Portrait of Himself.
Two Landscapes.
Coll. Earl of Northbrook (Manchester), Portrait of Philip IV.
Coll. Duke of Northumberland (Alnwick Castle), Portrait of Pedro Alcantara.
Coll. Hon. Mrs. Preston, Portrait of a Lady.
Coll. Earl of Radnor (Longford Castle), Portrait of Juan de Pareja.
Coll. Duke of Sutherland (Stafford House), The Duke of Gandia at a Convent Door.
S. Carlo Barromeo at a Chapter.
Landscape with Figures.
S. Francesco Borgia arriving at the Jesuits' College.
Coll. Duke of Wellington, Portrait of Innocent X.
Portrait of Don Francisco de Quevedo.
Two Boys.
Portrait of a Man.
The Water Carrier.
Coll. Duke of Westminster, Portrait of Infante Don Balthazar Carlos.
Portrait of a Young Man.

Dublin. National Gallery, Legend of S. Antony.
Portrait of the Infanta Doña Maria.

Paris. Louvre, 1731. Portrait of Infanta Margarita Maria.

1732. Portrait of Philip IV.
1733. Bust of Philip IV.
1734. A Meeting (thirteen figures).
1735. Portrait of Queen Mariana.
1736. Portrait of a Young Woman.
1737. Portrait of Don Pedro, Dean of Royal Chapel of Toledo.

Rouen. MUSEUM, Portrait of a Man.

Berlin. MUSEUM, 413A. Portrait of Alessandro del Borso.
413C. Portrait of Doña Anna Maria.
413D. A Dwarf.
413E. Portrait of a Woman.

Dresden. GALLERY, 622. Portrait of Olivarez.
623. Portrait of a Man.
624. Portrait of a Man.

Frankfurt. STÄDEL GALLERY, Portrait of Cardinal Borgia.
Portrait of the Infanta Margarita Teresa.

Munich. OLD PINAKOTHEK, 1292. Portrait of Himself.
1293. Portrait of a Man.
1294. Portrait of the Infanta Maria Margarita.

Florence. PITTI GALLERY, 198. Portrait of a Man.
Portrait of Philip IV.
UFFIZI GALLERY, 216. Portrait of Himself.

Genoa. PALAZZO CATANEO, Madonna and Child.

Milan. BRERA, A Dead Brother (head).

Modena. PALAZZO DUCALE, Portrait of Duke of Modena.

Rome. CAPITOL GALLERY, Portrait of Himself.
PALAZZO DORIA, Portrait of Innocent X.

Turin. GALLERY, Head of Philip IV.
Head of a Man.

Vienna. GALLERY, 609. Portrait of Infanta Maria Teresa.
611. Portrait of Don Felipe Prosper.
612. Portrait of Philip IV.
613. Portrait of a Young Man.
615. Portrait of Infanta Margarita Maria as a Child.
616. Portrait of Don Balthazar Carlos.
617. Portrait of Archduchess Maria Anna.
619. Portrait of Infanta Margarita Teresa.
621. The Truce.
622. Portrait of Queen Isabella of Spain.

Amsterdam.	MUSEUM, Portrait of Infante Don Balthazar Carlos.
The Hague.	MUSEUM, Portrait of Don Balthazar Carlos. Landscape.
S. Petersburg.	HERMITAGE, 418. Bust of Innocent X.
	419. Portrait of Philip IV.
	420. Bust of Philip IV of Spain.
	421. Portrait of Olivarez.
	422. Bust of Olivarez.
	424. Portrait of a Spanish Prince.
New York.	METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, A Fruit Piece.
Yale College.	GALLERY, Portrait of a Man.

RIBERA

Escorial.	SALAS CAPITULARES, Jacob and his Flocks.
	Holy Trinity.
	Nativity.
	S. Jerome.
	Two Portraits.
Granada.	CATHEDRAL, CAPIL. TRINIDAD, Trinity between SS. Francis and Joseph.
	CAP. JESUS NAZARENO, Magdalen, SS. Francis and Laurence.
Madrid.	PRADO, 955. The Saviour (bust).
	956. S. Peter.
	957. S. Paul.
	958. S. Andrew.
	959. S. Andrew.
	960. S. John Evangelist.
	961. S. Philip.
	962. S. James the Elder.
	963. S. Bartholomew.
	964. S. Thomas.
	965. S. Thomas.
	966. S. Thomas.
	967. S. Matthew.
	968. S. Simon.
	969. S. Simon.
	970. S. Judas Thaddeus.
	971. S. James the Minor.

972. S. Matthias.
973. S. Andrew.
974. S. James the Elder.
975. S. Peter.
976. S. Andrew.
977. S. Bartholomew.
978. S. Simon.
979. S. Joseph with Infant Jesus.
980. S. Mary Magdalen in the Wilderness.
981. The Magdalen.
982. Jacob's Ladder.
983. Jacob receiving the Blessing of Isaac.
984. Immaculate Conception.
985. S. Paul the Hermit.
986. Entombment.
987. S. Peter Released from Prison.
988. Women Fighting.
989. Martyrdom of S. Bartholomew.
990. Holy Trinity.
991. Martyrdom of S. Bartholomew.
992. S. Augustine.
993. S. Sebastian.
994. S. Jerome Praying.
995. S. Jerome in the Desert.
996. S. Jerome Penitent.
997. S. Mary Egyptian.
998. Ecstasy of S. Francis of Assisi.
999. S. John Baptist in the Wilderness.
1000. S. Roch.
1001. S. Roch.
1002. S. Christopher.
1003. The Blind Man of Gambazo.
1004. Prometheus Chained.
1005. Ixion.
1006. A Hermit Praying.
1007. An Anchorite.
1008. A Philosopher.
1009. A Philosopher.
1010. Archimedes with Compass.
1011. A Sibyl.
1012. Bacchus.

Madrid. S. FERNANDO, S. Mary Magdalen.

	Ecce Homo.
	S. ISABEL, Immaculate Conception.
Salamanca.	AUGUSTINAS RECOLETAS (R. Transept), Virgin and Child, with SS. Dominic and Antony of Padua.
	S. Januarius.
Seville.	COLL. DON LOPEZ CEPERO, Madonna and Child.
	PALAZZO DE S. TELMO, Cato Re-opening his Wound.
Toledo.	CATHEDRAL, S. John Baptist.
	CONVENT OF S. JUAN, Holy Family.
Valencia.	MUSEUM, Martyrdom of S. Sebastian.
	Two Studies of S. Jerome and S. Teresa.
London.	NATIONAL GALLERY, 235. The Dead Christ.
	244. Shepherd with a Lamb.
	HAMPTON COURT, S. John with a Lamb.
	Duns Scotus.
	DULWICH GALLERY, A Locksmith.
Paris.	LOUVRE, 1721. Adoration of the Shepherds.
	1722. Christ at the Tomb.
	1723. S. Paul the Hermit.
	1724. Madonna and Child.
	1725. Le Pied-Bot.
	1725A–1729. Portraits ?
Berlin.	MUSEUM, 403. S. Jerome.
	405B. S. Sebastian.
	416. Martyrdom of S. Bartholomew ?
Dresden.	GALLERY, S. Agnes.
	S. Peter freed from Prison.
	S. Francis of Assisi.
	Martyrdom of S. Bartholomew.
	Martyrdom of S. Laurence.
	S. Paul the Hermit and the Raven.
	S. Paul the Hermit with a Cross.
	S. Andrew.
	S. Jerome.
	Jacob Watching Laban's Sheep.
	Diogenes with the Lantern.
	Portrait of a Philosopher.
	Portrait of a Man (bust).
	Portrait of a Man with a Letter.
Munich.	PINAKOTHEK, S. Andrew taken from the Cross.

Dying Seneca.
Old Woman.
S. Peter Penitent.
S. Bartholomew.
S. Onofrio.
S. Francis.

Vienna. GALLERY, Christ and the Doctors.
S. Peter Penitent.
Two Portraits of a Philosopher.

Genoa. PALAZZO BIANCO, S. Jerome.
PALAZZO DURAZZO PALLAVICINI, S. James.

Florence. UFFIZI, 1104. S. Jerome.
PITTI, 73. S. Francis (1643).
19. Martyrdom of S. Bartholomew.

Rome.

Naples. MUSEUM, S. Sebastian.
S. Jerome terrified by the Last Trump.
S. Jerome in Meditation.

S. Petersburg. HERMITAGE, Martyrdom of S. Sebastian.
Martyrdom of S. Sebastian.
S. Jerome in the Desert.
S. Jerome in the Desert.
S. Procope.

ZURBARAN.

Cadiz. CATHEDRAL, Adoration of the Magi.
ACADEMIA, Building of the Porciuncula.
S. Bruno in Prayer.
Pentecost.
Several Studies of Saints.

Guadalupe. JERONOMYTE CONVENT, Life of S. Jerome (eight pieces).

Madrid. PRADO, 1120. Vision of S. Pedro Nolasco.
1121. Apparition of S. Peter to S. Pedro Nolasco.
1122.
1131. The Labours of Hercules.
1132. S. Caselda.
1133. The Infant Christ Sleeping.

Salamanca.

Seville.	MUSEUM, Apotheosis of S. Thomas Aquinas.
	S. Hugo in the Refectory.
	S. Bruno and Pope Urban II.
	The Virgin guarding a Company of Carthusians.
	The Eternal.
	The Crucifixion.
	Christ on the Cross.
	Christ on the Cross.
	The Child Jesus.
	Jesus with S. Joseph.
	Several Studies of Saints.
	CATHEDRAL (CAP. S. PEDRO), Legend of S. Pedro and others.
	UNIVERSITY, S. Dominic.
	HOSPITAL DE LA SANGRE, Eight Studies of Female Saints.
	COLL. DON LOPEZ CEPERO, Christ (a sketch).
	PALAZZO DE S. TELMO, Circumcision.
	Nativity.
	Annunciation.
	Adoration of Shepherds.
London.	NATIONAL GALLERY, 230. A Franciscan.
	232. Adoration of Shepherds.
	1930. Portrait of a Woman as S. Margaret.
	COLL. DUKE OF SUTHERLAND, Virgin and Child.
	COLL. EARL OF CLARENDON, Judith.
Paris.	LOUVRE, 1738. S. Pedro Nolasco and S. Ramon de Peñafort.
	1739. Burial of a Bishop.
	1740. S. Apollone.
Berlin.	MUSEUM, 404A. S. Buenaventura showing the Crucifix to S. Thomas Aquinas.
Breslau.	MUSEUM, Scourging of Christ.
Dresden.	GALLERY, S. Celestine.
	Election of S. Buenaventura.
Munich.	PINAKOTHEK, S. Francis of Assisi.
S. Peters-burg.	HERMITAGE, Virgin Praying.
	S. Lorenzo.
	A Young Peasant.
Genoa.	PALAZZO BIANCO, The Viaticum.

ALONSO CANO

(1601–1667).

Cadiz. ACADEMIA, Virgin and Child appearing to S. Francis.

Madrid. PRADO, 667. S. John Evangelist.
668. S. Benedict.
669. S. Jerome and the Angel of Resurrection.
670. Virgin and Child.
671. Christ at the Column.
772. The Dead Christ and an Angel.
673. A King Enthroned.
674. Two Kings of the Goths.
S. FERNANDO, Crucifixion.

Granada. CATHEDRAL, CHOIR, Conception.
Annunciation.
Nativity.
Presentation.
Visitation.
Purification.
Assumption.
CAP. S. MIGUEL, La Virgen de la Soledad.
CAP. TRINIDAD, Two Miniatures.
CAP. JESUS NAZARENO, Virgin.
Head of S. Peter.
Christ bearing the Cross.
SACRISTY, S. Joseph.
The Virgin.
ORATORIO, Conception.
CARTUJA, Virgin and Child.

Seville. CATHEDRAL, Our Lady of Bethlehem.
UNIVERSITY, S. Francis of Borja.
S. Ignatius Loyola.
UNIVERSITY CHURCH, S. John Evangelist and S. John Baptist.
COLL. DON LOPEZ CEPARO, The Death of S. Juan de Dios.

London. WALLACE COLLECTION, 15. Vision of S. John the Divine.

Berlin. MUSEUM, 414B. S. Agnes.

Dresden.	GALLERY, S. Paul.
Munich.	PINAKOTHEK, Vision of S. Antony.
S. Peters-burg.	HERMITAGE, Virgin and Child.
	Infant Christ and S. Giovanino.
	Portrait of a Man.
	Portrait of a Knight.

MURILLO

(1618–1682).

Cadiz.	ACADEMIA, Ecce Homo.
	CAPUCHIN CONVENT, Conception?
	S. Francis receiving the Stigmata?
	Marriage of S. Catherine.
Madrid.	PRADO, 854. Holy Trinity (del Pajarito).
	855. Rebekkah and Eleazar.
	856. Annunciation.
	857. Penitent Magdalen.
	858. S. Jerome.
	859. Adoration of the Shepherds.
	860. The Dilemma of S. Augustine.
	861. La Porciuncula.
	862. Madonna and Child.
	863. S. James.
	864. The Child Jesus as Shepherd.
	865. The Child S. John.
	866. Los Niños de la Concha.
	867. Annunciation.
	868. Vision of S. Bernard.
	869. S. Alphonsus receiving the Chasuble from the Virgin.
	870. The Virgin of the Rosary.
	871. The Conversion of S. Paul.
	872. S. Anne instructing the Virgin.
	873. S. Anne instructing the Virgin.
	874. Crucifixion.
	876. S. Ferdinand, King of Spain.
	877. The Conception, with Angels.
	878. The Conception.
	879. The Conception.

880. The Conception.
881. Martyrdom of S. Andrew.
882. Prodigal Son.
883. Prodigal Son.
884. Prodigal Son.
885. Prodigal Son.
886. Infant Christ asleep in the Inn.
887. Head of S. John Baptist.
888. Head of S. Paul.
889. S. Jerome Reading.
890. S. Francis of Paula.
891. S. Francis of Paula.
892. An Old Woman Spinning.
893. The Gatherers of the Corn.
894. S. Francis of Paula.
895. Ecce Homo.
896. Virgin of Sorrows.
897. Portrait of P. Cavanillas, a Friar.
898. Landscape.
899. Landscape.

S. FERNANDO, Ascension.
The Dream of the Roman Senator.
The Interpretation of the Dream.
Vision of S. Francis.
S. Diego of Alcala Feeding the Poor.
El Tiñoso.
S. GINES, Christ on Calvary.

Seville.

MUSEUM, La Virgen de la Serviletta.
Infant Christ and S. Feliz de Cantalicio.
Immaculate Conception.
S. Augustine.
SS. Justa y Rufina.
Annunciation.
SS. Leander and Buenaventura.
S. Antony with our Lord in his arms.
Pietà.
S. Pedro Nolasco.
S. Augustine.
Immaculate Conception.
Virgin and Child and S. Feliz de Cantalicio.
S. Tomas de Villanueva succouring the Poor.
Conception (La Grande).

Nativity.
Vision of S. Francis.
S. Anthony with our Lord.
Virgin and Child, with S. Augustine.
S. John Baptist.
S. Joseph with our Lord.
Madonna.
Madonna.
CATHEDRAL, SACRISTY OF THE CHALICES, The Guardian Angel and Dorothy.
SACRISTIA MAYOR, SS. Leander and Isidore.
CAP. REAL, Mater Dolorosa.
SALA CAPITULAR, Conception.
Eight Saints.
CAP. DEL BAUTISTERIO, S. Antony of Padua's Vision.
Baptism of Christ.
LA CARIDAD, Moses Striking the Rock.
Miracle of Loaves.
S. Juan de Dios.
S. Giovanino.
Infant Christ.
Annunciation.
S. MARIA LA BLANCA, Last Supper.
PALAZZO DE S. TELMO, Virgen de la Faja.

London. NATIONAL GALLERY, 13. Holy Family.
74. Peasant Boy.
176. S. John and the Lamb.
1257. Birth of the Virgin.
1286. A Boy Drinking.
WALLACE COLLECTION, 3. Virgin in Glory, with Saints (sketch).
13. Virgin and Child.
14. Marriage of Virgin.
34. Adoration of the Shepherds.
46. Joseph and his Brethren.
58. Holy Family.
68. Annunciation.
97. Charity of S. Thomas of Villanueva.
105. Assumption (sketch).
DULWICH GALLERY, 196. Flower Girl.
222. Two Peasant Boys and a Negro Boy.

224. Two Peasant Boys.
281. Madonna del Rosario (repainted).
COLL. DUKE OF SUTHERLAND, Abraham receiving the Angels.
Prodigal's Return.
COLL. LORD LANSDOWNE, Immaculate Conception.
Portrait of Neve.

Paris. LOUVRE, 1708. Immaculate Conception.
1709. Immaculate Conception.
1710. Birth of Virgin.
1711. Virgin in Glory.
1712. Virgin Crowned.
1713. Holy Family.
1714. Christ in the Garden.
1715. Christ at the Column.
1716. Miracle of S. Diego.
1717. El Piojoso.
1718. Portrait of Quevedo.
1719. Portrait of the Duke of Osuna.
COLL. ROTHSCHILD, Infant Christ as the Good Shepherd.

Berlin. MUSEUM, 414. S. Antony of Padua with the Infant Christ.

Dresden. GALLERY, Virgin and Child.
Martyrdom of S. Roderigo.

Munich. PINAKOTHEK, S. Juan de Dios Healing a Lame Man.
Two Beggar Boys Eating Grapes.
Two Beggar Boys with a Dog.
Two Beggar Boys Throwing Dice.
Boy and Girl with Fruit.
Old Woman and Child.

Amsterdam. MUSEUM, Annunciation.

The Hague. MUSEUM, Virgin and Child.

Vienna. GALLERY, S. John Baptist as a Child.

Buda-Pesth. GALLERY, Madonna and Child.
Holy Family.
Flight into Egypt.
S. Joseph and our Lord.
Christ Distributing Bread.
Portrait of a Man.

S. Petersburg.

HERMITAGE, Jacob's Dream.
Isaac Blessing Jacob.
Annunciation.
Conception.
Adoration of the Shepherds.
Adoration of the Shepherds.
S. Joseph carrying the Child Jesus.
S. Joseph leading the Child Jesus, with two Angels.
Flight into Egypt.
Repose in the Desert.
Holy Family.
Crucifixion.
Assumption.
S. Peter Released from Prison.
Vision of S. Antony.
Death of the Inquisitor Don Pedro Arbuez.
Celestine and her Daughters in Prison.
Boy with a Dog.
Boy with a Dog and a Basket.
Girl with a Basket of Flowers.

GOYA.

Madrid.

731. PRADO, Portrait of King Charles IV on horseback.
732. Portrait of Queen Maria Louisa on horseback.
733. A Bull-fighter Mounted.
734. Episode of the French Invasion of 1808.
735. Scenes of May 3, 1808.
736. Family of Charles IV.
737. Portrait of King Charles IV (full length).
738. Portrait of Queen Maria Louisa (full length).
739. Portrait of Princess Mary Josephine.
740. Portrait of Prince Francis.
741. Portrait of Prince Charles Mary Isodorus (bust).
742. Portrait of Prince of Parma (bust).
743. Portrait of Prince Anthony (bust).
743B. Portrait of a Girl.

Don Marquez, the Actor.
Portrait of La Tirana.
The Pradera of S. Isidoro.
Portrait of the Duke of Osuna.
Portrait of Doña Tadea Arcas de Enriquez.
Portrait of Ferdinand VII in his robes.
Portrait of General Urrutia.
Portrait of Charles III.
2161. Portrait of Don Francisco Bayen.
2162. Portrait of Doña Josefa Bayen, wife of the Painter.
2163. Portrait of Himself.
2164. Portrait of Ferdinand VII (young).
2164A. Portrait of General Palafox on horseback.
A Man playing the Guitar.
A Dead Turkey.
Dead Birds.
2165. Crucifixion.
2165A. Holy Family.
2166. The Exorcism.
The Maja (nude).
The Maja (draped).
2166A. A Manola.
2166B. The Pilgrimage of S. Isidoro.
2166C. A Vision of S. Isidoro.
2166D. Las Parcas.
2166E. Two Men Fighting.
A Vision Fantastic.
Two Monks.
The Vision of the Runeria de S. Isidoro.
A Study of Witches.
Two Men Eating.
Saturn Devouring his Offspring.
Judith and Holofernes.
Two Women Laughing.
A Group Listening to one Reading.
A Grotesque Figure with Dog's Head.
There are also in the Prado Gallery forty-seven Designs for Tapestry, eight of which are still missing.
S. FRANCISCO, S. Justine and S. Rufina.
MINISTRY OF INTERIOR, Ferdinand VII.

Isidoro Marquez, Actor.
MINISTRY OF AGRICULTURE, Josefa Bayen.
Portrait of Himself.
BANCA D'ESPAÑA, Don José de Toro Zambrano.
Don Francisco Larrumbe.
Marqués de Tolosa.
Count of Altamiro.
Count of Catarrus.
ACADEMY OF HISTORY, Marquis Luis de Urquijo.
Don José de Varga.
S. FERNANDO, Portrait of Manuel Godoy.
Portrait of Moratin.
Portrait of Himself (young).
Portrait of Ventura Rodriguez.
Las Corridas de Toros.
El Auto de Fé.
Procession of Good Friday.
El Entierro de la Sardina.

These are shortly to be placed in the Prado whither the two Majas have already gone.

In private collections in Madrid there are very many (more than ninety) of Goya's portraits. The fullest list yet published of Goya's portraits remaining in or about Madrid is that attached to B. L. Bensusan's "Goya: his Times and Portraits," in *The Connoisseur* for October 1902 (Vol. iv., No. 14), to which the reader is referred.

Saragossa. Portrait of Martin Goicoecchia.
Portrait of Zapater.
Portrait of Felix Colom.
Portrait of Azera.
Portrait of Pignatelli.

Seville. MUSEUM, Portrait of King Ferdinand VII.
CATHEDRAL, SACRISTY OF THE CHALICES, SS. Justa y Rufina.
PALAZZO DE S. TELMO, The Manolas on a Balcony.
Portrait of Asensi.
Portrait of King Charles IV.
Portrait of Queen Maria Luisa.
Portrait of Ferdinand VII.
Portrait of Queen Isabella.

A Woman in White.

Toledo. CATHEDRAL (SACRISTY), Betrayal of Christ.

Valencia. CATHEDRAL, Dream of S. Francisco de Borja.
His Death.
MUSEUM, Portrait of Mariano Ferrer.
Portrait of Señora Joaquina.
Portrait of Francisco Bayen.
Portrait of Don Rafael Estéve.

London. NATIONAL GALLERY, 1471. The Picnic.
1472. The Bewitched.
1473. Portrait of Doña Isabel Corbo de Porcel.
1951. Portrait of Dr. Peral.
BRITISH MUSEUM, Portrait of a Brother of Goya.
Portrait of Melendez Valdés.
COLL. ROTHENSTEIN, Two Majas.
Monk and Witch (miniature).

Paris. LOUVRE, Portrait of a Young Woman.
Portrait of Guillemardet, Ambassador of France 1789.
COLL. BERROILHET, Portrait of Himself.
COLL. LEON BONNAT, Portrait of Himself.
COLL. JEAN GIGEUX, Portrait of an Archbishop.
COLL. GASTON LINDEN, Portrait of Dr. Peral.
COLL. OUDAY, Portrait of Mdlle. Goicoecchia.

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